

THE HIGHWAY ^{AND} THE WAY

BURNING BUSH SONGS NO. 3.

SELECTED BY

DUKE M. FARSON, EDWIN L. HARVEY,
F. M. MESSENGER, WM. T. PETTENFILL,
LOUIS F. MITCHEL

AND AN HIGHWAY
SH'LL BE THERE AND
A WAY AND IT SHALL
BE CALLED THE
WAY OF HOLINESS.

M

2121

H5

GTU Storage

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METROPOLITAN CHURCH ASSN.
WAUKESHA, WIS.



THE Highway And The Way

OR

Burning Bush Songs No. 3

SELECTED BY

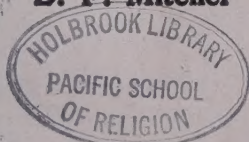
Duke M. Farson

Edwin L. Harvey

F. M. Messenger

Wm. T. Pettengill

L. F. Mitchel



PRICES

15 cents each, prepaid; \$1.75 per dozen, prepaid;

\$12.00 per hundred, not prepaid.

*Lembrança affectuosa
do nosso deus em Christo*

Elroy's Henrique

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THE HIGHWAY AND THE WAY.

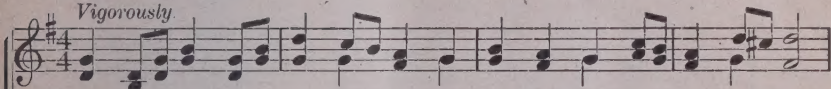
No. 1.

Thy Glorious Praise.

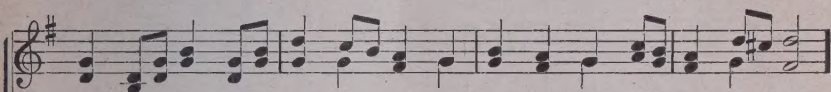
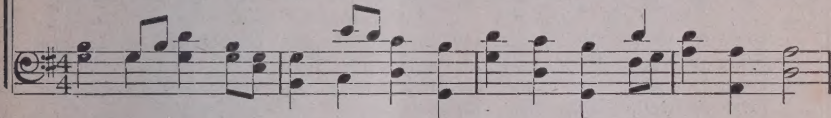
Music of "Welsh Revival" Hymn.
ALAW GYMRIEG.

F. M. MESSENGER.

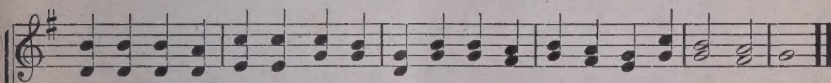
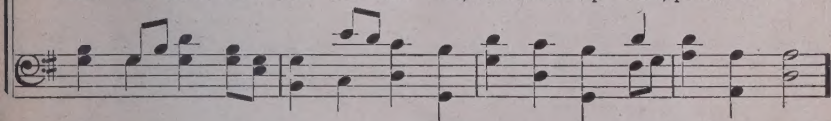
Vigorously.



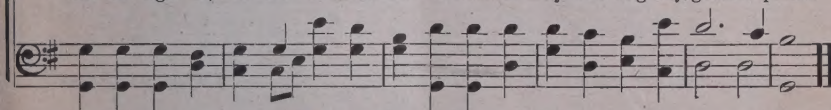
1. Lord of mer - cy, Lord of glo - ry, Now to Thee our voice we raise;
2. At all times and in all pla - ces, We will praise the God a - bove;
3. Thou art wor - thy, Lord of glo - ry, Pow'r and hon - or to re - ceive;
4. Thus we'll raise our songs of prais - es Till we reach our home a - bove,



By Thine om - ni - pres - ent pow - er, Hearts are tuned to sing Thy praise.
Wealth or com - fort, fame or pleas - ure, Nev - er - more shall share our love.
Now ac - cept our hum - ble of - fring, 'Tis the best that we can give.
Then our crowns we'll cast be - fore Thee, Filled with rap - ture, praise and love.



Lord, we feel Thy hallowed presence Working in us now to sing Thy glorious praise.
Con - se - cra - ted whol - ly to Thee, Thou dost fit our hearts to sing Thy glorious praise.
All our ransomed pow'rs and talents, Now do we en - gage to sing Thy glorious praise.
And in high - er, no - bler ac - cents Thro' e - ter - ni - ty we'll sing Thy glorious praise.



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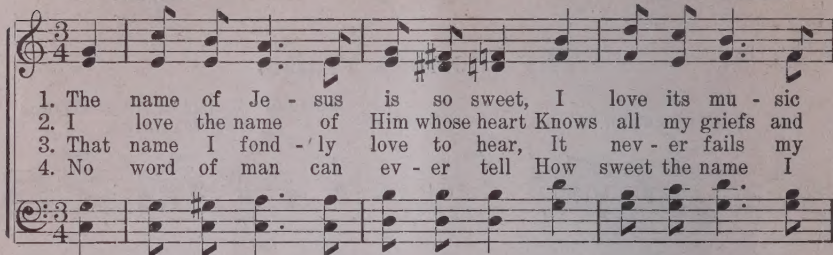
The above music was the most popular in use in the recent great Welsh Revival. It was known as Di-olch-Iddo.

No. 2.

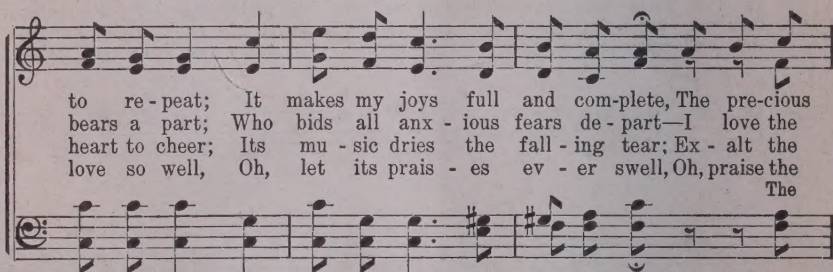
The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

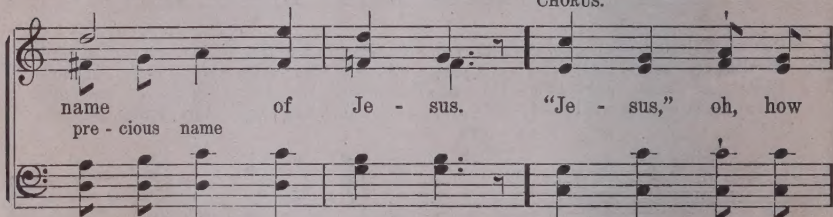


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic
 2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and
 3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
 4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I

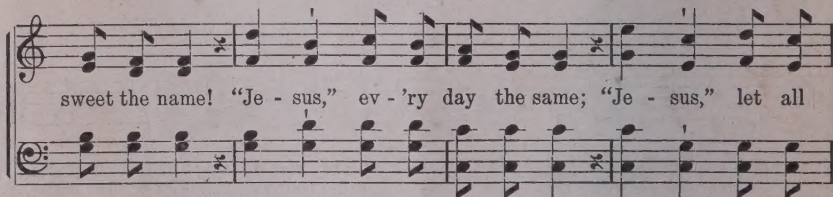


to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com - plete, The pre - cious
 bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part—I love the
 heart to cheer; Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
 love so well, Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the
 The

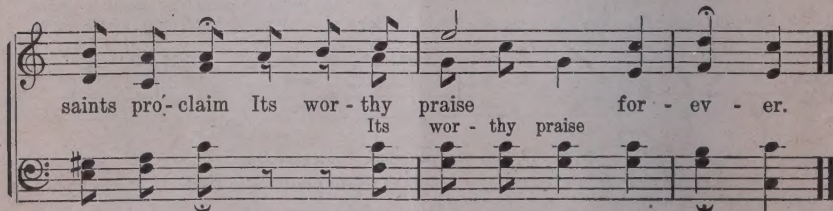
CHORUS.



name of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how
 pre - cious name



sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all



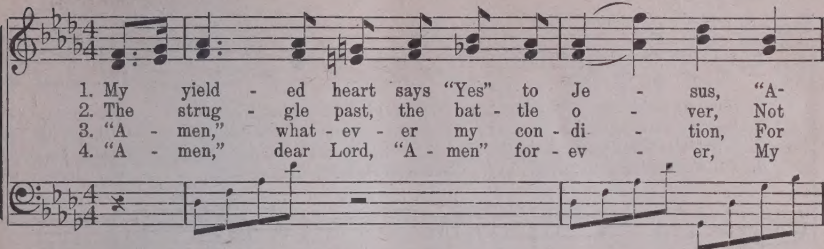
saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.
 Its wor - thy praise

No. 3.

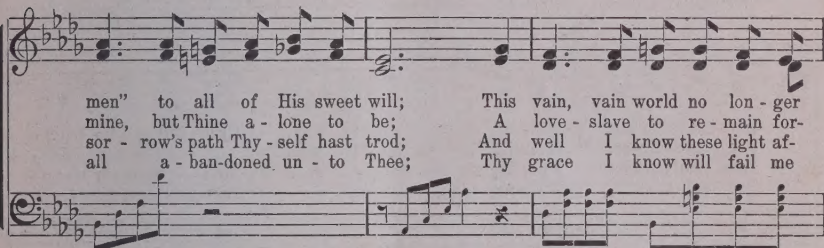
"Amen" to Jesus.

C. H. M.

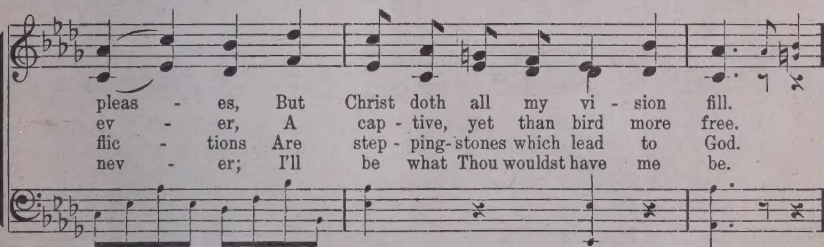
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. My yield - ed heart says "Yes" to Je - sus, "A-
 2. The strug - gle past, the bat - tle o - ver, Not
 3. "A - men," what - ev - er my con - di - tion, For
 4. "A - men," dear Lord, "A - men" for - ev - er, My

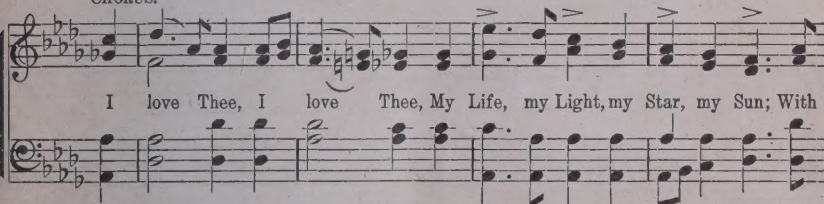


men" to all of His sweet will; This vain, vain world no lon - ger
 mine, but Thine a - lone to be; A love - slave to re - main for -
 sor - row's path Thy - self hast trod; And well I know these light af -
 all a - ban - doned un - to Thee; Thy grace I know will fail me

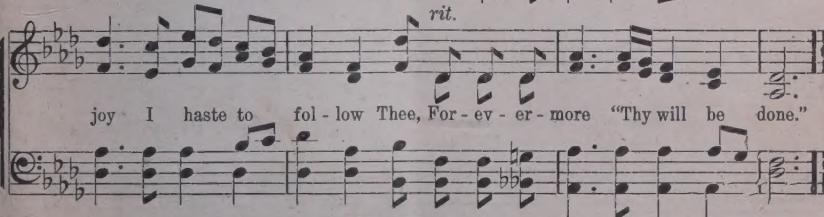


pleas - es, But Christ doth all my vi - sion fill.
 ev - er, A cap - tive, yet than bird more free.
 fic - tions Are step - ping - stones which lead to God.
 nev - er; I'll be what Thou wouldst have me be.

CHORUS.



I love Thee, I love Thee, My Life, my Light, my Star, my Sun; With



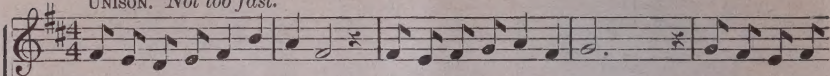
joy I haste to fol - low Thee, For - ev - er - more "Thy will be done."

No. 4. Walking in this Holy Way.

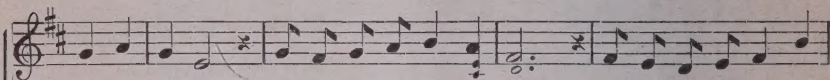
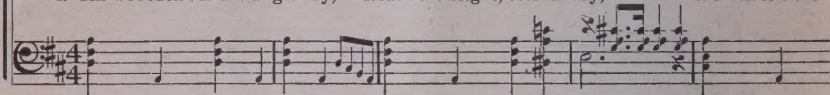
W. T. P.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

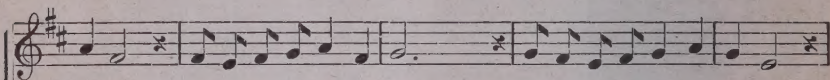
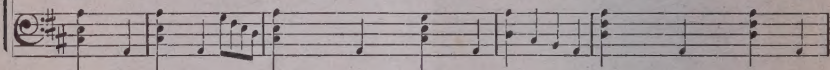
UNISON. *Not too fast.*



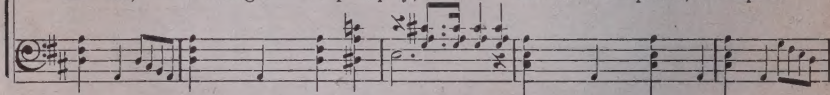
- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Onward we will go with singing, | With a glad triumphant lay; | Ev-er keep the |
| 2. Joys are flowing like a riv-er, | Flowing deep-er ev-'ry day; | With us is the |
| 3. When the tempter comes to try us, | We will sing and shout and pray; | Nothing from the |
| 4. Till we reach our fi-nal glo-ry, | Reach the bright, eternal day, | We will tell the |



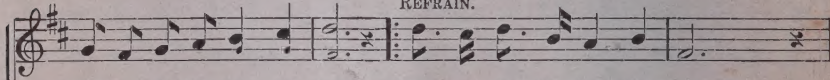
mu-sic ring-ing,	Walk-ing in this ho-ly way.	Grace is giv-en with-out
great Life-Giv-er,	Walk-ing in this ho-ly way.	Ev-er trust our Lead-er's
Lord shall part us,	Walk-ing in this ho-ly way.	Man-y seek for world-ly
gos-pel sto-ry,	Walk-ing in this ho-ly way.	Then we'll join the heav'n-ly



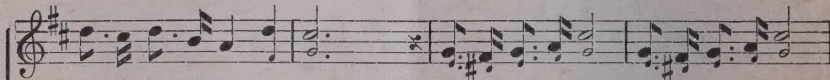
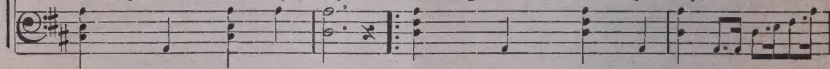
meas-ure,	If we do the Lord o-bey;	Richer grows our heav'nly treasure,
pow-er,	Nev-er let the foe dis-may;	We are kept from harm each hour,
hon-or,	But we know it does not pay;	Tho' we are despised, 't is bless-ed,
cho-rus,	Have our gol-den harps to play;	Je-sus we will praise, who kept us



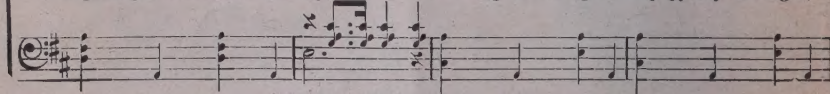
REFRAIN.



Walking in this ho-ly way. Walk-ing in this ho-ly way,



Brighter grows the path each day; Walk-ing in the light, Hap-py day and night,



Walking in this Holy Way—Concluded.

1 Walk-ing in this ho - ly way. 2 Walk-ing in this ho - ly way.

No. 5. Nothing But Thy Blood.

R. SLATER.

FLORA LUCAS.

Andante.

1. Je - sus, see me at Thy feet, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 2. Dark in - deed my past has been, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 3. As I am, O hear me pray, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 4. All that I can do is vain, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;
 5. Lord, I cast my - self on Thee, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me;

Thou a - lone my need canst meet, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
 Yet in mer - cy take me in, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
 I can come no oth - er way, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
 I can ne'er re - move a stain, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.
 From my guilt, O set me free, Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.

CHORUS.

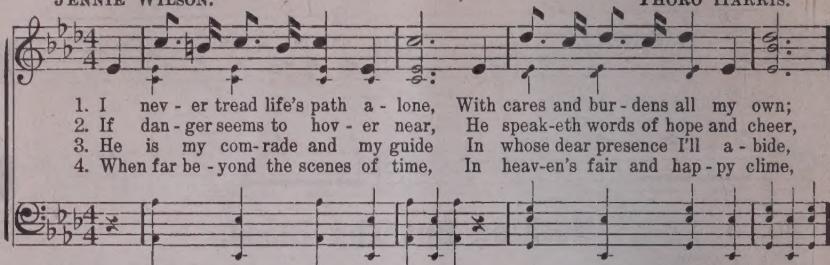
No! no! Noth - ing can I bring, Yet by faith I'm cling - ing
 To thy cross, O Lamb of God; Noth-ing but Thy blood can save me.

No. 6.

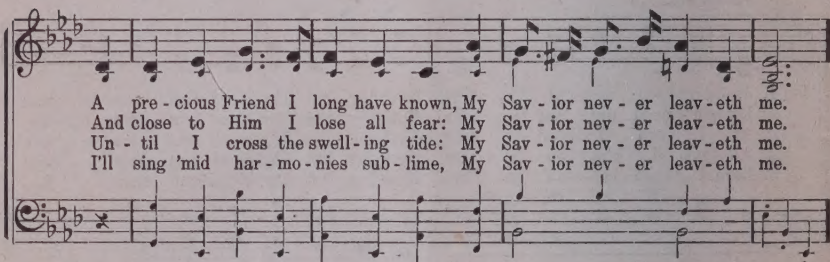
He Never Leaveth Me.

JENNIE WILSON.

THORO HARRIS.

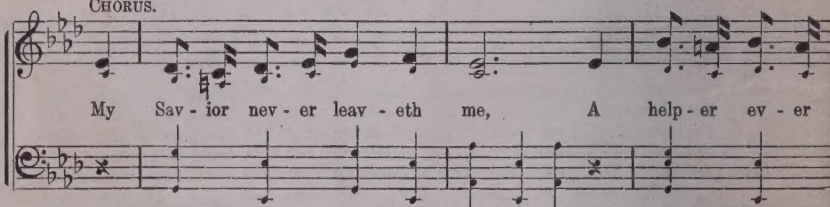


1. I nev - er tread life's path a - lone, With cares and bur - dens all my own;
 2. If dan - ger seems to hov - er near, He speak-eth words of hope and cheer,
 3. He is my com - rade and my guide In whose dear presence I'll a - bide,
 4. When far be - yond the scenes of time, In heav-en's fair and hap - py clime,

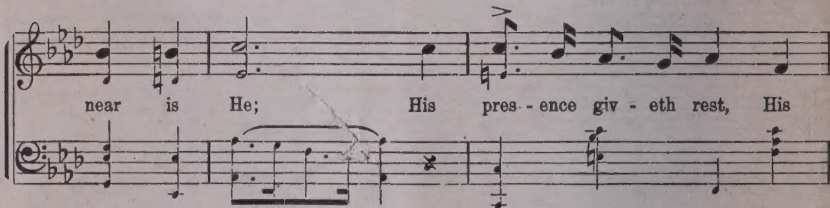


A pre - cious Friend I long have known, My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me.
 And close to Him I lose all fear: My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me.
 Un - til I cross the swell - ing tide: My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me.
 I'll sing 'mid har - mo - nies sub - lime, My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me.

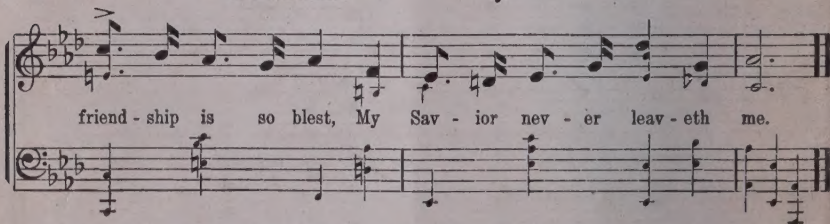
CHORUS.



My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me, A help - er ev - er



near is He; His pres - ence giv - eth rest, His



friend - ship is so blest, My Sav - ior nev - er leav - eth me.

No. 7. More Than Tongue Can Tell.

MARIA SCOVILLE.

GRACE SMITH.

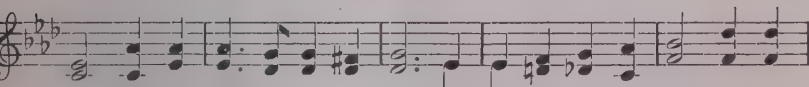
Lively.



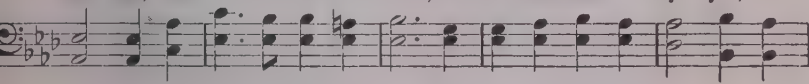
1. I've found a joy so pre - cious, 'Tis more than tongue can tell; It
2. This Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus, Is dear - est to my soul; I'll
3. O sin - ner, come to Je - sus, He'll do the same for you; He'll



fills my heart with laugh - ter, It makes the mu - sic swell; 'Twas Je - sus, pre - cious
nev - er cease to praise Him, While pressing tow'rd the goal; He gave me joy and
roll a - way your bur - dens, You'll find His prom - ise true. This Je - sus, pre - cious



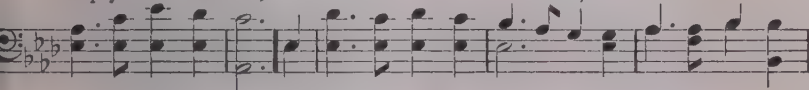
Je - sus, That came in - to my heart, And drove a - way the dark - ness, And
glad - ness, His peace then filled my soul; It makes me shout His prais - es, While
Je - sus, He is the sin - ner's Friend; He'll save and sanc - ti - fy you, And



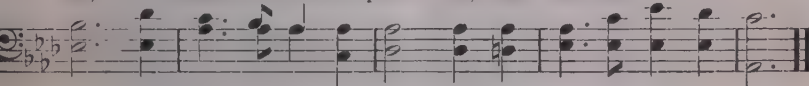
CHORUS.



bade my fears de - part. } 'Tis more than tongue can tell, 'Tis more than tongue can
waves of glo - ry roll. }
keep you to the end. } ev - er tell,



tell; It makes me shout His prais - es, And makes the mu - sic swell.

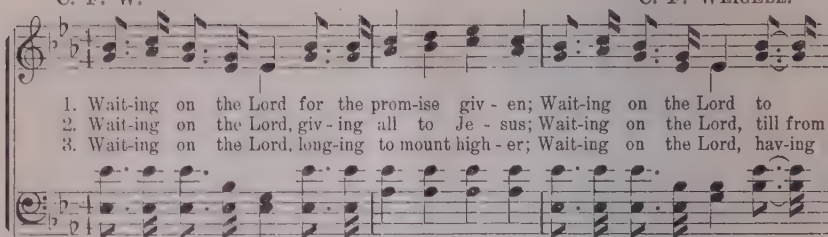


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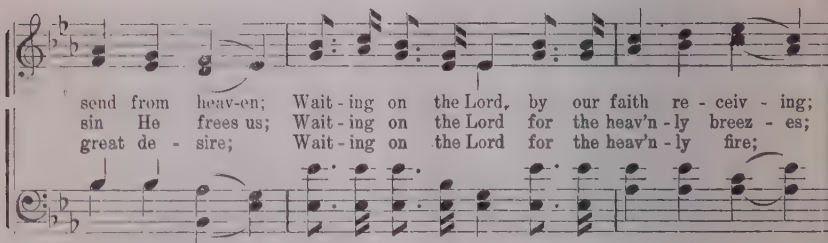
Waiting on the Lord.

C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGELE.

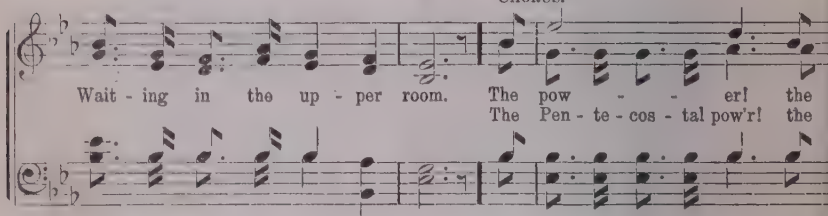


1. Wait-ing on the Lord for the prom-ise giv-en; Wait-ing on the Lord to
 2. Wait-ing on the Lord, giv-ing all to Je-sus; Wait-ing on the Lord, till from
 3. Wait-ing on the Lord, long-ing to mount high-er; Wait-ing on the Lord, hav-ing

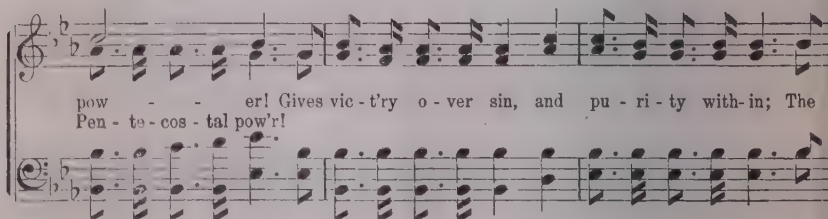


send from heav-en; Wait-ing on the Lord, by our faith re- ceiv-ing;
 sin He frees us; Wait-ing on the Lord, for the heav'n-ly breez-es;
 great de-sire; Wait-ing on the Lord for the heav'n-ly fire;

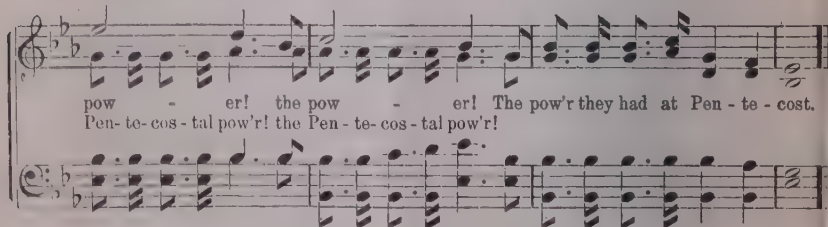
CHORUS.



Wait-ing in the up-per room. The pow-er! the
 The Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r! the



pow-er! Gives vic-t'ry o-ver sin, and pu-ri-ty with-in; The
 Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r!



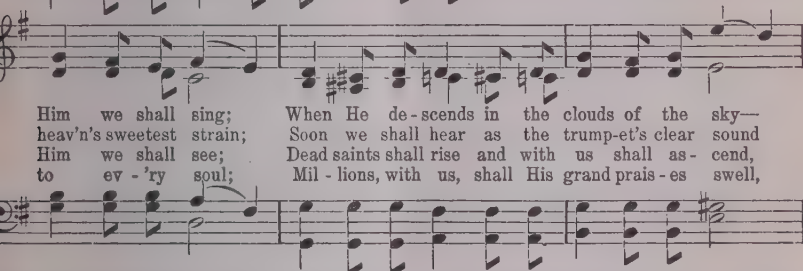
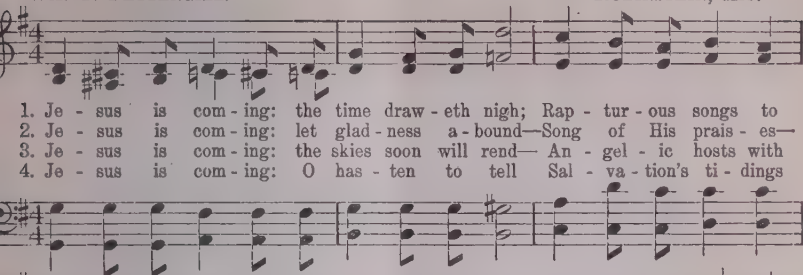
pow-er! the pow-er! The pow'r they had at Pen-te-cost.
 Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r! the Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r!

No. 9.

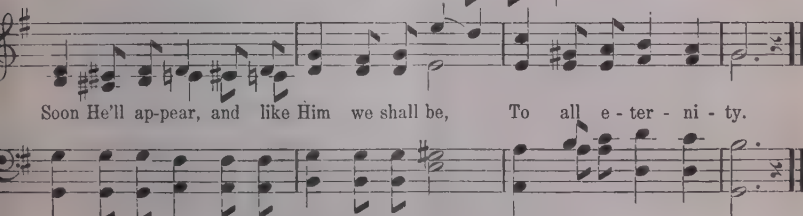
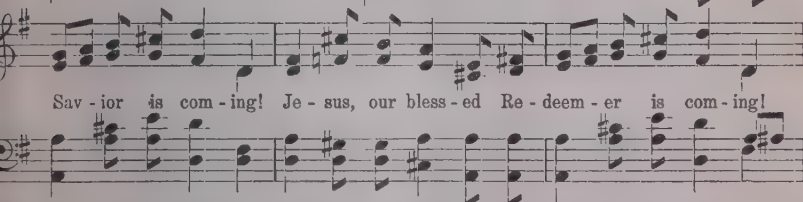
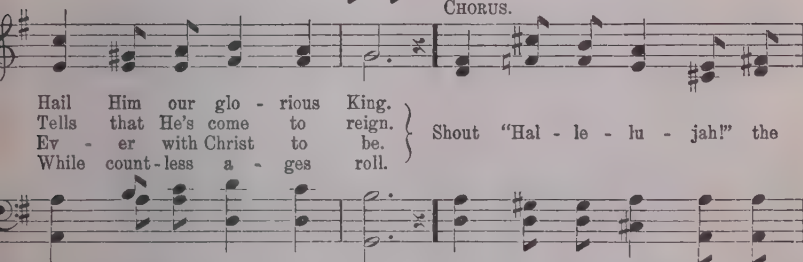
Hail! Glorious King!

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

RUBINSTEIN, Arr.



CHORUS.



No. 10.

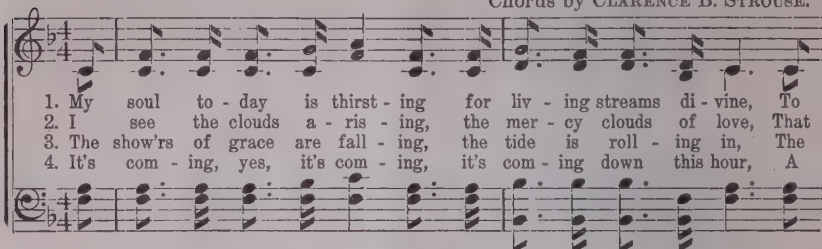
Like a Mighty Sea.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—JOHN 4: 14.

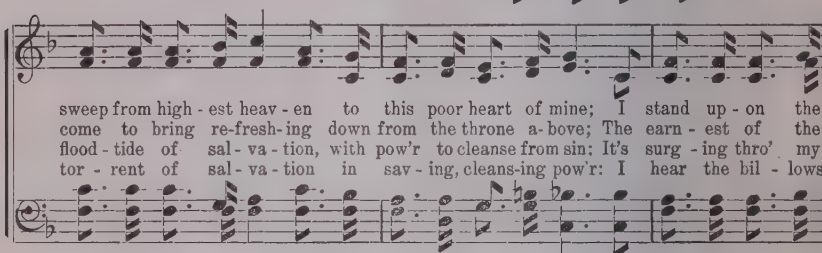
Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

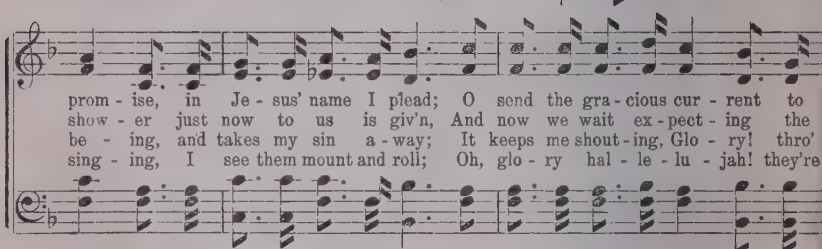
Chorus by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams di-vine, To
 2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
 3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in, The
 4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

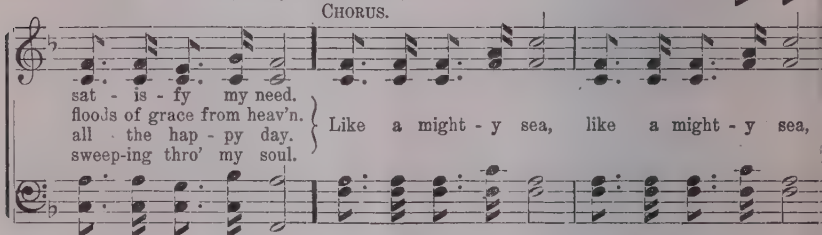


sweep from high-est heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
 come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne a-bove; The earn-est of the
 flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surg-ing thro' my
 tor-rent of sal-va-tion in sav-ing, cleans-ing pow'r: I hear the bil-lows

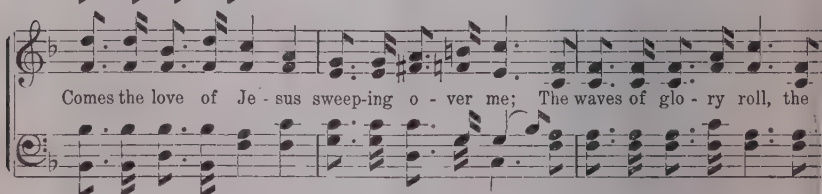


prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gra-cious cur-rent to
 show-er just now to us is giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
 be-ing, and takes my sin a-way; It keeps me shout-ing, Glo-ry! thro'
 sing-ing, I see them mount and roll; Oh, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! they're

CHORUS.



sat-is-fy my need.
 floods of grace from heav'n.
 all the hap-py day. } Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,
 sweep-ing thro' my soul.



Comes the love of Je-sus sweep-ing o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

Like a Mighty Sea—Concluded.

shouts I can't con-trol, Comes the love of Je - sus sweep-ing o'er my soul.

No. 11.

Music in the Soul.

L. F. MITCHEL.

GEO. F. ROOT, Arr.

Not too fast.

1. There's mu - sic in my soul Sweet-er than an an - gel's song,
 2. There's mu - sic in the home Where the voice of praise is heard,
 3. There's mu - sic up in heav'n When a sin - ner comes to God,
 4. There's mu - sic in the land Where we con-quer ev - 'ry foe;
 5. There's mu - sic round the throne, And its high-est note is praise;

For Je - sus makes me whole; Help me now His praise pro - long.
 And old and young oft come, Pray, and hear the bless - ed Word.
 And has his sins for - giv'n Thro the pow'r of Je - sus' blood.
 In Ca - naan now we stand, Free from all our sin and woe.
 Our Lord this note makes known, Helps us as our song we raise.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry be to God on high! Men and an - gels shout and sing;

High - est prais - es fill the sky, To our bless - ed Lord and King.

No. 12.

The Rose of Sharon.

L. F. MITCHEL.

SCHUMANN, Arr.

Not too slow.

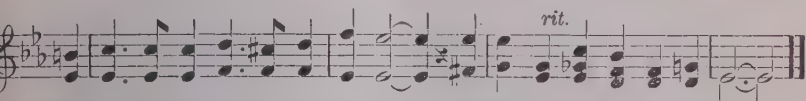
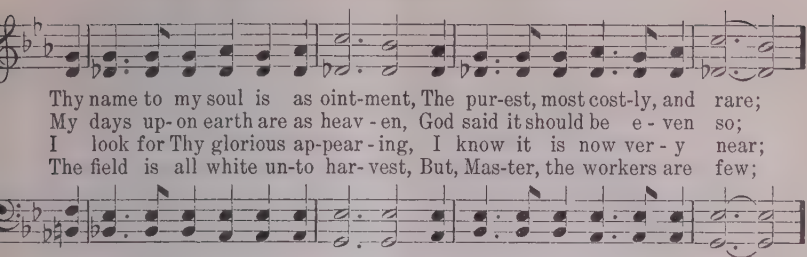
1. O Je - sus, I love and a - dore Thee, Precious art Thou, and fair;
 2. My soul that was once sad and rest - less, Now finds in Thee its rest;
 3. I now have Thy Word and the Spir - it, Promise and seal of bliss;
 4. Now help me to tell it to oth - ers, Wher - ev - er man may be;

Thou bright Rose of Sharon, so glo - rious, None other with Thee can com - pare.
 Con - tent - ed am I, and so hap - py, For God has now giv - en His best.
 I now taste and see Thy great goodness, And praise Thee for glory like this.
 Now give ev'ry word weight and meaning, And help the lost millions to see.

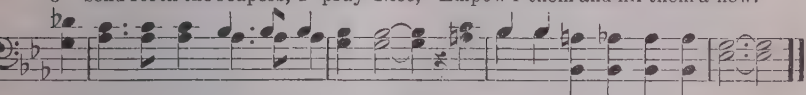
All matchless art Thou in Thy beau - ty, Resplendent, and fair - er than day;
 I've tast - ed the wine of the King - dom, From love of the world I'm set free;
 No lon - ger vain tho'ts lodge within me, Which once heart and mind did control;
 The peo - ple are hungry and thirst - y, And pleasure they seek ev'ry - where;

Thy face is the glo - ry of heav - en, Thy love makes my winter like May.
 My heart is a - bove with its treasure, And that, dearest Mas - ter, is Thee.
 O glo - ry to God now and ev - er, For mak - ing me ev'ry whit whole!
 The gos - pel is all that is need - ed To save them from sin and de - spair.

The Rose of Sharon—Concluded.



'T is poured upon me with-out measure, My life is now free from all care.
O Je-sus, my won-der-ful Sav-ior, How great is Thy love in its flow!
I'm robed, and all read-y, and wait-ing, And per-fect love casteth out fear.
O send forth the reapers, I pray Thee, Empow'r them and fill them a-new.

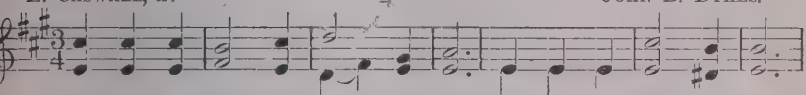


No. 13. Jesus, the Very Thought.

E. CASWALL, tr.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

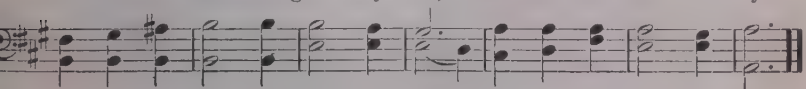
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'-ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;



But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

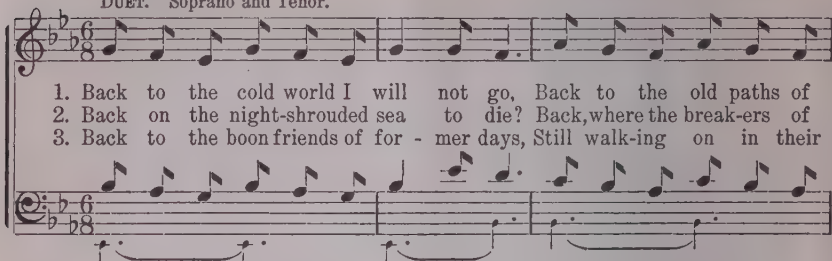


No. 14. I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

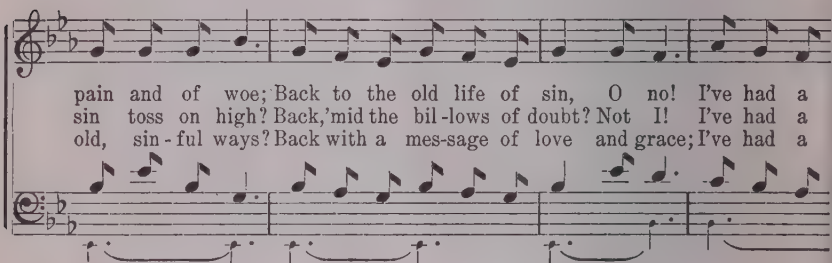
JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

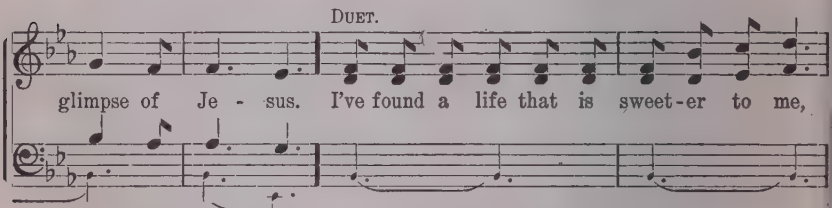


1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of
2. Back on the night-shrouded sea to die? Back, where the break-ers of
3. Back to the boon friends of for - mer days, Still walk-ing on in their

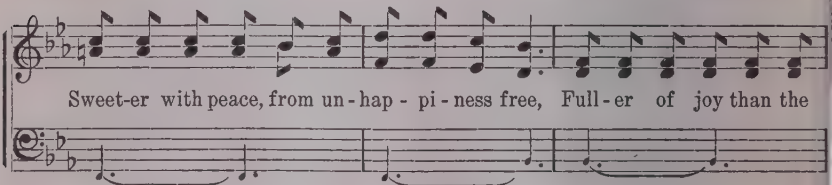


pain and of woe; Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a
sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the bil-lows of doubt? Not I! I've had a
old, sin - ful ways? Back with a mes-sage of love and grace; I've had a

DUET.

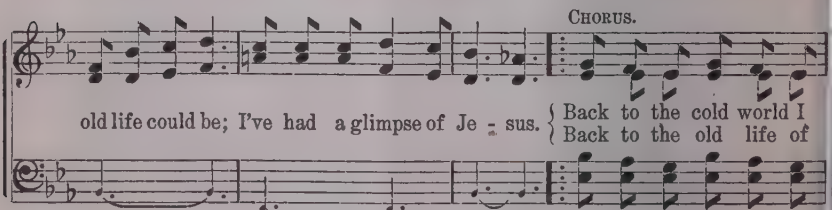


glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life that is sweet-er to me,



Sweet-er with peace, from un-hap - pi - ness free, Full-er of joy than the

CHORUS.



old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Je - sus. { Back to the cold world I
Back to the old life of

I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus --Concluded.

will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe,
sin, O no! I've had a (*Omit*.....) glimpse of Je - sus.

No. 15. Unspeakable Joy.

MAE SCHWARTZ.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

1. A joy un-speak-a-ble doth o'er-flow, With glo-ry, rich and free,
2. A stream of light fall-eth on my path, That dai-ly shines more bright;
3. So up I mount as on ea-gle's wing, I run, nor wear-y grow;
4. O won-drous joy, it is heav'n be-low, No bur-den now is mine;

And in my soul it doth ev - er grow Far deep - er ev - 'ry day.
From me is ta - ken the cloud of wrath That made my day as night.
And in my heart I tri-um-phantly sing, As strength of joy I know.
My heart is white as the driv - en snow, While springs this joy di-vine.

CHORUS.

O vic-to-ry glad and free, A heav'n be-low I'm find-ing;
Christ sat-is-fies all my need As up to heav'n I'm mount-ing.

No. 16.

Beulah.

J. C. BRIGGS.

"And thy land shall be called Beulah."

W. A. WATSON.

1. Long I sought for world-ly treas-ure, Found in earth-joys all my pleas-ure,
 2. Glad, I sought the great Phy-si-cian, Who now bro't me to E-lys-ian,
 3. I am now in Ca-naan liv-ing, Where the rich-est gifts God's giv-ing:
 4. Tho' I'm oft in strait and tri-al, Yet I look not at the di-al,

For I heard that Beu-lah was be-yond the grave; But some said they'd seen its
 Where pomegranates, grapes, and corn, and ol-ives grow; All I need I find in
 And my heart is ev-er bound-ing with de-light; All its hills are green and
 For time ends so soon, e-ter-ni-ty be-gins; But I look a-lone to

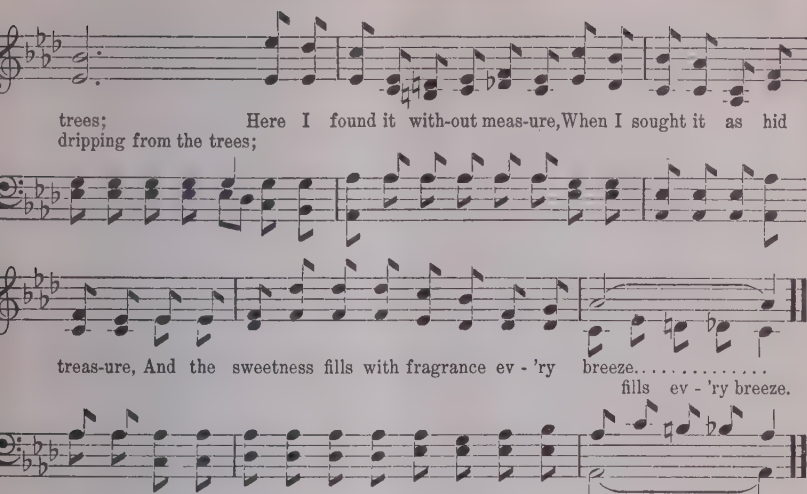
moun-tains, And its cool and spark-ling foun-tains, And had passed, dry-shod, both
 Beu-lah, And my heart sings hal-le-lu-jah, While I plant and gath-er,
 grow-ing, And with wine and milk are flow-ing; O this land is full of
 Je-sus, For with pity-ing eyes He sees us, And He bears my sor-rows

CHORUS.

sea and Jor-dan's wave. Here is hon - - - ey, with-out
 eat, drink, reap and sow. }
 joy, and song, and light! }
 since He hid my sins. Here, O here is hon - ey,

mon - - - ey, It is in the rocks and drip-ping from the
 take it with-out mon - ey, It is

Beulah—Concluded.



trees; Here I found it with-out meas-ure, When I sought it as hid
dripping from the trees;

treas-ure, And the sweetness fills with fragrance ev-'ry breeze.....
fills ev-'ry breeze.

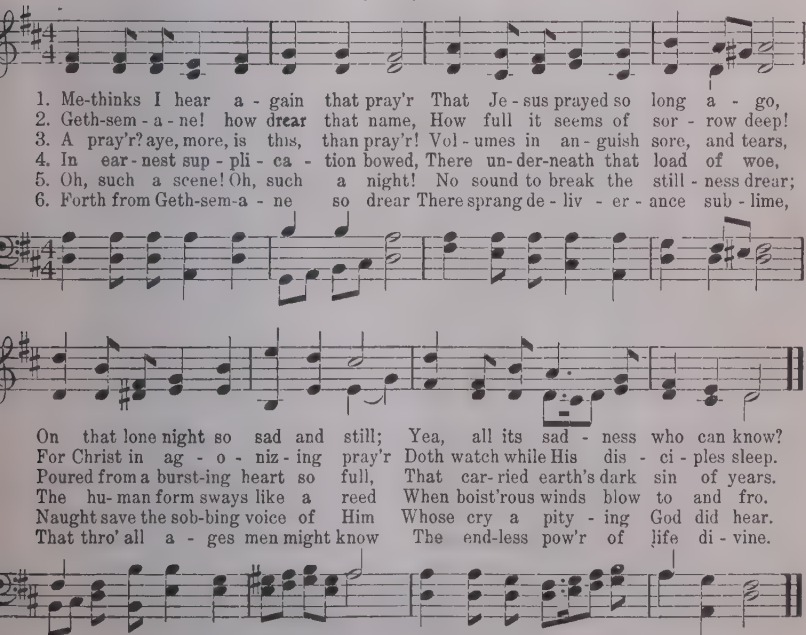
No. 17.

Gethsemane.

MAE SCHWARTZ.

(L. M.)

WM. T. PETTENGILL.



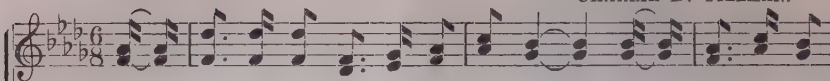
1. Me-thinks I hear a - gain that pray'r That Je - sus prayed so long a - go,
2. Geth-sem - a - ne! how drear that name, How full it seems of sor - row deep!
3. A pray'r? aye, more, is this, than pray'r! Vol - umes in an - guish sore, and tears,
4. In ear - nest sup - pli - ca - tion bowed, There un - der - neath that load of woe,
5. Oh, such a scene! Oh, such a night! No sound to break the still - ness drear;
6. Forth from Geth-sem-a - ne so drear There sprang de - liv - er - ance sub - lime,

On that lone night so sad and still; Yea, all its sad - ness who can know?
For Christ in ag - o - niz - ing pray'r Doth watch while His dis - ci - ples sleep.
Poured from a burst - ing heart so full, That car - ried earth's dark sin of years.
The hu - man form sways like a reed When boist'rous winds blow to and fro.
Naught save the sob - bing voice of Him Whose cry a pity - ing God did hear.
That thro' all a - ges men might know The end - less pow'r of life di - vine.

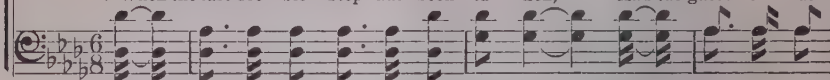
No. 18. When I Get to the End of the Way.

* * *

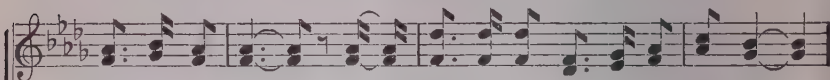
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



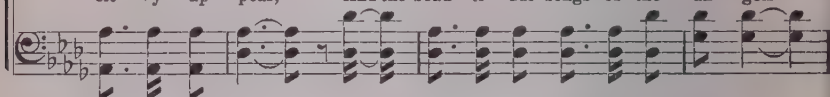
1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran-ger on
2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me one
4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that



D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the

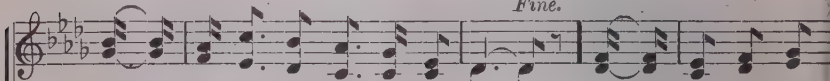


Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that sub - dued the rough bil - lows,
long - ing for rest, But He who ap - points me my path - way
tri - al too much; All His peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased,
cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

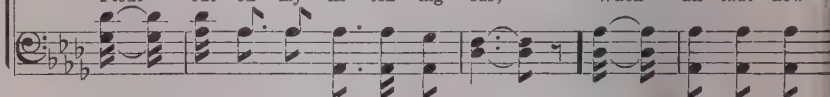


end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,
end of the way; Then the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,

Fine.



Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now

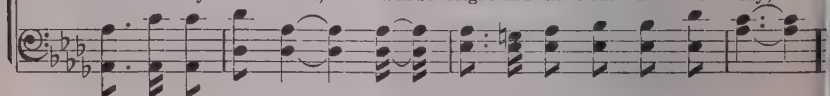


When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.



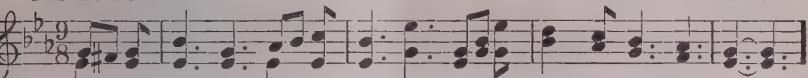
lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;
word He hath prom - ised That my strength, "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day;
seems so mys - te - rious, Will be bright and as clear as the day;



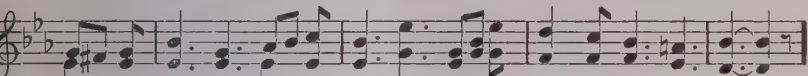
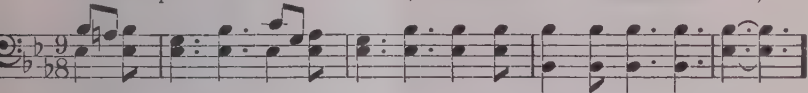
No. 19. Leaving All to Follow Jesus.

IDA M. BUDD.

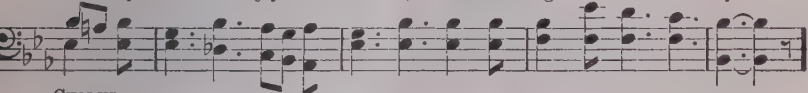
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turning from the world a-way,
2. Naught re-serv-ing, on the al-tar All I lay, and wait the hour
3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je-sus, Glad for Him to suf-fer shame,
4. Praise His pre-cious name for-ev-er, That His blood hath made me free;



Step-ping out up-on the prom-ise, All I have is His to-day.
 When the fire from heav'n de-scend-ing Shall at-test His glo-rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss-es, For the glo-ry of His name.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e-ter-ni-ty.



CHORUS.



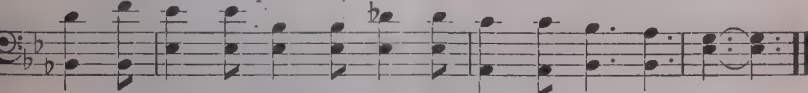
Leav-ing all to fol-low Je-sus, Turn-ing
 Leav-ing all to fol-low, fol-low Je-sus,



from the world a-way,..... Step-ping out up-
 Turn-ing, turn-ing from the world a-way, Step-ping out up-



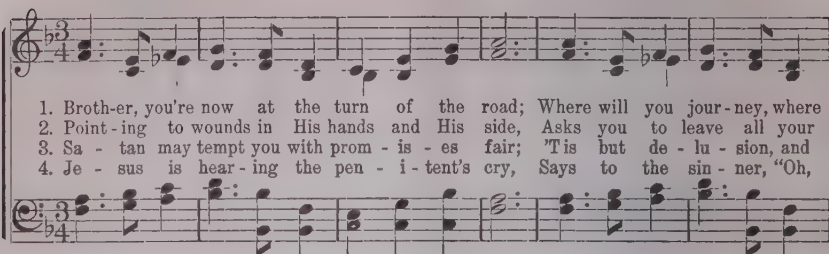
on His prom-ise, All I have is His to-day.
 on His bless-ed prom-ise,



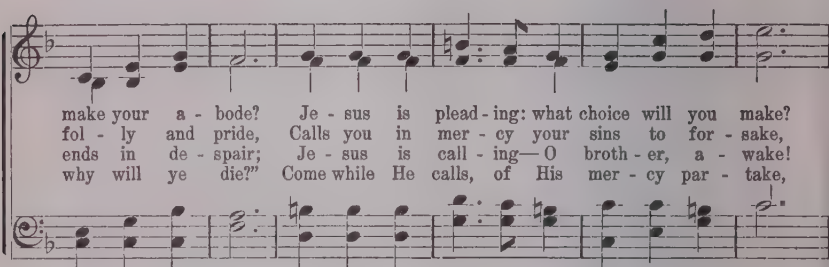
No. 20. Which Road Will You Take?

L. D. SANTEE.

THORO HARRIS.

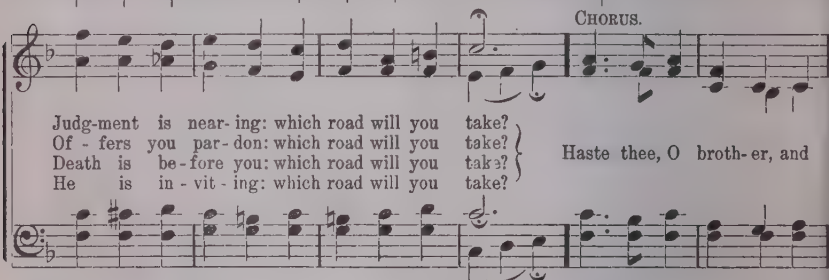


1. Broth-er, you're now at the turn of the road; Where will you jour-ney, where
 2. Point-ing to wounds in His hands and His side, Asks you to leave all your
 3. Sa - tan may tempt you with prom - is - es fair; 'Tis but de - lu - sion, and
 4. Je - sus is hear-ing the pen - i - tent's cry, Says to the sin - ner, "Oh,



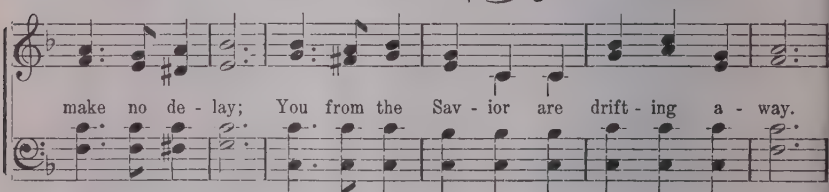
make your a - bode? Je - sus is plead-ing: what choice will you make?
 fol - ly and pride, Calls you in mer - cy your sins to for - sake,
 ends in de - spair; Je - sus is call - ing—O broth - er, a - wake!
 why will ye die?" Come while He calls, of His mer - cy par - take,

CHORUS.

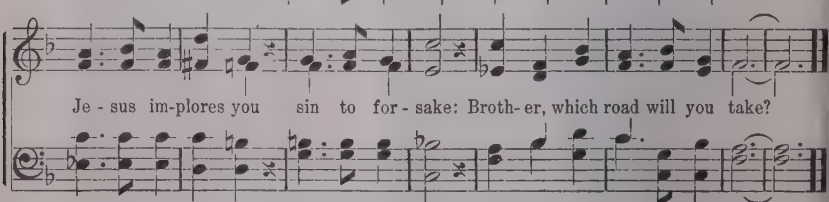


Judg-ment is near-ing: which road will you take?
 Of - fers you par-don: which road will you take?
 Death is be-fore you: which road will you take?
 He is in - vit - ing: which road will you take?

Haste thee, O broth-er, and



make no de - lay; You from the Sav - ior are drift - ing a - way.



Je - sus im-plores you sin to for-sake: Broth-er, which road will you take?

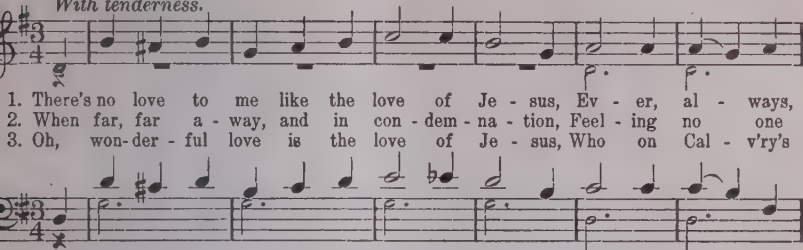
No. 21. There's No Love Like His Love to Me.

JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

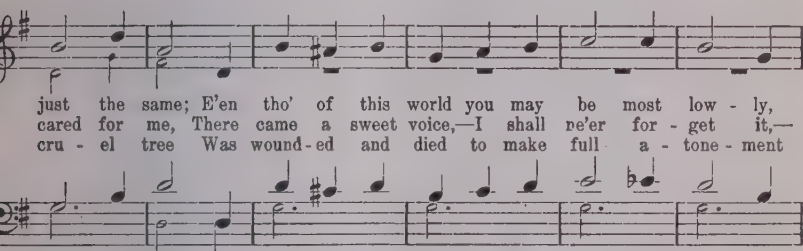
SOLO OR DUET.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.



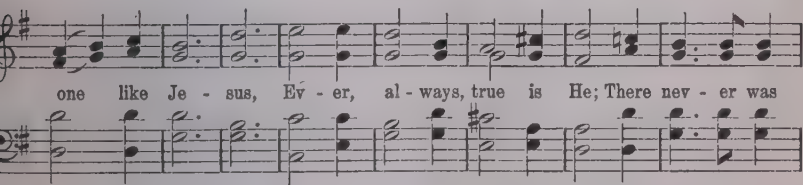
1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways,
 2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel - ing no one
 3. Oh, won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's



just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low - ly,
 cared for me, There came a sweet voice, - I shall ne'er for - get it, -
 cru - el tree Was wound - ed and died to make full a - tone - ment



CHORUS.
 Je - sus still loves you, bless His name!
 "Je - sus, thy Sav - ior, still loves thee."
 For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me. } There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways, true is He; There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.

No. 22.

I've Said Adieu.

Arr. by WM. T. PETTENGILL.

Arr. by THORO HARRIS.

1. I've said a - diu to the world - ly crew, And joined the ho - li - ness
 2. For God I'll fight, by His own might, Wher - ev - er I may
 3. Now ev - 'ry soul may be made whole, Since Je - sus died to

band; In - stead of go - ing down to hell, I dwell in Ca - naan's land;
 go; O bless the Lord, I'm not a - fraid To let the peo - ple know
 save; That all might be re - deemed from sin, His life He free - ly gave.

My heart I know is white as snow, In Je - sus I a - bide;
 That I be - long to the hap - py throng Who've had their sins for - giv'n,
 And if to - day . you'll leave the way That leads to end - less woe,

No mat - ter what the world may say, I'm on the vic - t'ry side.
 Whose hearts are cleansed from in - bred sin, And thus made fit for heav'n.
 He'll cleanse you by His pre - cious blood, And make you white as snow.

CHORUS.

I know

I know my heart is white as snow, My heart is white as snow,

I've Said Adieu—Concluded.

And when I die.....

And when I die, to heav'n I'll go, To heav - en I shall go;
From sin and shame,.....

From sin and shame, O praise His name! My heart is now set free,
And oh, I'm glad.....

And oh, I'm glad to tell the world Sal - va - tion's full and free.

No. 23.

Till Christ Shall Come.

H. R. SHOOK.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Fight on, dear soul, till Christ shall come To claim thee for His bride,
2. Tho' fierce the fight, and dark the night, Still Christ is by thy side;
3. And as thy days thy strength shall be, Re - newed by His own pow'r,

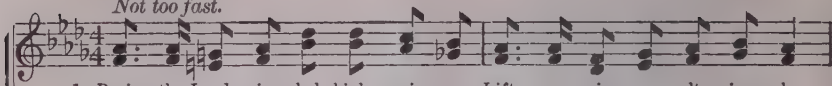
And take thee to that heav'n-ly home Where dwell the pu - ri - fied.
And He the foe will put to flight, And 'neath His wings thee hide.
So, then fight on, for Christ thy Lord Is with thee ev - 'ry hour.

No. 24.

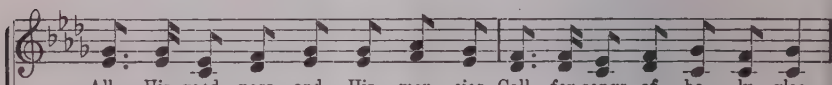
Make His Praise Glorious.

L. F. MITCHEL.

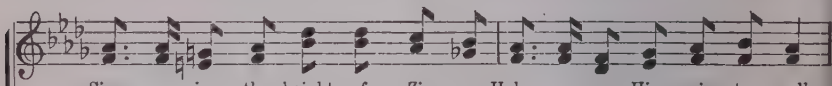
Arranged.

Not too fast.



1. Praise the Lord in glad high prais - es, Lift your voice ex - ult - ing - ly;
 2. Praise the Lord, old men and chil - dren, Come and join our ju - bi - lee;
 3. Take a psalm, and bring the tim - brel, Serve the Lord with heart and hand;
 4. Saints, re - joice, our Lord is com - ing, Soon the heav - ens He shall rend;



All His good - ness and His mer - cies Call for songs of ho - ly glee.
 Praise Him too, young men and maid - ens, From the curse of sin set free.
 Shout to God with voice of tri - umph; This the Spir - it doth com - mand;
 And the ran - somed host shall see the Son of God from heav'n de - scend.

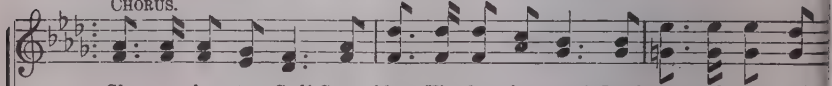


Sing ye in the height of Zi - on, Help us now His praise to swell;
 Come with one ac - cord and help us Tell to all what Christ hath done;
 Praise Him with the harp and or - gan, With the loud and joy - ful sound,
 Then with praise and serv - ice per - fect, And with joy and bliss com - plete,



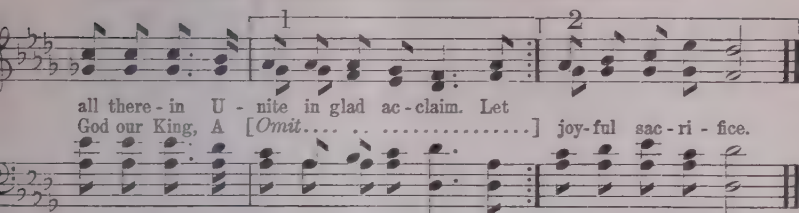
Praise Him in the heav - ens, All His glo - ries tell.
 Praise Him for the tri - umphs That His grace hath won.
 And let ev - 'ry - thing with Breath in praise a - bound.
 We shall live with Christ and Wor - ship at His feet.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry be to God! Come, bless His ho - ly name! Let heav'n and earth and
 hal - le - lu - jahs rise In tri - umph to the skies; This trib - ute bring to

Make His Praise Glorious—Concluded.



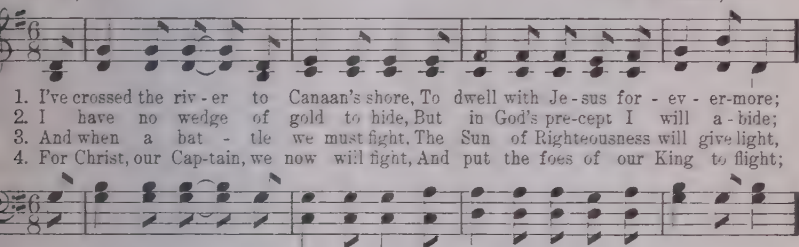
all there - in U - nite in glad ac - claim. Let
God our King, A [Omit.....] joy - ful sac - ri - fice.

No. 25.

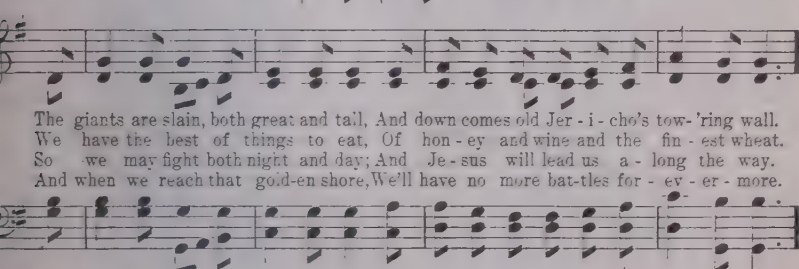
Canaan.

D. F., Jr.

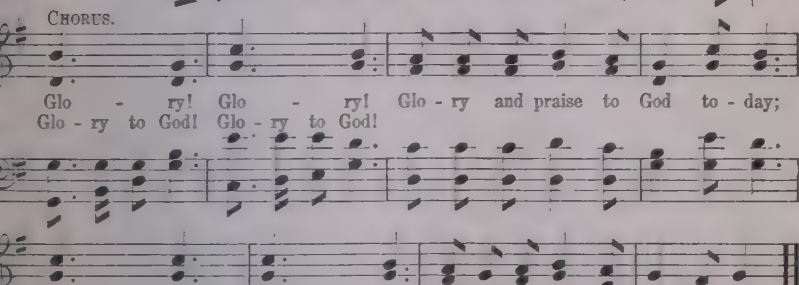
DUKE FARSON, Jr.



1. I've crossed the riv - er to Canaan's shore, To dwell with Je - sus for - ev - er - more;
2. I have no wedge of gold to hide, But in God's pre - cept I will a - bide;
3. And when a bat - tle we must fight, The Sun of Righteousness will give light,
4. For Christ, our Cap - tain, we now will fight, And put the foes of our King to flight;

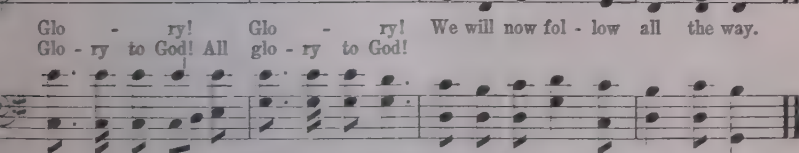


The giants are slain, both great and tall, And down comes old Jer - i - cho's tow - 'ring wall.
We have the best of things to eat, Of hon - ey and wine and the fin - est wheat.
So we may fight both night and day; And Je - sus will lead us a - long the way.
And when we reach that gold - en shore, We'll have no more bat - tles for - ev - er - more.



CHORUS.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Glo - ry and praise to God to - day;
Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God!



Glo - ry! Glo - ry! We will now fol - low all the way.
Glo - ry to God! All glo - ry to God!

No. 26.

The Hallelujah Side.

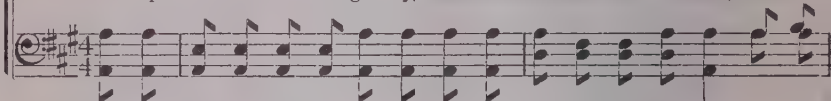
"Alleluia; salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—REV. 19: 1.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

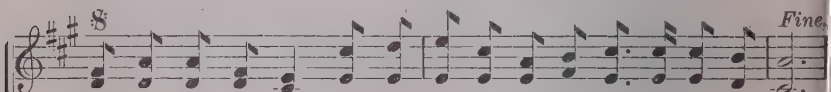
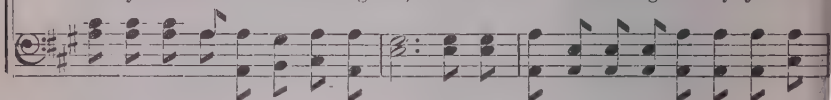
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



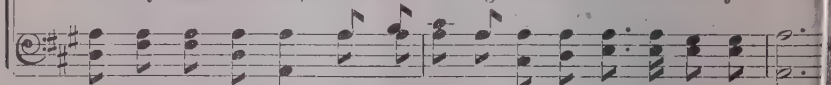
1. Once a sin-ner far from Je-sus, I was per-ish-ing with cold, But the
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz-zle and her dreams, Yet I
3. Not for all earth's gold-en mil-lions would I leave this pre-cious place, Tho' the
4. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing, herè the sky is al-ways bright; 'Tis no
5. And up-on the streets of glo-ry, when we reach the oth-er shore, And have



blessed Sav-ior heard me when I cried; Then He threw His robe a-round me, and He
en-vy not her van-i-ties and pride; For my soul looks up to heav-en, where the
tempter to per-suade me oft has tried; For I'm safe in God's pa-vil-ion, hap-py
place for gloomy Christians to a-bide; For my soul is filled with mu-sic, and my
safe-ly crossed the Jordan's roll-ing tide, You will find me shout-ing "Glo-ry" just out-



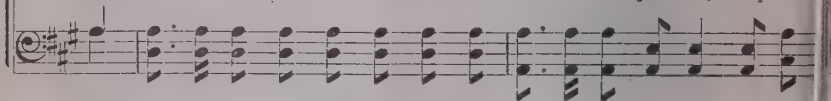
led me to His fold, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
gold-en sun-light gleams, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
in His love and grace, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
heart with great de-light, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
side my man-sion door, Where I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.



D. S.—win-dows of my soul, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.



Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus! let the hal-le-lu-jahs roll; Help me

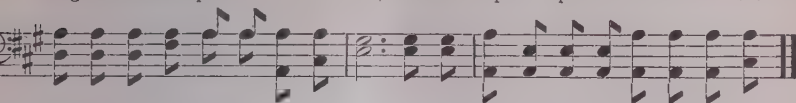


The Hallelujah Side—Concluded.

D. S.



ring the Sav-ior's prais-es far and wide; For I've opened up tow'rd heaven all the

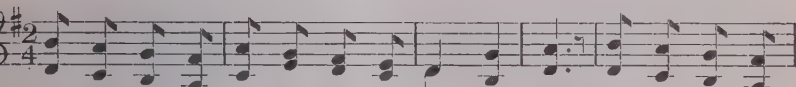


No. 27.

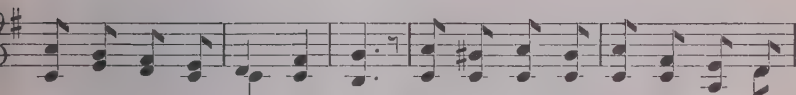
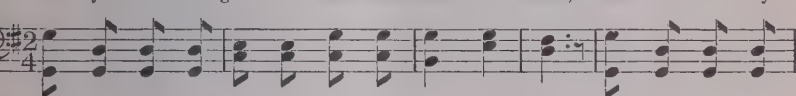
Thy Loving-Kindness.

W. T. P.

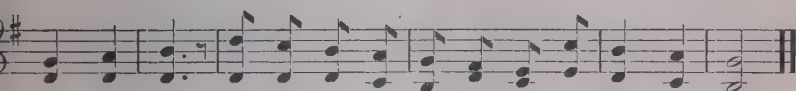
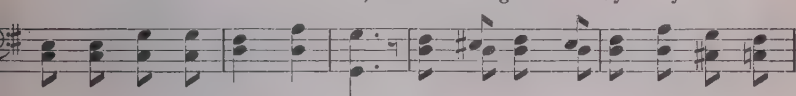
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



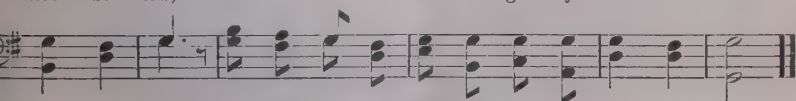
1. Pre-cious is Thy lov-ing-kind-ness, O my God; There-fore, will Thy
2. From the riv-er of Thy pleas-ures, thirst we slake; In the paths of
3. Peace which pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, Thou dost give; Noth-ing shall of-
4. Tho' an host en-camp a-gainst us, we'll not fear; War may rise: we're
5. Tru-ly Thou art good to those whose hearts are clean, Those who on Thy



faith-ful chil-dren trust Thy Word. Safe be-neath Thy wings o'er-shad'wing
right-eous-ness, our way we take; All the year is crowned with good-ness
fend us, if in Thee we live. Thou, our foot will nev-er suf-fer
con-fi-dent if Thou art near. One thing on-ly would we seek—Thy
staff of truth do ev-er lean; Thou shalt guide us by Thy coun-sel



we shall hide; With the fat-ness of Thy house be sat-is-fied.
from Thy store; Shouts of joy and songs are ris-ing ev-er-more.
to be moved; That Thy heart a-bounds in good-ness, we have proved.
heav'n-ly fold; There the beau-ty of Thy face for aye be-hold.
here be-low, Aft-er-ward take us to glo-ry—white as snow.



No. 28.

Saved from the Wreck.

E. E. HEWITT.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. A - drift on the wa-ters, so dark and so cold, A - far from the beau-ti - ful
 2. O I was the sin-ner a - lone on the sea, But love's bless-ed sig-nals were
 3. I stepped in the life-boat pro-vid-ed for me; And Je - sus my Pi - lot, my
 4. Life's tur - bu - lent surg-es are kissed in - to peace, The bea-cons are shin-ing, and

cit - y of gold, A ves - sel is sink-ing, for heav - y the gale, The
 float-ing for me; Tho' thun-ders were roll-ing, and bil-lows at strife, Lo,
 Cap-tain will be; His bos - om my ref - uge, my "ha - ven of rest," I'm
 songs nev - er cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, il - lu - mine the tide, While

CHORUS.

ca - ble is bro-ken, and tat-tered each sail.
 Je - sus was call-ing, "Es - cape for thy life." } Poor child of the wreck, see, the
 res-cued from shipwreck, so hap - py and blest.
 on-ward to glo - ry we'll joy - ful - ly glide.

life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Mas - ter is here; He walks ev - 'ry

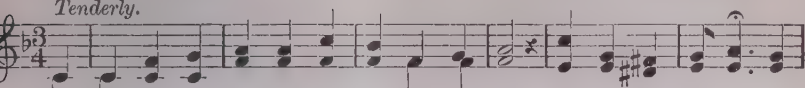
bil - low, controls ev - 'ry wave: 'Tis Je - sus, King Je - sus, "the might-y to save."

No. 29. Jesus is Knocking at the Door.

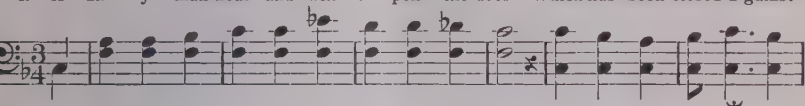
Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

LUE REED MIDDLEBROOK.

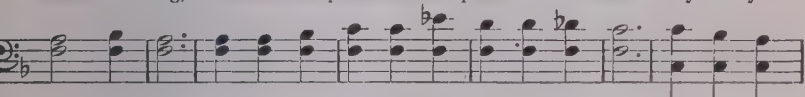
Tenderly.



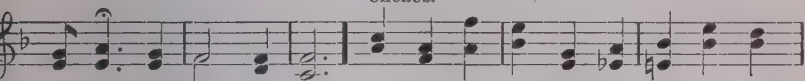
1. Out-side the closed door of your un- yield- ing heart Je- sus has wait- ed and
2. 'Tis One whom the an- gels all wor- ship as King Wait- ing out- side your heart's
3. O do not leave Je- sus a stran- ger out- side; O- pen to Him who has
4. "If an- y man hear" and will o- pen the door Which has been closed a- gainst



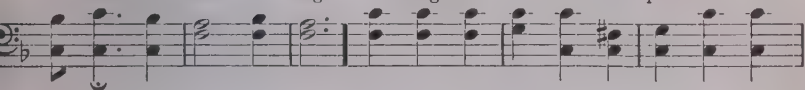
knocked so long; O- pen be- fore He shall sad- ly de- part: Why do you
door so long; Whose praise the mas- ters of em- pire shall sing: Why do you
stayed so long; He as a Friend in your heart will a- bide: Why do you
Christ so long, He shall have pleas- ures and peace ev- er- more: Why do you



CHORUS.



bar Him out- side so long? He brings sal- va- tion and per- fect de-



light, He comes with a glo- ry that scat- ters our night; He drives out the



shad- ows and makes the heart bright: O do not bar Him out- side so long.

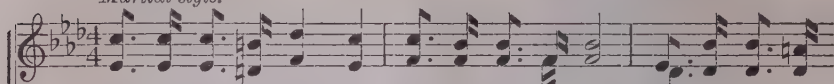


No. 30.

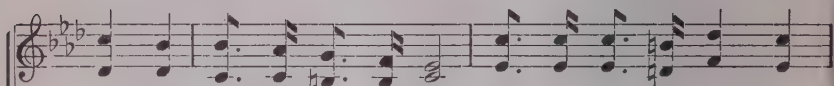
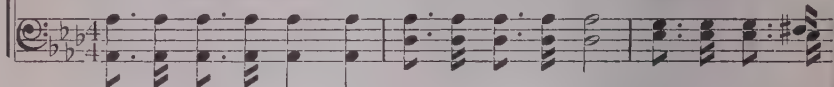
Volunteers to the Front!

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.
Martial style.

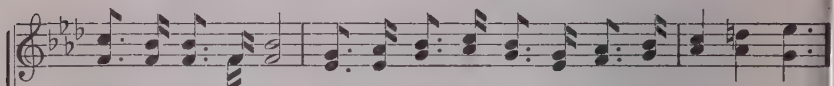
M. PAULINE GILMOUR.



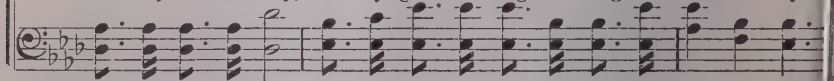
1. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! for on land and sea Sa - tan's starving
4. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! on the bat - tle - plain Sol - diers brave are
5. Vol - un - teers are want - ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of



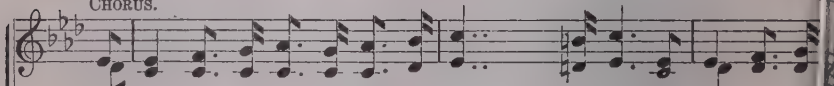
an - swer, com - rades, one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com - mand - er,
bond - men clam - or to be free; Has - ten to their res - cue,
fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es,
bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,



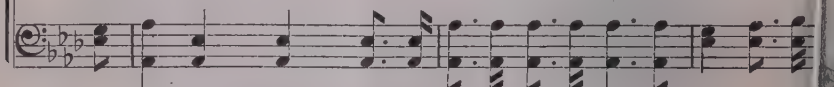
haste to march a - way, For the Lord is call - ing, "To the front to - day!"
let us all o - bey When He gives the or - der, "To the front to - day!"
if you still de - lay Blood - bought souls must perish; to the front to - day!
in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Je - sus to the front to - day?
soon they'll clear away, Glo - ry gilds the heights a - long the front to - day.



CHORUS.



A - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way, a - way! The King calls for
A - way, a - way to the bat - tle - field, a - way!



Volunteers to the Front--Concluded.

sol-diers in His ranks to-day; Hear the bu-gle call-ing,
sol - diers in His ranks to-day;

in - to line be fall-ing, Forth to the bat-tle-field, a-way, a-way!

No. 31. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

C. H. PURDAY, 1799-1885.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light! amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home: Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel fa-cessmiles Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

No. 32.

Don't Turn Away.

F. L.

FLORA LUCAS.

1. What a - bout the love of Je - sus, And His dy - ing on the tree?
 2. Stop, poor sin - ner, time is fleet - ing; Meet the question while you may;
 3. Stop, back - slid - er, for a mo - ment; You who once the Sav - ior loved,

Do you nev - er think, poor sin - ner, That His blood was shed for thee?
 At the judgment, as a sin - ner, What an aw - ful debt you'll pay!
 If, down here, you shun the bat - tle, You will miss the home a - bove.

Yes, He came to earth from glo - ry, Suf - fered death on Cal - va - ry;.....
 Tho' you're rich in earth's pos - ses - sions, They with time will pass a - way;....
 What is it that keeps you from Him? Is the price too much to pay?....

Shall His dy - ing prof - it noth - ing, When it will give life to thee?
 Should you miss the gate of heav - en At the judgment, will it pay?
 Is it worth a home with Je - sus? O come back; don't turn a - way!

CHORUS.

Come, come, Je - sus is call - ing to - day;
 Come, sin - ner, come, come, sin - ner, come, to - day;

Don't Turn Away—Concluded.

Come, come, There's pow'r in the blood to save;
Come, sin-ner, come, come, sin-ner, come, to save;

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing, Sin - ner, don't turn a - way!

No. 33.

Jesus, My Savior.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

Arr. fr. KÜCKEN.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Dear - est of all Thou art: Dwell - ing with -
2. My soul in rap - ture Waits at Thy bless - ed feet, In blest com -
3. Tho' Sa - tan tempt me, Tho' in the bat - tle's strife, Words of e -
4. Soon Thou wilt call me From all earth-care a - way, Up to the

in my heart, Thou keep - est me. Free from all sin and shame,
mun-ion sweet, — A - lone with Thee. Purged from all car - nal dross,
ter - nal life Thou giv - est me. Than life more dear Thou art,
realms of day, Thy face to see. There in Thy pres - ence bright,

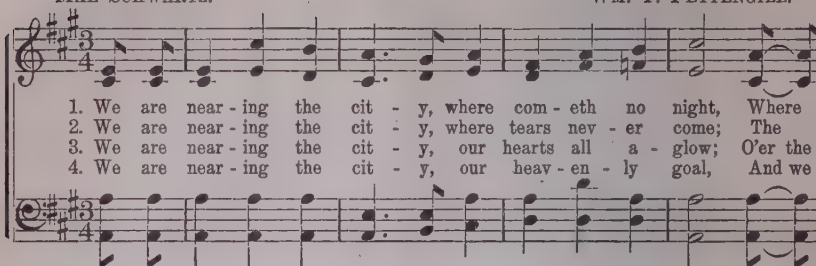
Kept pure and with - out blame, By day and night the same, Sav - ior, thro' Thee.
I glo - ry in Thy cross, Counting all gain but loss, Sav - ior, for Thee.
Since Thou hast won my heart; I'll nev - er - more de - part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
Serv - ing Thee day and night, I'll dwell in glad de - light, Sav - ior, with Thee.

No. 34.

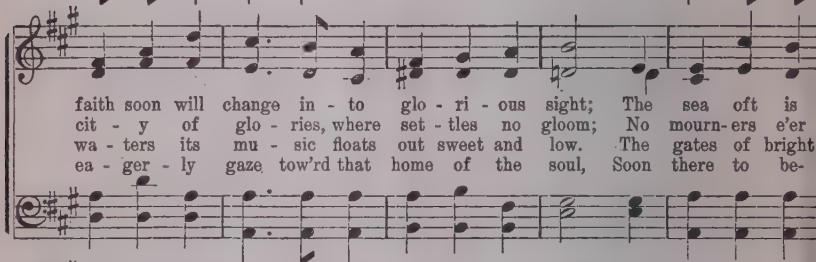
Nearing the City.

MAE SCHWARTZ.

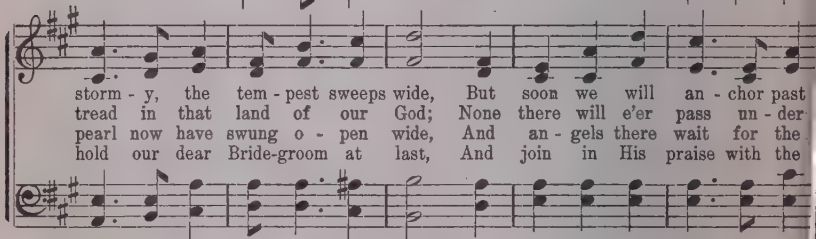
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



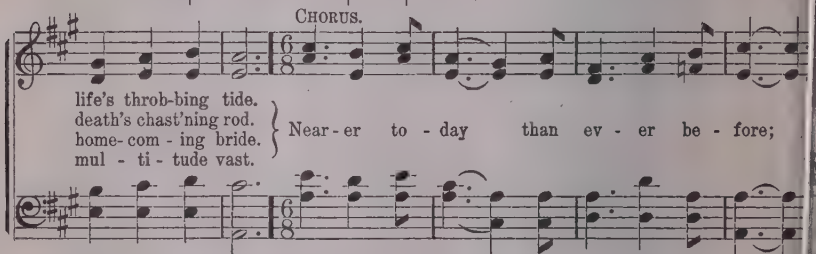
1. We are near - ing the cit - y, where com - eth no night, Where
 2. We are near - ing the cit - y, where tears nev - er come; The
 3. We are near - ing the cit - y, our hearts all a - glow; O'er the
 4. We are near - ing the cit - y, our heav - en - ly goal, And we



faith soon will change in - to glo - ri - ous sight; The sea oft is
 cit - y of glo - ries, where set - tles no gloom; No mourn - ers e'er
 wa - ters its mu - sic floats out sweet and low. The gates of bright
 ea - ger - ly gaze tow'rd that home of the soul, Soon there to be -

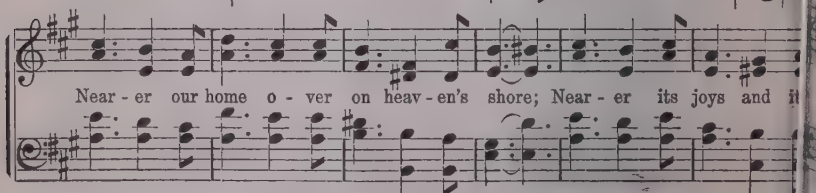


storm - y, the tem - pest sweeps wide, But soon we will an - chor past
 tread in that land of our God; None there will e'er pass un - der
 pearl now have swung o - pen wide, And an - gels there wait for the
 hold our dear Bride-groom at last, And join in His praise with the



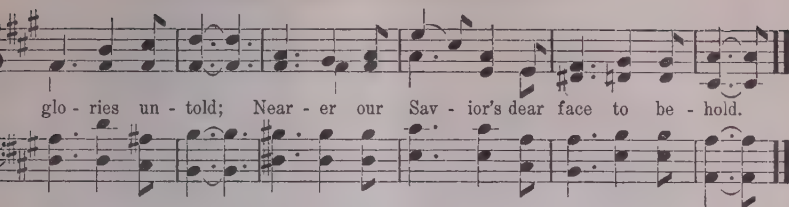
CHORUS.

life's throb - ing tide.
 death's chas't'ning rod.
 home - com - ing bride.
 mul - ti - tude vast. } Near - er to - day than ev - er be - fore;



Near - er our home o - ver on heav - en's shore; Near - er its joys and it

Nearing the City—Concluded.

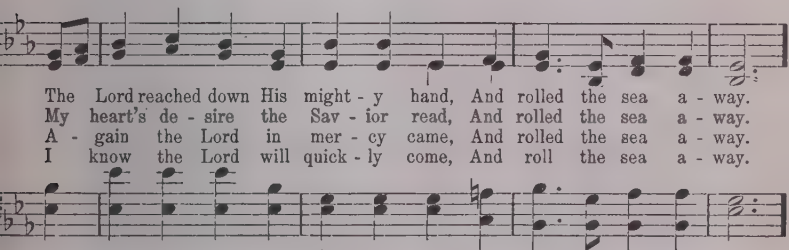
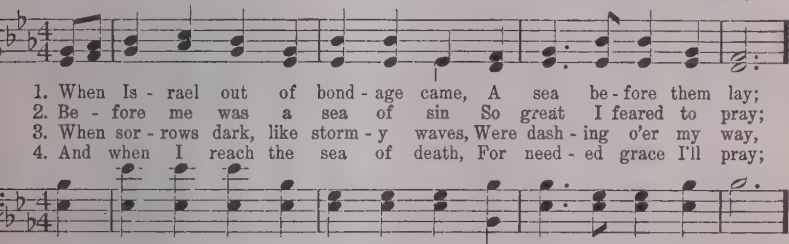


No. 35. He Rolled the Sea Away.

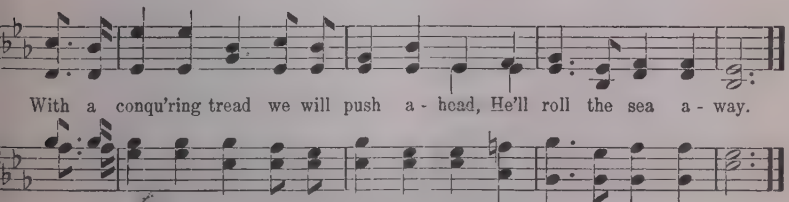
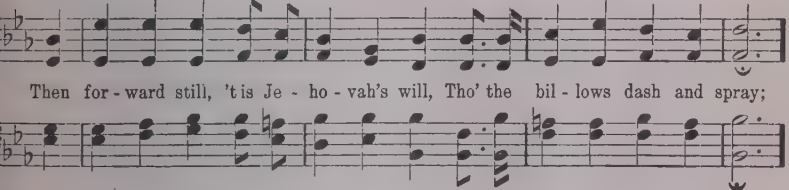
S. J. 185

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.



CHORUS.



No. 36.

Behold, He Cometh!

"Behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 8.

L. F. MITCHELL.

Scotch Air.

1. My Be-lov-ed's on the mountains, Skipping o'er the hills; I shall soon be-
 2. Leaves ap-pear up-on the fig tree, Vines give forth their smell; All cre-a-tion
 3. Christ will come in-to His gar-den, Gath-er myrrh and spice, Seek-ing grapes and
 4. He is chief-est of ten thousand, Brighter than the sun; What a glo-ry

hold His glo-ry, How my spir-it thrills! Now my heart is filled with laughter,
 springs to greet Him Who doth all things well. Soon He'll say "Rise up, my fair one,
 pome-gran-ates, Fruits a-bun-dant thrice. O what joy to meet my Sav-ior,
 to be like Him When the race is run! He's the Lil-y of the val-ley,

For I know He's nigh; Soon I shall see Him as He is, And meet Him in the sky.
 Come, O come a-way, The win-ter's past, the cold is gone, And summer's come to stay.
 And to hear Him say, "The marriage sup-per is prepared, This is the fes-tal day,
 Rose of Sha-ron fair; In rap-ture we His face shall see, And meet Him in the air.

Behold, He Cometh—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! shout His prais - es! All ye pil - grims, sing!

The com - ing of the Lord's at hand, We'll soon be on the wing.

No. 37. Savior, I Follow On.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON, Arr.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Sav - ior, I fol - low on, guid - ed by Thee, See - ing not
 2. Riv - en the rock for me, thirst to re - lieve; Man - na from
 3. Oft - en to Ma - rah's brink have I been bro't; Shrink - ing the
 4. Sav - ior, by faith I'll walk close - ly with Thee; Led by Thy

yet the hand that lead - eth me; Hushed be my heart and still,
 heav - en falls fresh ev - 'ry eve; Nev - er a want se - vere
 cup to drink, help I have sought; And with the pray'r's as - cent,
 guid - ing hand, ev - er to be; Con - stant - ly near Thy side,

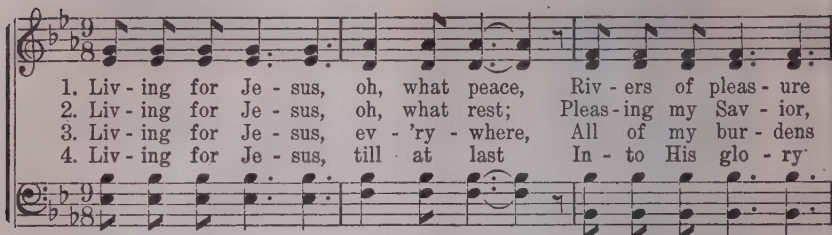
Fear I no fur - ther ill; On - ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.
 Caus - eth my eye a tear, But Thou dost whis - per near, "On - ly be - lieve."
 Je - sus the branch hath rent - Quick - ly re - lief hath sent, Sweet'ning the draught.
 Quick - ened and pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for Him who died Free - ly for me.

No. 38.

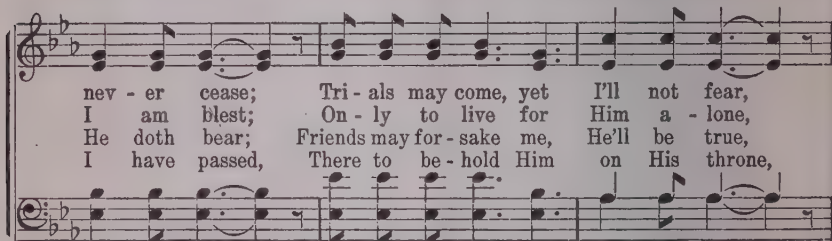
Living for Jesus.

C. F. W.

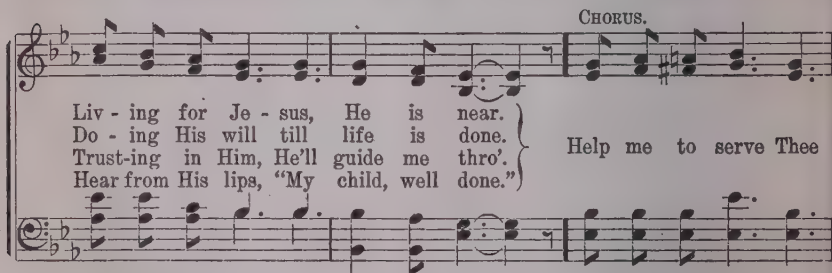
C. F. WEIGELE.



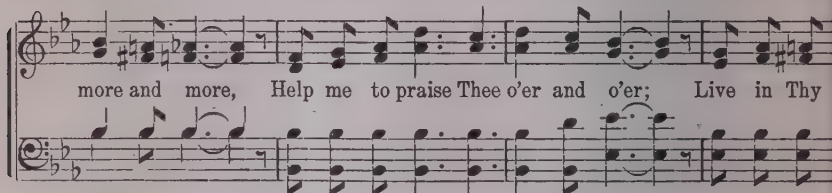
1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, oh, what peace, Riv - ers of pleas - ure
 2. Liv - ing for Je - sus, oh, what rest; Pleas - ing my Sav - ior,
 3. Liv - ing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry - where, All of my bur - dens
 4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, till at last In - to His glo - ry



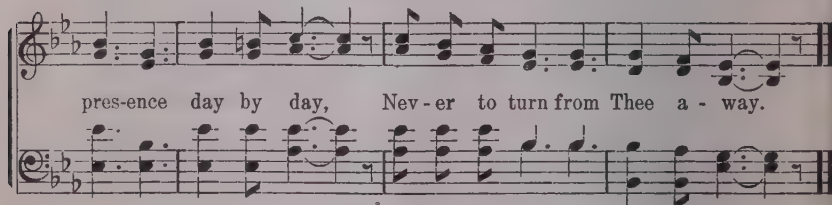
nev - er cease; Tri - als may come, yet I'll not fear,
 I am blest; On - ly to live for Him a - lone,
 He doth bear; Friends may for - sake me, He'll be true,
 I have passed, There to be - hold Him on His throne,



CHORUS.
 Liv - ing for Je - sus, He is near.
 Do - ing His will till life is done.
 Trust - ing in Him, He'll guide me thro'.
 Hear from His lips, "My child, well done." } Help me to serve Thee



more and more, Help me to praise Thee o'er and o'er; Live in Thy



pres - ence day by day, Nev - er to turn from Thee a - way.

No. 39.

The Sweet Beulah Land.

"Let us go up at once and possess it."—Num. 13: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZEILEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I am walk - ing to - day in the sweet Beu - lah land, I have
 2. I am now go - ing on to ex - plore Beu - lah land, 'Tis the
 3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can - not know, As I
 4. Oh, the sweet-ness of love that en - rap - tures my soul, For com-

crossed to the sun - ny side; I am washed in the blood, and my
 gift of my Lord to me; I am tast - ing its joys, I am
 walk by my Sav - ior's side; I am kept by His pow'r, I am
 mun - ion with Christ I know! I am hap - py in Him, and to-

CHORUS.

soul is made white, And I know I am sanc - ti - fied. Glo - ry,
 walk - ing in light, And the face of my Sav - ior see.
 led by His hand, And I'll ev - er with Him a - bide.
 day thro' my soul Liv - ing streams of sal - va - tion flow. Glo - ry to God, oh,

Glo - ry to God! My heart is now cleansed from sin; I've a - ban - doned my-
 from sin;

self to the Ho - ly Ghost, And His ful - ness a - bides with - in.

No. 40.

The Old-Time Power.

W. T. P.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

1. When the day of Pen - te - cost was full - y come, All with one ac -
 2. Sud - den - ly there came a sound from heav'n on high, As tho' a rush - ing,
 3. Men of ev - 'ry tongue heard works of won - der told By these hum - ble
 4. Pe - ter, stand - ing up, the mock - ers' charge de - nied; Told them, "This is
 5. Would you spread the gos - pel sto - ry all a - broad? Would you tell lost

cord were in \an up - per room. Je - sus said to tar - ry in Je -
 might - y wind were pass - ing by; Then ap - peared the clo - ven tongues of
 peo - ple with the pow'r made bold. Doubt - ers won - dered what was meant by
 that which Jo - el proph - e - sied." So ef - fect - ual was the ser - mon
 sin - ners how to find our God? Would you have a glo - rious vic - t'ry

ru - sa - lem, And the prom - ised pow'r would come to them.
 ho - ly flame, And to them the Ho - ly Spir - it came.
 this new line, Mock - ers said, "These men are full of wine."
 preached that day, That three thou - sand turned from sin a - way.
 hour by hour? Tar - ry till you get the old - time pow'r.

CHORUS.

The old - time pow - er, the old - time pow - er, The pow'r that fell at Pen - te - cost (Pentecost);

The old - time pow - er, the old - time pow - er, The pow'r that fell at Pen - te - cost.

Demonstration.

L. F. MITCHELL.

Ps. 68:16.

Arranged.

1. Why leap ye, O high hills, and why do you skip? Shall
2. O high hills of God wrapped in dark - est storm - cloud, Is it

CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm leap - ing and prais - ing to - day, Hal - le -

I fol-low aft - er with feet and with lip? Why clap ye your hands and re-
comely to praise, leap and thun-der so loud? Your praise seems the loud-est at

lu-jah! the glo-ry has now come to stay, It bursts from my soul as my

lu - juh! the glo - ry has now come to stay, It bursts from my soul as my

D. C. for Chorus.

D. C. for Chorus.

joyce al - to - geth - er? Can I with cre - a - tion re - joyce in all weath - er?
black - est mid - night; When light - ning is flash - ing you're filled with de - light.

voice I now raise; To Fa-ther and Son and the Spir - it give praise.

- 3 King David once asked you this question of old;
I'm sure you gave answer in language untold,
For the king took to leaping and danced with his might;
The glory descended, the ark was in sight.
- 4 Seven times in a day he would stop and sing praise,
At morn, noon and night he an altar would raise;
The saints caught the fire as on prairie it spread,
Till all through the earth Psalms of David are read.
- 5 We, too, now are learning to follow the king,
And you, "O ye high hills," God's praises to sing.
We, too, clap our hands, and we leap, dance and shout;
We find this the best way the devil to rout.
- 6 We leap over walls and we run through a troop,
But Satan can't follow, he's held by a loop;
No lion can enter this holiness way,
Where saints tune their harps and praise God night and day.

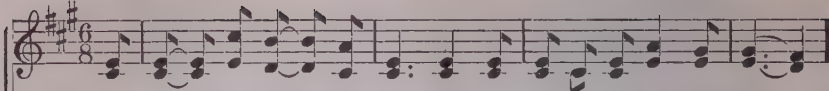
No. 42.

A Song of Praise.

L. F. M.

Ye shall have a song. Is. 30: 29.

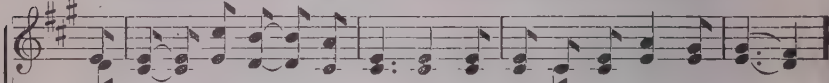
L. F. MITCHEL.



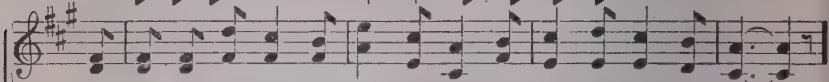
1 We have a glad song of tri-umph, It stays with us all the day;
 2. Our God has ful - filled His prom - ise, He said "Ye shall have a song;"
 3. We go with pipe to the moun - tain, And pipe to the Lord of hosts;
 4. Come, bring all the tithes to the store-house, And join in a glad new song;



No mat-ter what comes a - gainst us, Our hearts are sing-ing this lay;
 It cheers and fills us with sun-shine, When dark is the way and long.
 We sing, re-joice, and make mer - ry, And serve Him, what-ev-er it costs;
 The win-dows of heav-en will o - pen, Its treas-ures to you be - long;



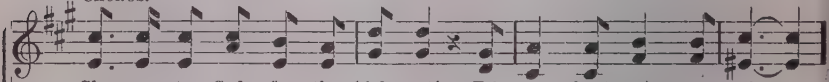
The an - gels sang it from glo - ry When Je - sus to earth came down;
 With tab-rets and harps we're march-ing, Our praise puts to flight the foe;
 Bright clouds of glo - ry and bless-ing Are burst-ing up - on our souls;
 The Lord will a - noint and send you Out in - to His har - vest white;



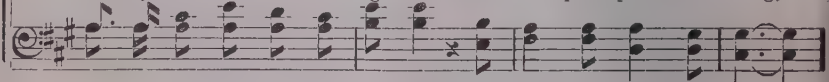
'Tis glo - ry to God and peace to man Thro' Christ, who left His crown.
 And tri-um-phantsong in-spires the throng As con - quer-ing we go.
 The Spir - it now fills and fires our hearts, And all our life con - trols.
 Much fruit you will bring to Christ our King, And with His saints u - nite.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Tri - um - phant prais - es sing;



A Song of Praise—Concluded.

All bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r, To our Sav - ior bring.

No. 43. Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the
 2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of
 3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to His saints makes
 4. Be - liev - ing souls, re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be
 5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r Let all the ran - somed

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 God; Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleans - ing thro' the blood.
 known The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 giv'n A glo - rious fore - taste here be - low Of end - less life in heav'n.
 sing; And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour Thro' Christ the Lord, our King.

CHORUS.

Oh, 't was love, 't was won - drous love! The love of God to me; It
 brought my Sav - ior from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

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No. 44.

My Soul's Bright Home.

JENNIE WILSON.

THORO HARRIS.

1. It is bless - ed to think as the mo - ments speed by, While in
 2. I am near - ing the home where no bleak win - try chill Casts a
 3. I am near - ing the gates where from each heav - y cross That op -
 4. I am near - ing the cit - y where rap - tur - ous song From the

path - ways of sor - row I roam, As the years of my life on their
 blight on the flow - ers so fair, As their won - der - ful fra - grance for -
 press - es, I'll find sweet re - lease; Then be - yond mor - tal wear - i - ness,
 wor - ship - ing host doth as - cend; I shall join in that grand, thrill - ing

swift pin - ions fly, I am near - ing my heav - en - ly home.
 ev - er doth fill With rare sweet - ness the am - bi - ent air.
 sad - ness and loss, I shall en - ter the ha - ven of peace.
 cho - rus ere long With a glad - ness that nev - er shall end.

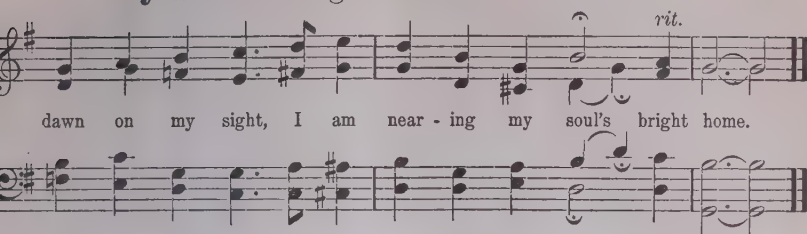
REFRAIN.

cres.

I am near - ing my soul's bright home, I am near - ing my
 home, I'm near - ing my home,

soul's bright home; Heav - en's glo - ri - ous light soon will
 home, my heav - en - ly home;

My Soul's Bright Home—Concluded.

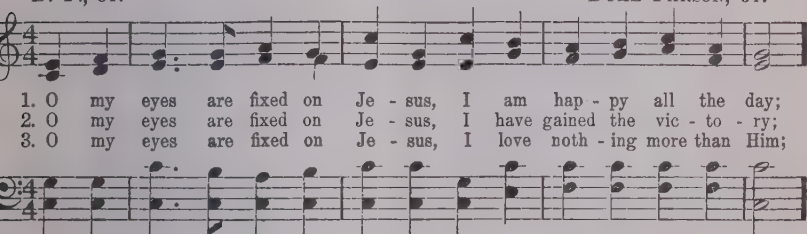


dawn on my sight, I am near - ing my soul's bright home. *rit.*

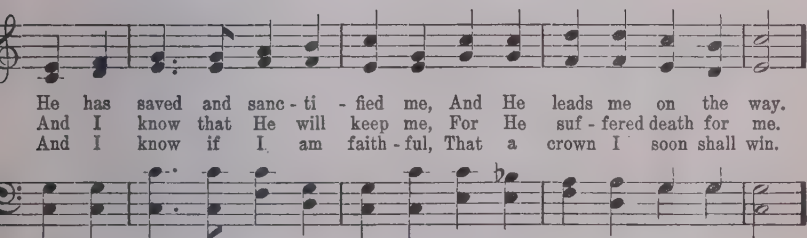
No. 45. My Eyes are Fixed on Jesus.

D. F., Jr.

DUKE FARSON, Jr.

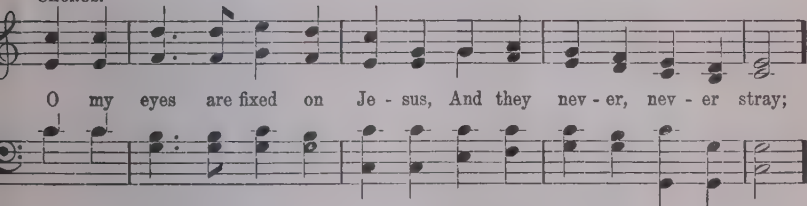


1. O my eyes are fixed on Je - sus, I am hap - py all the day;
2. O my eyes are fixed on Je - sus, I have gained the vic - to - ry;
3. O my eyes are fixed on Je - sus, I love noth - ing more than Him;

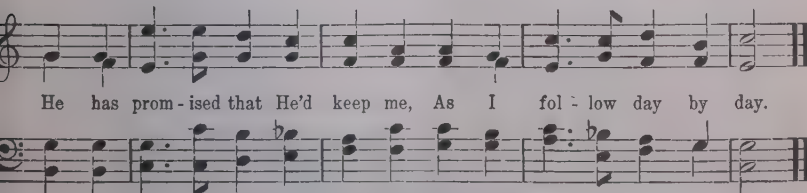


He has saved and sanc - ti - fied me, And He leads me on the way.
And I know that He will keep me, For He suf - fered death for me.
And I know if I am faith - ful, That a crown I soon shall win.

CHORUS.



O my eyes are fixed on Je - sus, And they nev - er, nev - er stray;



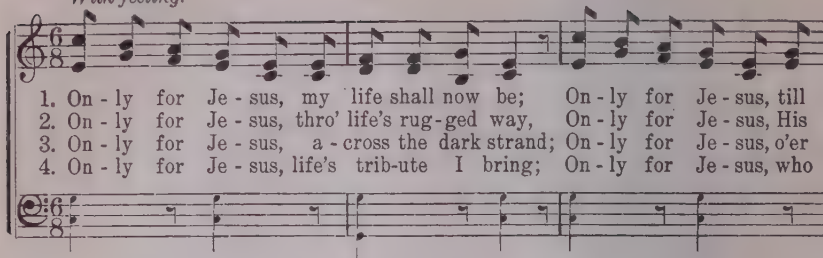
He has prom - ised that He'd keep me, As I fol - low day by day.

No. 46.

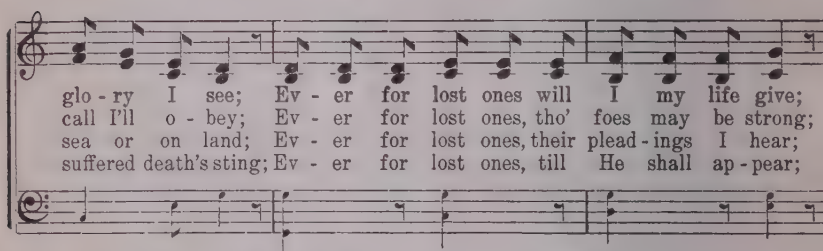
Only For Jesus.

OLGA M. LUNDELL.

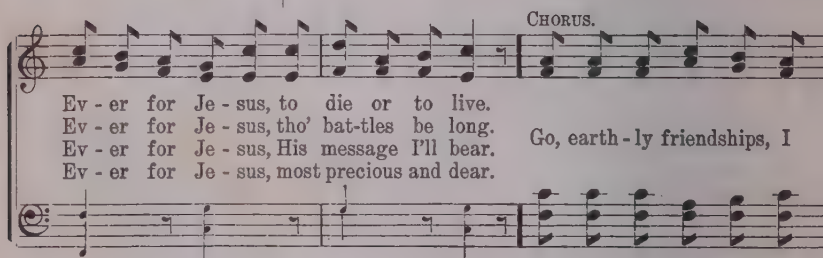
DUKE FARSON, Jr.

With feeling.


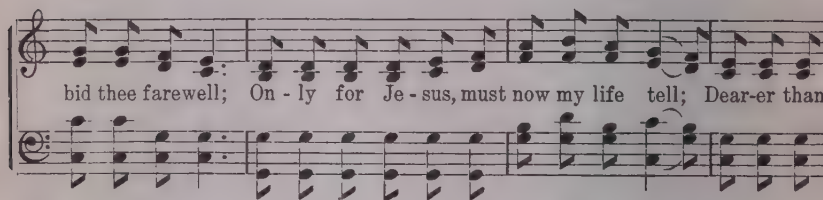
1. On - ly for Je - sus, my life shall now be; On - ly for Je - sus, till
 2. On - ly for Je - sus, thro' life's rug - ged way, On - ly for Je - sus, His
 3. On - ly for Je - sus, a - cross the dark strand; On - ly for Je - sus, o'er
 4. On - ly for Je - sus, life's trib - ute I bring; On - ly for Je - sus, who



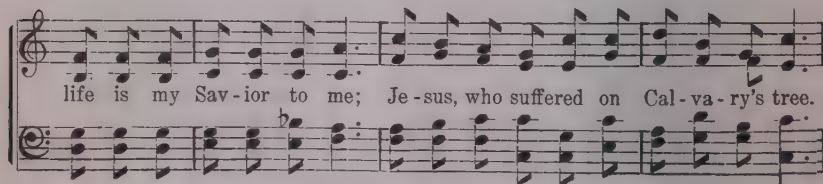
glo - ry I see; Ev - er for lost ones will I my life give;
 call I'll o - bey; Ev - er for lost ones, tho' foes may be strong;
 sea or on land; Ev - er for lost ones, their plead - ings I hear;
 suffered death's sting; Ev - er for lost ones, till He shall ap - pear;



CHORUS.
 Ev - er for Je - sus, to die or to live.
 Ev - er for Je - sus, tho' bat - tles be long. Go, earth - ly friendships, I
 Ev - er for Je - sus, His message I'll bear.
 Ev - er for Je - sus, most precious and dear.



bid thee farewell; On - ly for Je - sus, must now my life tell; Dear - er than



life is my Sav - ior to me; Je - sus, who suffered on Cal - va - ry's tree.

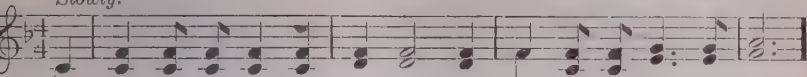
No. 47.

The One Chord.

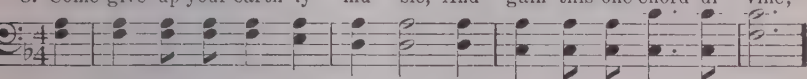
L. F. MITCHEL.

Slowly.

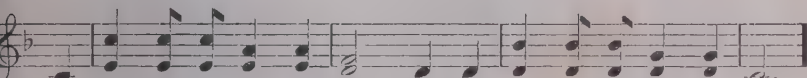
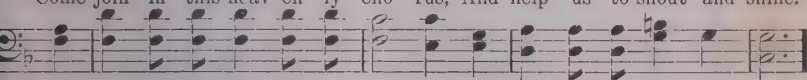
SULLIVAN, Arr.



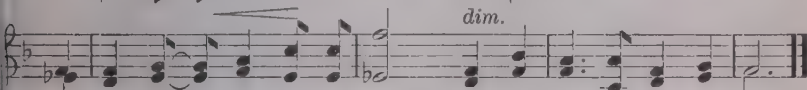
1. I've found a blest chord of mu - sic, So heav - en - ly and so sweet;
2. It linked me so close to heav - en, I know I have caught its song,
3. This chord makes me one in spir - it With all the dear saints on earth
4. Each note is so full of mean - ing, And sounds forth the wealth of love,
5. Come give up your earth - ly mu - sic, And gain this one chord di - vine;



It came to me when I was wear - y, And kneel - ing at Je - sus' feet;
 And though all a - round may be dis - cord, This one chord is sweet and strong;
 Who walk in the King's great high - way, Where there is no want or dearth;
 The Gos - pel now seems set to mu - sic, And sung to me from a - bove;
 Come join in this heav - en - ly cho - rus, And help us to shout and shine.



It an - swered my heart's deep long - ing, And filled all my soul with rest;
 It comes when the night is dark - est, And in the dread hour of pain;
 It ban - ish - es sighs and sor - row, And fills the whole heart with glee,
 The Spir - it once sent from heav - en, When saints were of one ac - cord,
 One touch from Christ on your heart strings Will set your soul all a - glow,



It came from the great heart of Je - sus; I know 'tis heav - en's best.
 It sounds like a cho - rus of an - gels, And makes all loss seem gain.
 While oft it will cause song and danc - ing, And make and keep you free.
 Now sings, speaks and works while I read it, God's bless - ed glo - rious Word.
 With joy so pure and ce - les - tial, And end - less in its flow.

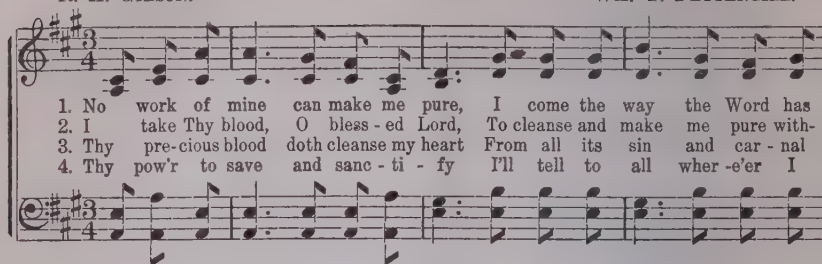


No. 48.

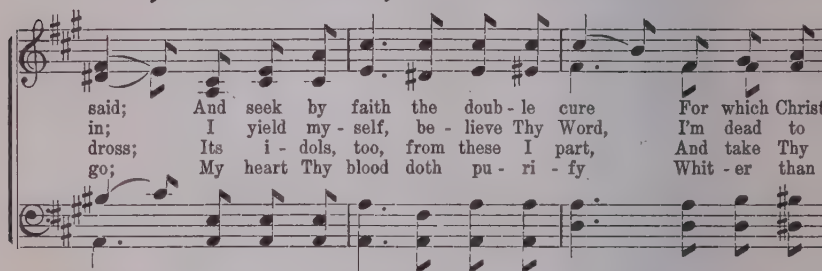
A Clean Heart.

R. A. GIBSON.

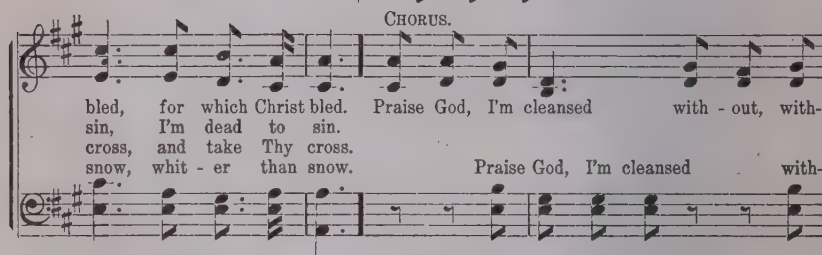
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



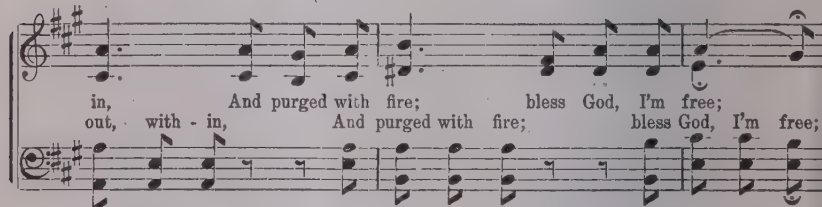
1. No work of mine can make me pure, I come the way the Word has
 2. I take Thy blood, O bless-ed Lord, To cleanse and make me pure with-
 3. Thy pre-cious blood doth cleanse my heart From all its sin and car-nal
 4. Thy pow'r to save and sanc-ti-fy I'll tell to all wher-e'er I



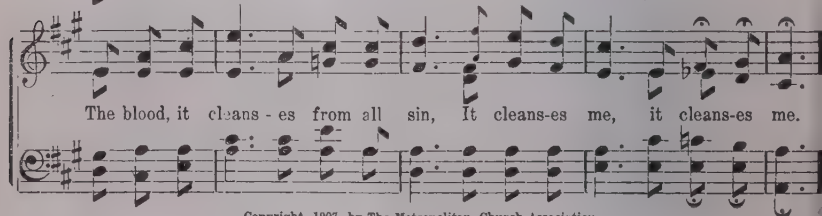
said; And seek by faith the doub-le cure For which Christ
 in; I yield my-self, be-lieve Thy Word, I'm dead to
 dross; Its i-dols, too, from these I part, And take Thy
 go; My heart Thy blood doth pu-ri-fy Whit-er than



CHORUS.
 bled, for which Christ bled. Praise God, I'm cleansed with-out, with-
 sin, I'm dead to sin.
 cross, and take Thy cross.
 snow, whit-er than snow. Praise God, I'm cleansed with-



in, And purged with fire; bless God, I'm free;
 out, with-in, And purged with fire; bless God, I'm free;



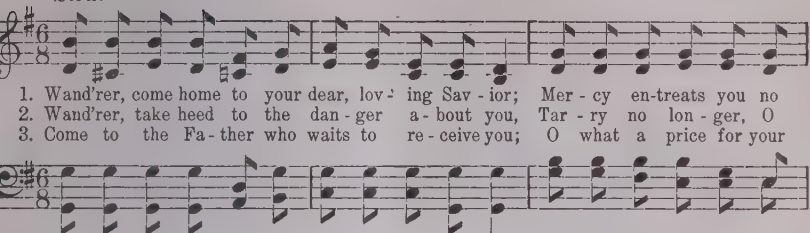
The blood, it cleans-es from all sin, It cleans-es me, it cleans-es me.

No. 49.

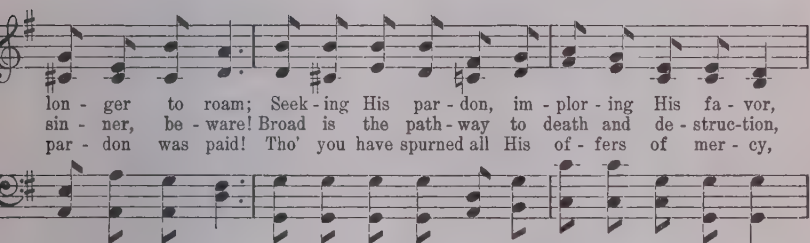
Wanderer, Come Home.

T. H.
Slow.

THORO HARRIS.

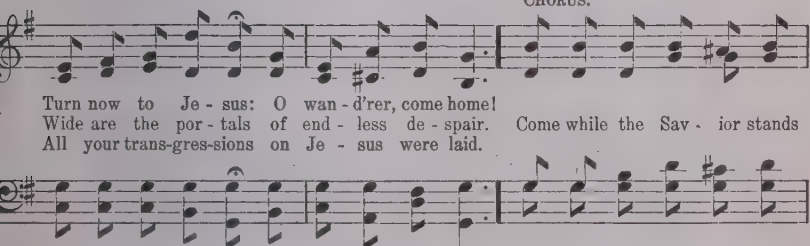


1. Wand'rer, come home to your dear, lov- ing Sav- ior; Mer- cy en-treats you no
2. Wand'rer, take heed to the dan- ger a- bout you, Tar- ry no lon- ger, O
3. Come to the Fa- ther who waits to re- ceive you; O what a price for your

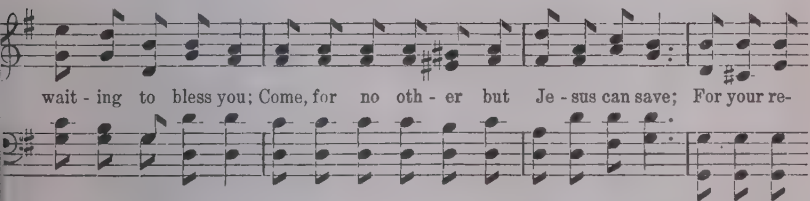


lon- ger to roam; Seek- ing His par- don, im- plor- ing His fa- vor,
sin- ner, be- ware! Broad is the path- way to death and de- struc- tion,
par- don was paid! Tho' you have spurned all His of- fers of mer- cy,

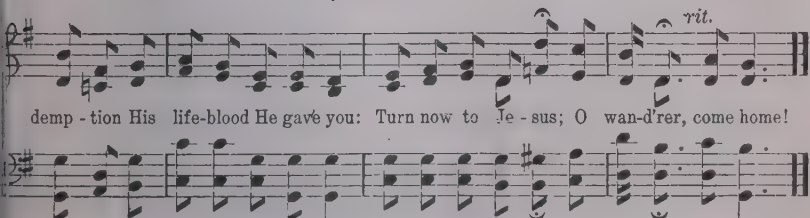
CHORUS.



Turn now to Je- sus: O wan- d'rer, come home!
Wide are the por- tals of end- less de- spair. Come while the Sav- ior stands
All your trans-gres- sions on Je- sus were laid.



wait- ing to bless you; Come, for no oth- er but Je- sus can save; For your re-



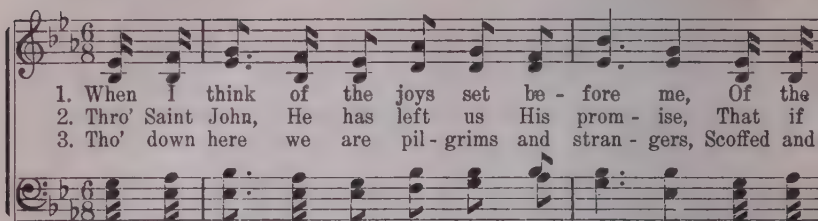
demp- tion His life-blood He gave you: Turn now to Je- sus; O wan- d'rer, come home!

No. 50.

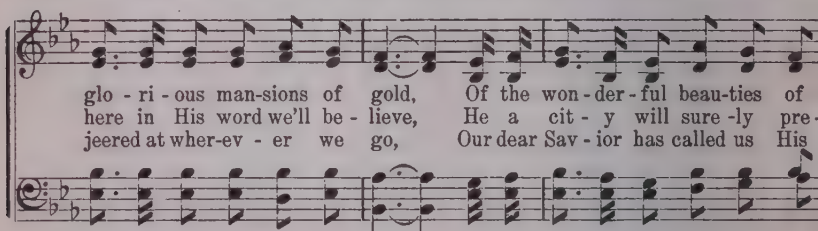
The Joy Set Before Us.

G. S.

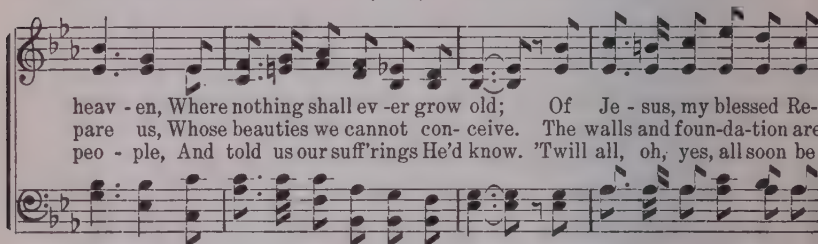
GRACE SMITH.



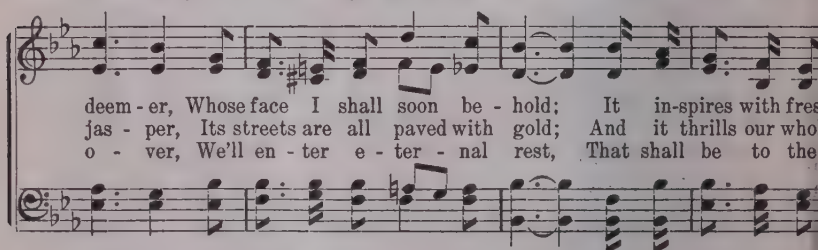
1. When I think of the joys set be-fore me, Of the
2. Thro' Saint John, He has left us His prom-ise, That if
3. Tho' down here we are pil-grims and stran-gers, Scoffed and



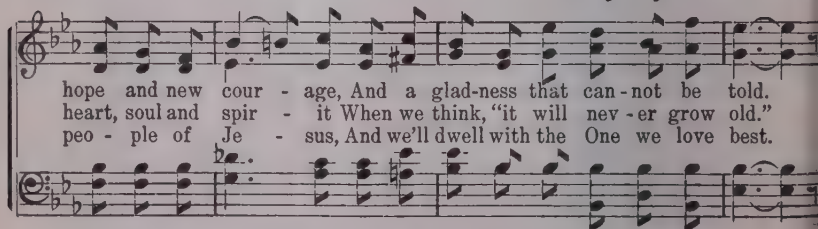
glo-ri-ous man-sions of gold, Of the won-der-ful beau-ties of
here in His word we'll be-lieve, He a cit-y will sure-ly pre-
jeered at wher-ev-er we go, Our dear Sav-ior has called us His



heav-en, Where nothing shall ev-er grow old; Of Je-sus, my blessed Re-
pare us, Whose beauties we cannot con-ceive. The walls and foun-da-tion are
peo-ple, And told us our suff-rings He'd know. 'Twill all, oh, yes, all soon be



deem-er, Whose face I shall soon be-hold; It in-spires with fres-
jas-per, Its streets are all paved with gold; And it thrills our who
o-ver, We'll en-ter e-ter-nal rest, That shall be to the



hope and new cour-age, And a glad-ness that can-not be told.
heart, soul and spir-it When we think, "it will nev-er grow old."
peo-ple of Je-sus, And we'll dwell with the One we love best.

The Joy Set Before Us—Concluded.

CHORUS. >

O what grandeur, O what beauty, Will ap-pear be-fore our eyes,
raptured eyes,

When we enter our bright golden mansion, Far a - way be-yond the skies!
starry skies!

rit.

No. 51. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

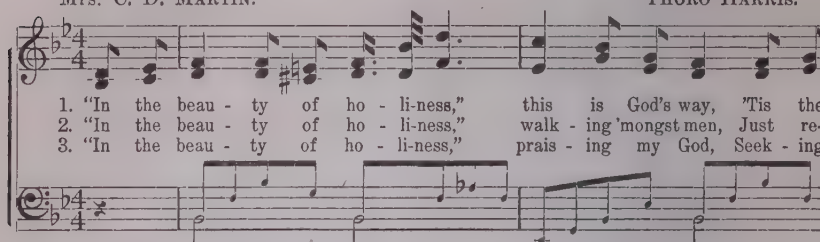
1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 52. In the Beauty of Holiness.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

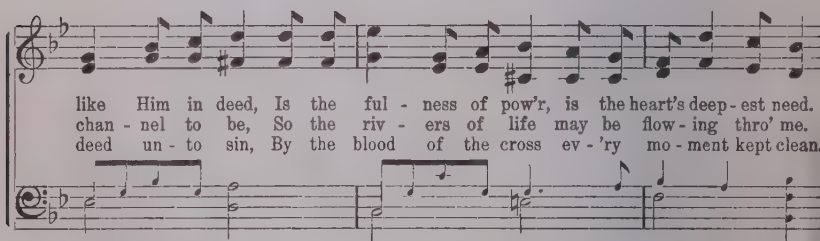
THORO HARRIS.



1. "In the beau - ty of ho - li-ness," this is God's way, 'Tis the
 2. "In the beau - ty of ho - li-ness," walk - ing 'mongst men, Just re-
 3. "In the beau - ty of ho - li-ness," prais - ing my God, Seek - ing

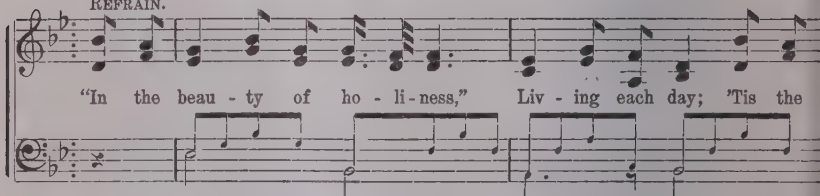


path He has marked for my feet ev-'ry day; To be like Him in life, to be
 liv - ing the life of my Sav - ior a - gain; By the Spir - it of God a clear
 dai - ly to do the sweet will of my Lord; By the reck -'ning of faith, dead in-

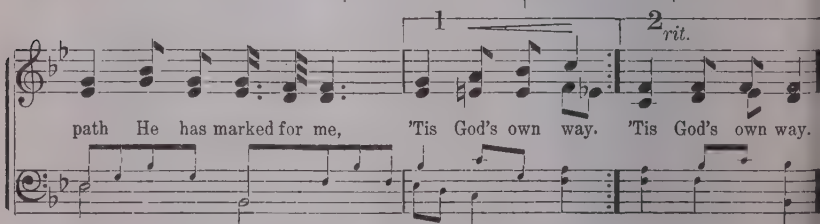


like Him in deed, Is the ful - ness of pow'r, is the heart's deep - est need.
 chan - nel to be, So the riv - ers of life may be flow - ing thro' me.
 deed un - to sin, By the blood of the cross ev -'ry mo - ment kept clean.

REFRAIN.



"In the beau - ty of ho - li-ness," Liv - ing each day; 'Tis the



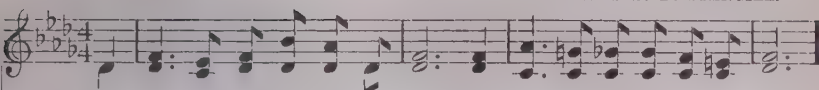
path He has marked for me, 'Tis God's own way. 'Tis God's own way.

No. 53.

I Seek Thy Face.

W. T. P.

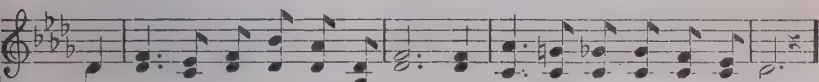
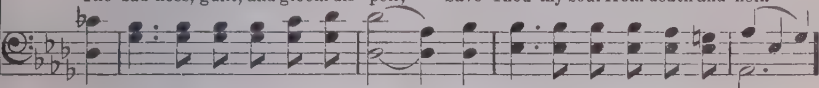
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



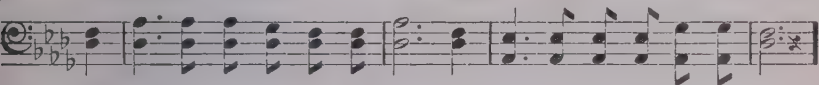
1. O Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, And un - to Thee for mer - cy call;
 2. My life so dark and sad has been, My heart with e - vil so un - clean;
 3. I seek Thy face. Its light di - vine With - in my soul, O may it shine!



Re - pent - ant at Thy cross I kneel; Thy peace with - in I long to feel.
 O Je - sus, hear my plead - ing cry, As to Thy ref - uge now I fly.
 The sad - ness, guilt, and gloom dis - pell; Save Thou my soul from death and hell.



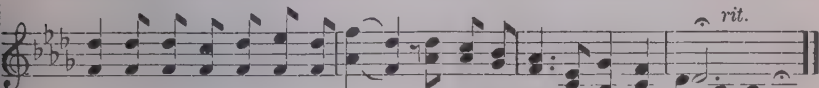
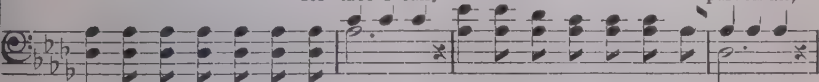
Heart - bro - ken by my load of sin, Wilt Thou, O Christ, not take me in?
 O heed my pray'r, — turn not a - way; Give me Thy pard'ning kiss to - day.
 Trans - form my life; its pat - tern be; That I may ev - er dwell with Thee.



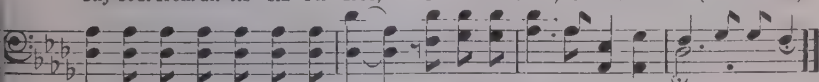
CHORUS.



Come un - to Me, for thee I call; Come un - to Me, I'll par - don all;
 for thee I call; pardon all;



Thy soul from all its sin I'll free, Come un - to Me, come un - to Me (come to Me).



No. 54.

Whispering in My Heart.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus found me wan-d'ring, Far from Him a-stray, Ten - der - ly He led me
 2. I can hear Him whis - per, When my soul is tried, "Fear not, I am with thee;
 3. Would you hear the Sav - ior's gen - tle voice with - in? Now, while He is call - ing,

To the shin - ing way; Words of peace He whis - pered, Bade my fears de - part;
 I am at thy side." When the foe as - sails me, Je - sus takes my part;
 Leave the path of sin. Peace that pass - eth knowl - edge Free - ly He'll im - part;

CHORUS.

O 'twas sweet to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart.
 I re - joice to hear Him Whisp'ring in my heart. Whisp'ring, whisp'ring,
 You to - day may hear Him Whisp'ring in your heart.

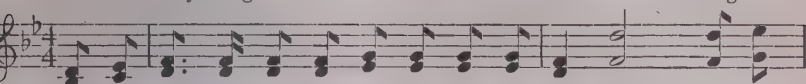
O what joy is mine; Whisp'ring, whisp'ring, Words of love di-vine. No strain of earth-ly

mu - sic Such rapture can impart; I'm glad I ev - er heard Him Whisp'ring in my heart.

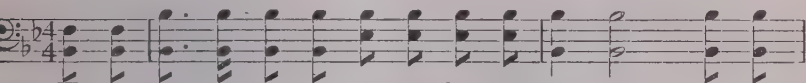
No. 55. When the Train Comes In.

Arr. from "Army Songs."

Arranged.

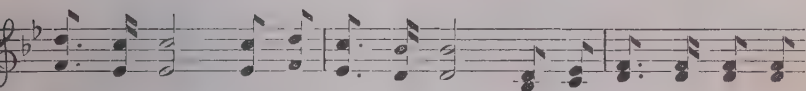
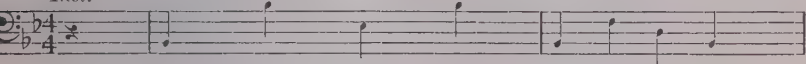


1. We are sol - diers in the bless - ed war for Je - sus, We are
2. We will go out in the high - ways and the hedg - es, We will
3. See the land of Beu - lah lies so plain be - fore you, Of a
4. Come, poor sin - ner, Je - sus of - fers you a ran - som Thro' His

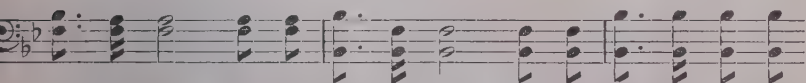


CHO.—We are sweep - ing on to claim the bless - ed prom - ise Of a

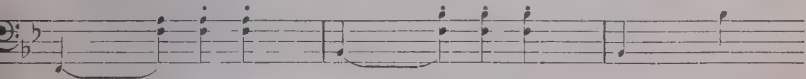
Inst.



march - ing on with a shout and song; Tho' the dev - il tries to
sing and pray ev - 'ry night and day; Till poor sin - ners leave their
hap - py life, free from sin and strife; Where are songs of joy and
blood so dear,— He is ev - er near; And the an - gel throng will



hap - py home, nev - er more to roam; Where the sun - light's on the



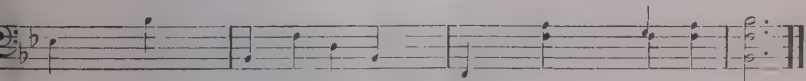
D. C. for Chorus.



both - er and de - ceive us,— We'll be read - y when the train comes in.
sins and fol - low Je - sus,— And be read - y when the train comes in.
shouts of ho - ly rap - ture,— O be read - y when the train comes in.
shout in joy - ful cho - rus,— If you're read - y when the train comes in.



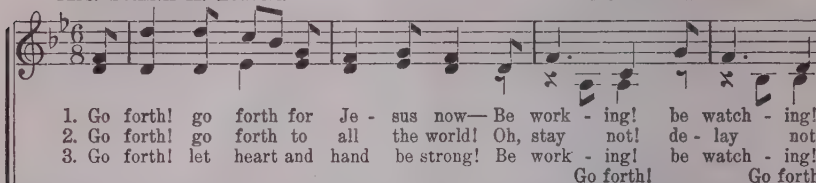
hills of end - less glo - ry,— We'll be read - y when the train comes in.



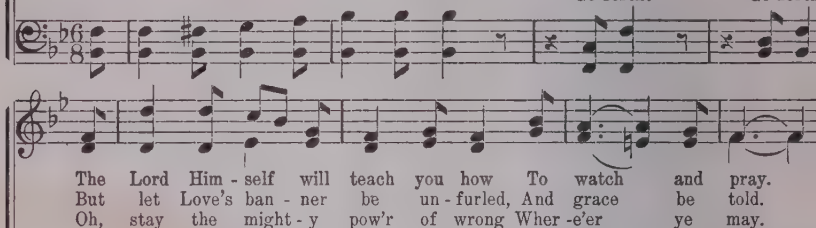
No. 56. Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

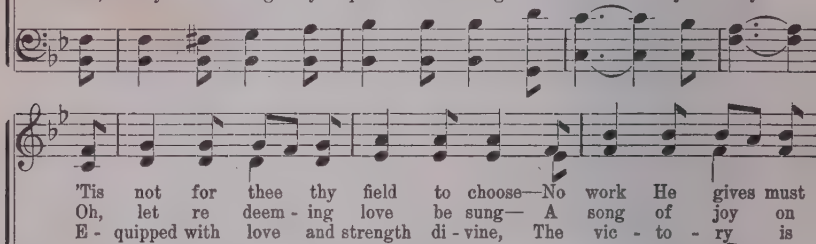
POWELL G. FITHIAN.



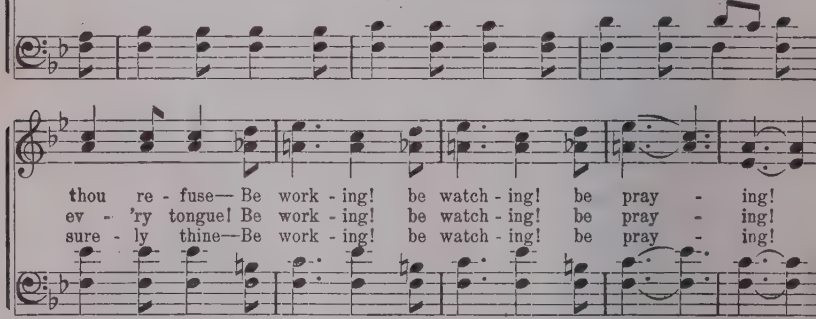
1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now— Be work - ing! be watch - ing!
 2. Go forth! go forth to all the world! Oh, stay not! de - lay not!
 3. Go forth! let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! be watch - ing!
 Go forth! Go forth!



The Lord Him - self will teach you how To watch and pray.
 But let Love's ban - ner be un - furled, And grace be told.
 Oh, stay the might - y pow'r of wrong Wher - e'er ye may.

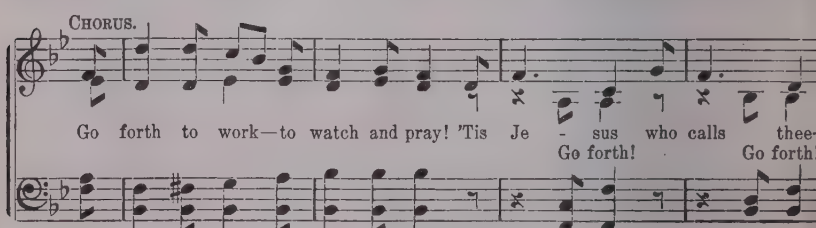


'Tis not for thee thy field to choose—No work He gives must
 Oh, let re deem - ing love be sung— A song of joy on
 E - quipped with love and strength di - vine, The vic - to - ry is



thou re - fuse— Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
 ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!
 sure - ly thine— Be work - ing! be watch - ing! be pray - ing!

CHORUS.



Go forth to work—to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who calls thee—
 Go forth! Go forth!

Working, Watching, Praying.—Concluded.

The har - vest waits for thee to - day— Go bring some sheaves for God.

No. 57. Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Life wears a dif - f'rent face to me, Since I found my Sav - ior;
 2. He sought me in His wondrous love, So I found my Sav - ior;
 3. The pass - ing clouds may in - ter - vene, Since I found my Sav - ior;
 4. A strong hand kind - ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav - ior;

Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - ior.
 He brought sal - va - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - ior.
 But He is with me, though un - seen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - ior.
 It leads me on - ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav - ior!

CHORUS.

Gold - en sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - ior.

No. 58.

Wells of Water.

E. L. H.

E. L. HARVEY.

1. In Ca-naan I've joys that will ev - er a-bide; While walk - ing with
 2. The li - ons are chained both by day and by night; I'm safe - ly de-
 3. The fruits of this coun - try are lus - cious and rare, The vine - yards are
 4. Tho' foes may be man - y, both hos - tile and strong, Tho' oft we be

Je - sus I trust Him al - way; In sweet - est com - mun - ion and
 liv - ered from fear's dread a - larm; By God's Ho - ly Spir - it I'm
 full, and the pros - pect is grand; The cli - mate is health - ful, and
 met by the en - e - my's host, Thro' faith in our God we shall

close to His side I shout as I jour - ney a - long the high - way.
 guid - ed a - right, And kept from all dan - ger, and saved from all harm.
 balm - y the air, And fra - grant the spi - ces of blest Ca - naan land.
 tri - umph ere long, Ex - ult - ant re - joice, for in Je - sus we boast.

CHORUS.

Wells of wa - ter spring - ing, bells of heav - en ring - ing, An - gel voi - ces

sing - ing mel - o - dies di - vine; Peace that's like a riv - er,

Wells of Water —Concluded

rit.

joy that ceas-es nev - er, Dwell with Him for - ev - er in this land sub-lime.

No. 59.

The Heeded Call.

ANNA C. JENSEN.

FLORA LUCAS.

1. Je - sus, I had heard Thee call - ing, Call - ing me to come to Thee;
 2. Since I've listened to Thy mes - sage, Followed Thee in ev - 'ry test,
 3. Thou my soul art sat - is - fy - ing With Thy love that's pure and strong,
 4. Now to dwell with Thee I'm long - ing, To be-hold Thee face to face,

Tho' in sin I long had wan-dered, Thou my soul from sin would free.
 I have had such per - fect free - dom, While I'm lean - ing on Thy breast.
 And I nev - er more will leave Thee, Nev - er join the world - ly throng.
 Where the heav'nly hosts are sing - ing All the tri - umphs of Thy grace.

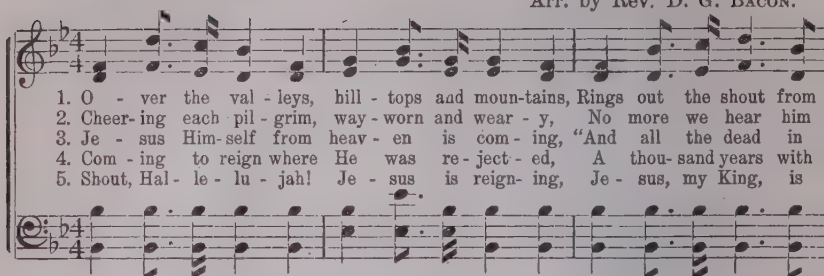
CHORUS.

So I came just as I was, Trusting whol - ly in Thy blood,
 And I found its pow'r suf - fi - cient; Thou hast saved me thro' Thy word.

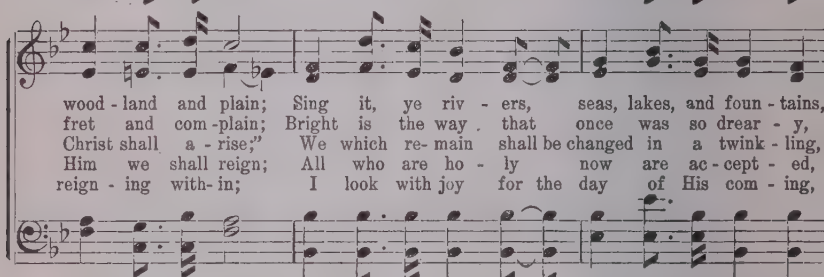
No. 60.

Jesus Is Coming Again.

Arr. by Rev. D. G. BACON.

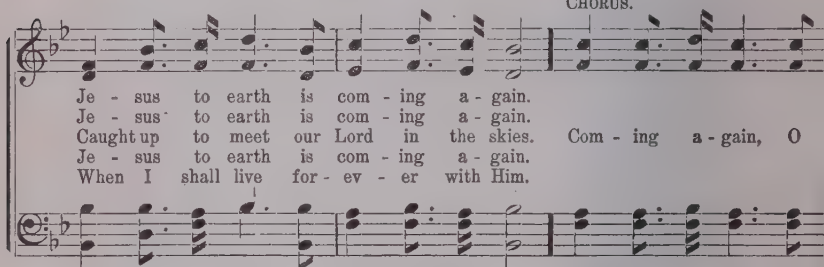


1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and moun - tains, Rings out the shout from
 2. Cheer - ing each pil - grim, way - worn and wear - y, No more we hear him
 3. Je - sus Him - self from heav - en is com - ing, "And all the dead in
 4. Com - ing to reign where He was re - ject - ed, A thou - sand years with
 5. Shout, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus is reign - ing, Je - sus, my King, is

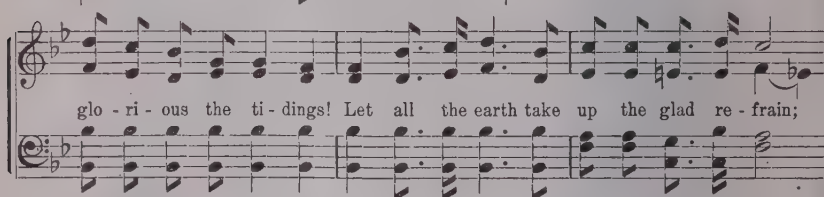


wood - land and plain; Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes, and foun - tains,
 fret and com - plain; Bright is the way that once was so drear - y,
 Christ shall a - rise;" We which re - main shall be changed in a twink - ling,
 Him we shall reign; All who are ho - ly now are ac - cept - ed,
 reign - ing with - in; I look with joy for the day of His com - ing,

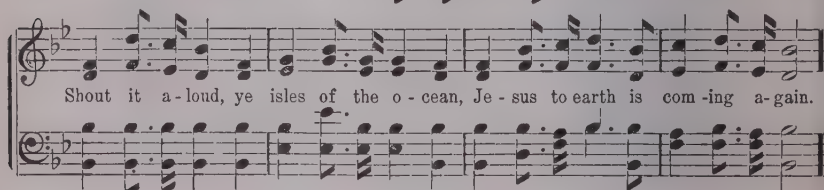
CHORUS.



Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Caught up to meet our Lord in the skies. Com - ing a - gain, O
 Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 When I shall live for - ev - er with Him.



glo - ri - ous the ti - dings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain;



Shout it a - loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

No. 61.

Face to Face.

"Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

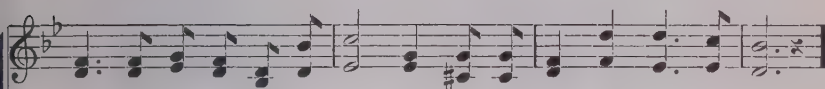
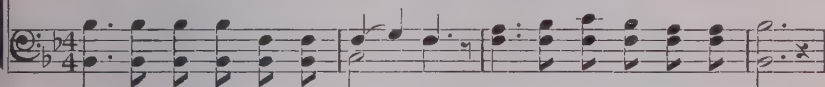
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.



1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face—what will it be,
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, Thro' the veil that hangs be-tween;
3. What re - joi - cing in His pres - ence When are ban - ished grief and pain,
4. Face to face! oh, bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face— to see and know;



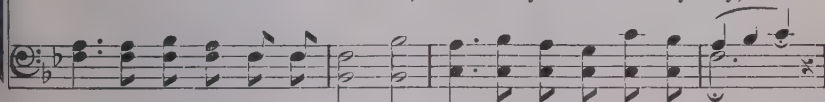
When with rap - ture I be hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me?
But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
When the crook - ed ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain!
Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.



CHORUS.



Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

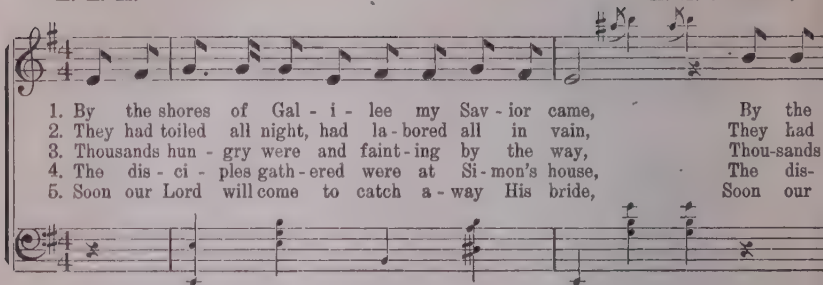


No. 62.

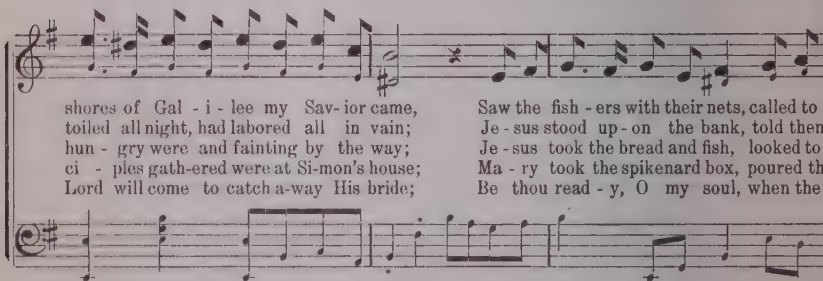
Galilee.

E. L. H.

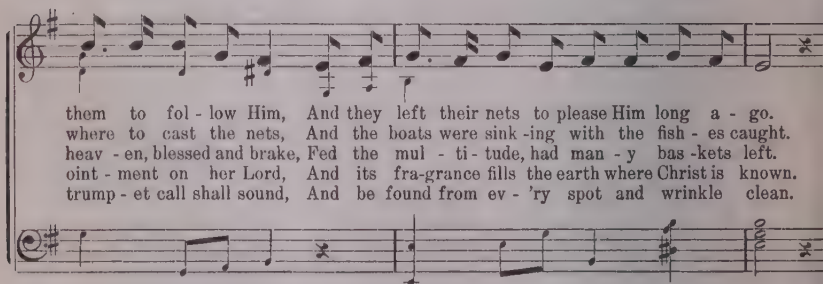
E. L. HARVEY.



1. By the shores of Gal - i - lee my Sav - ior came, By the
 2. They had toiled all night, had la - bored all in vain, They had
 3. Thousands hun - gry were and faint - ing by the way, Thou - sands
 4. The dis - ci - ples gath - ered were at Si - mon's house, The dis -
 5. Soon our Lord will come to catch a - way His bride, Soon our

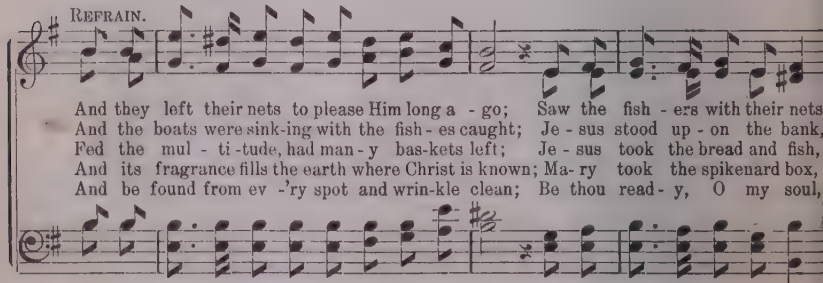


shores of Gal - i - lee my Sav - ior came,
 toiled all night, had labored all in vain;
 hun - gry were and fainting by the way;
 ci - ples gath - ered were at Si - mon's house;
 Lord will come to catch a - way His bride;
 Saw the fish - ers with their nets, called to
 Je - sus stood up - on the bank, told them
 Je - sus took the bread and fish, looked to
 Ma - ry took the spikenard box, poured th
 Be thou read - y, O my soul, when the



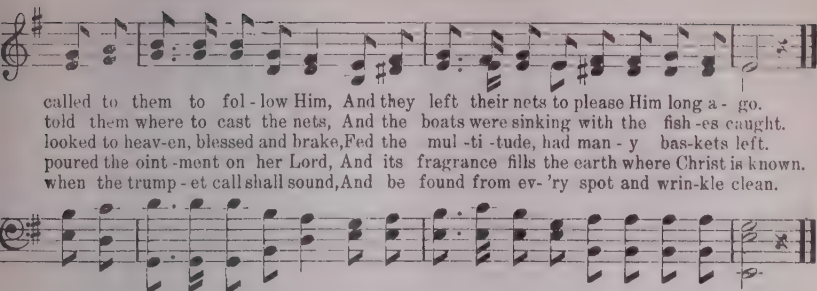
them to fol - low Him, And they left their nets to please Him long a - go.
 where to cast the nets, And the boats were sink - ing with the fish - es caught.
 heav - en, blessed and brake, Fed the mul - ti - tude, had man - y bas - kets left.
 oint - ment on her Lord, And its fra - grance fills the earth where Christ is known.
 trump - et call shall sound, And be found from ev - 'ry spot and wrinkle clean.

REFRAIN.



And they left their nets to please Him long a - go; Saw the fish - ers with their nets
 And the boats were sink - ing with the fish - es caught; Je - sus stood up - on the bank,
 Fed the mul - ti - tude, had man - y bas - kets left; Je - sus took the bread and fish,
 And its fragrance fills the earth where Christ is known; Ma - ry took the spikenard box,
 And be found from ev - 'ry spot and wrin - kle clean; Be thou read - y, O my soul,

Galilee — Concluded.



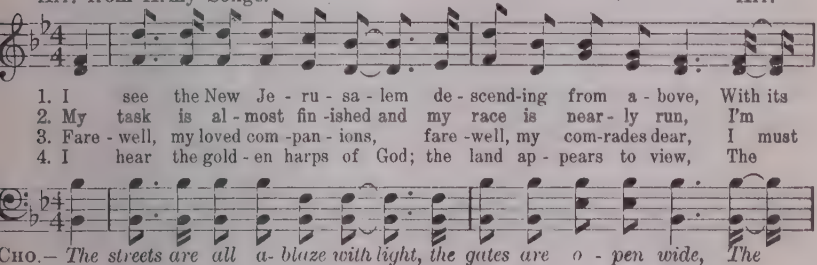
called to them to fol-low Him, And they left their nets to please Him long a- go.
 told them where to cast the nets, And the boats were sinking with the fish-es caught.
 looked to heav-en, blessed and brake, Fed the mul-ti-tude, had man- y bas-kets left.
 poured the oint-ment on her Lord, And its fragrance fills the earth where Christ is known.
 when the trump-et call shall sound, And be found from ev-'ry spot and wrin-kle clean.

No. 63.

The New Jerusalem.

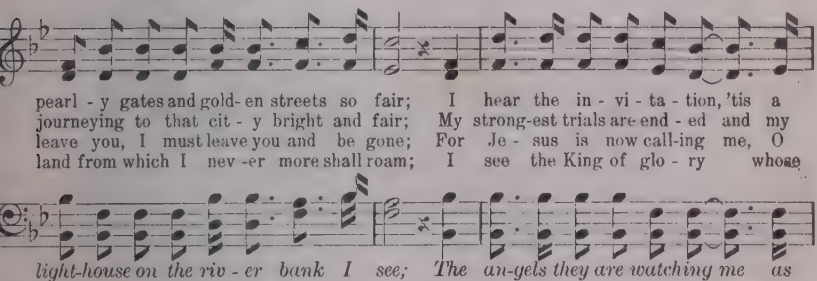
Arr. from Army Songs.

Arr.



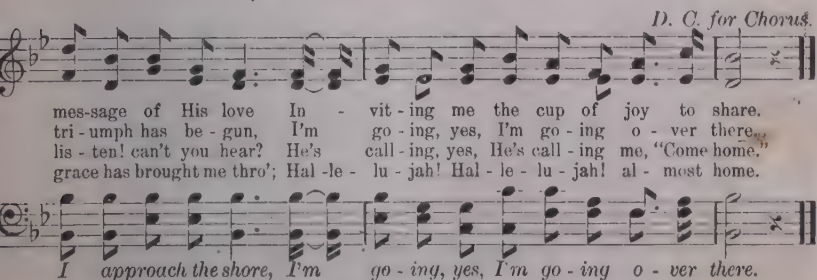
1. I see the New Je - ru - sa - lem de - scend-ing from a - bove, With its
 2. My task is al - most fin - ished and my race is near - ly run, I'm
 3. Fare - well, my loved com - pan - ions, fare - well, my com - rades dear, I must
 4. I hear the gold - en harps of God; the land ap - pears to view, The

CHO. — The streets are all a - blaze with light, the gates are o - pen wide, The



pearl - y gates and gold - en streets so fair; I hear the in - vi - ta - tion, 'tis a
 journeying to that cit - y bright and fair; My strong - est trials are end - ed and my
 leave you, I must leave you and be gone; For Je - sus is now call - ing me, O
 land from which I nev - er more shall roam; I see the King of glo - ry whose

light-house on the riv - er bank I see; The an - gels they are watching me as



D. C. for Chorus.

mes-sage of His love In - vit - ing me the cup of joy to share.
 tri - umph has be - gun, I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing o - ver there,
 his - ten! can't you hear? He's call - ing, yes, He's call - ing me, "Come home."
 grace has brought me thro'; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! al - most home.

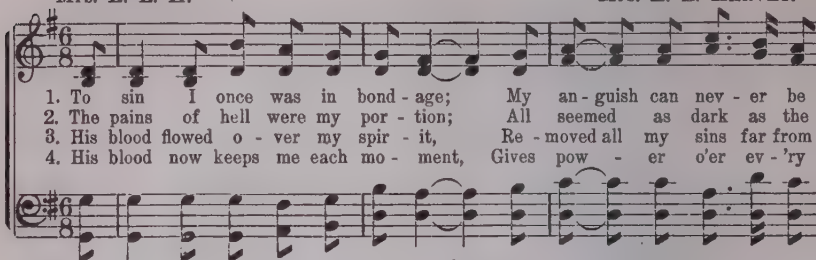
I approach the shore, I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing o - ver there.

Words used by per. Reliance Trading Co.

No. 64. His Blood Flows Over My Soul.

Mrs. E. L. H.

Mrs. E. L. HARVEY.

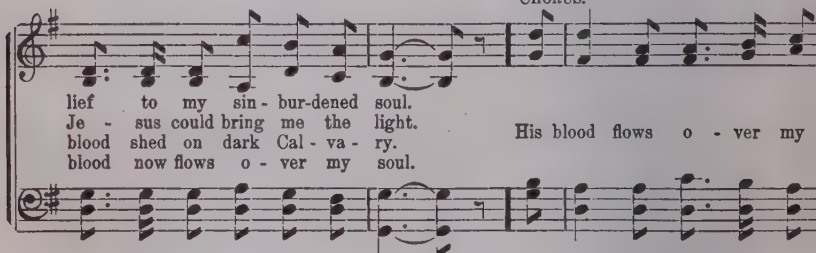


1. To sin I once was in bond-age; My an-guish can nev-er be
 2. The pains of hell were my por-tion; All seemed as dark as the
 3. His blood flowed o-ver my spir-it, Re-moved all my sins far from
 4. His blood now keeps me each mo-ment, Gives pow-er o'er ev-'ry




told; My heart cried to God for de-liv-'rance, For re-
 night; God a-lone knew my heart's deep con-tri-tion, On-ly
 me; They are hid where the world can-not find them, 'Neath the
 foe; Gives joy, peace, and ut-most con-tent-ment, And His

CHORUS.

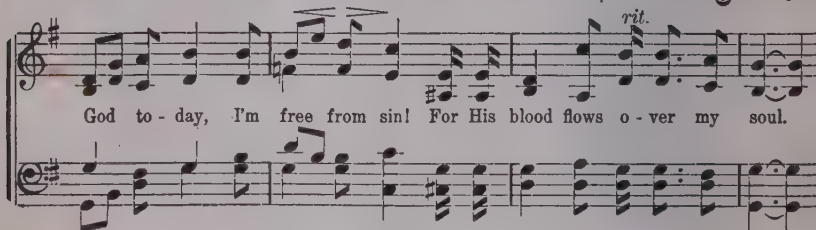


lief to my sin-bur-den-ed soul.
 Je-sus could bring me the light.
 blood shed on dark Cal-va-ry.
 blood now flows o-ver my soul.

His blood flows o-ver my



soul,..... It wash-es and keeps me whole;..... Prais
 my soul, keeps me whole;



God to-day, I'm free from sin! For His blood flows o-ver my soul.

No. 65.

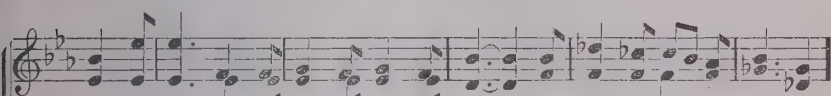
My Beloved.

L. F. MITCHEL.

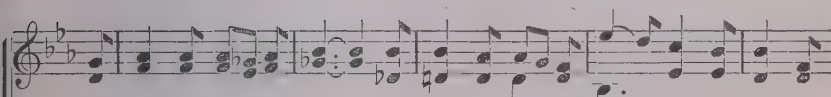
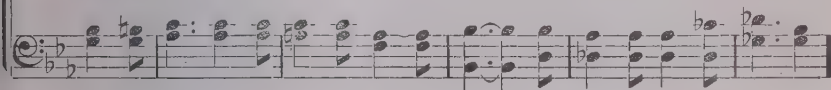
RUBINSTEIN, Arr.



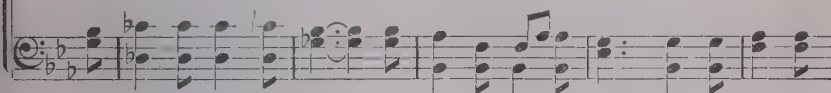
1. Just as the open-ing flow-er Would gaze up-on the sun, My soul re-
 2. I hear the voice of Je-sus, His voice so kind and true; It speaks to
 3. He guides me ev-'ry mo-ment, And guards me from all ill; His hand, so
 4. Christ stands be-fore the sin-ner To melt his heart of stone, So hard, so



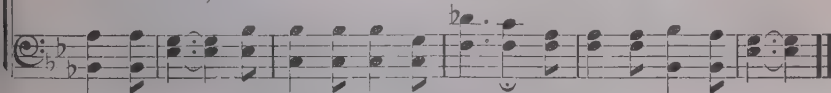
sponds to Je-sus Who all my heart hath won. He fills me with His Spir-it,
 me so clear-ly, To me 'tis ev-er new. It fills my soul with cour-age
 great and pow'rful, To me is gen-tle still. He says my strength is weakness,
 cold and life-less, So help-less and a-lone. O joy be-yond ex-pres-sion!



And girds my heart a-new; The joys of His sal-va-tion Re-fresh me
 To press my way a-long; The voice of my Be-lov-ed A-wakes my
 But He has pow'r and might; So on I go re-joic-ing, And trust Him
 A ran-som hath been found; And now where sin a-bound-ed Grace doth much



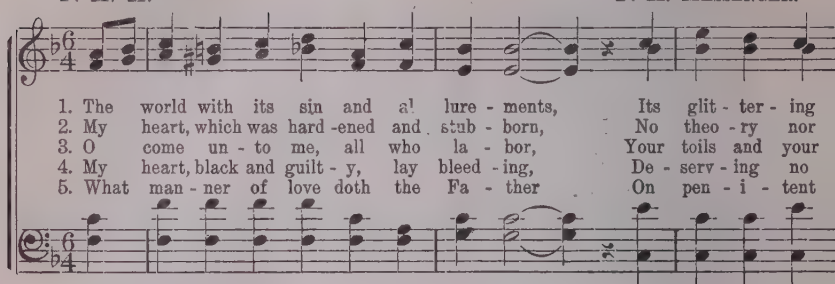
like the dew; The joys of His sal-va-tion Re-fresh me like the dew.
 heart to song; The voice of my Be-lov-ed A-wakes my heart to song.
 in the fight; So on I go re-joic-ing, And trust Him in the fight.
 more a-bound; And now where sin a-bound-ed Grace doth much more a-bound.



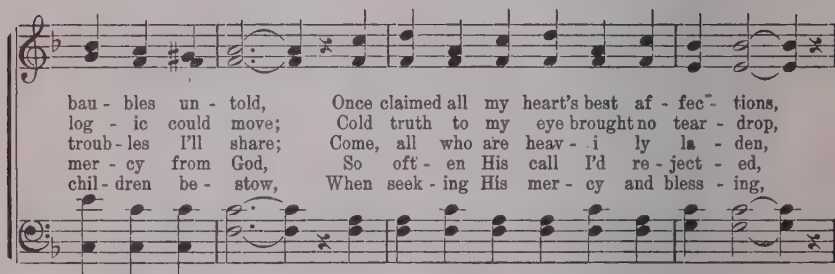
No. 66. The Penitent's Confession.

F. M. M.

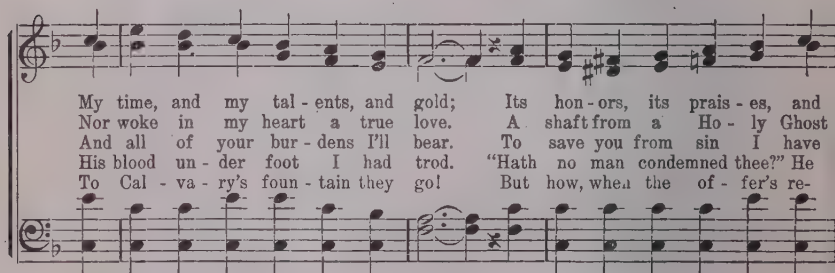
F. M. MESSENGER.



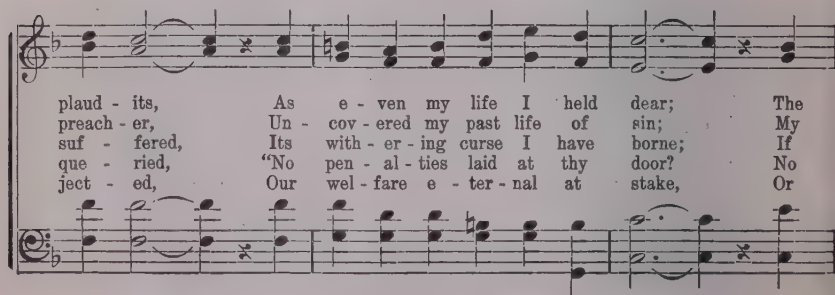
1. The world with its sin and al lure - ments, Its glit - ter - ing
 2. My heart, which was hard - ened and stub - born, No theo - ry nor
 3. O come un - to me, all who la - bor, Your toils and your
 4. My heart, black and guilt - y, lay bleed - ing, De - serv - ing no
 5. What man - ner of love doth the Fa - ther On pen - i - tent



bau - bles un - told, Once claimed all my heart's best af - fec - tions,
 log - ic could move; Cold truth to my eye brought no tear - drop,
 trou - bles I'll share; Come, all who are heav - i ly la - den,
 mer - cy from God, So oft - en His call I'd re - ject - ed,
 chil - dren be - stow, When seek - ing His mer - cy and bless - ing,

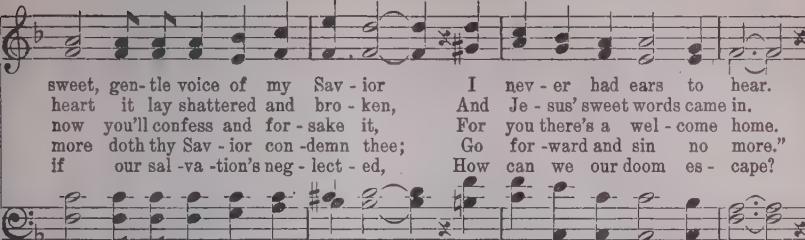


My time, and my tal - ents, and gold; Its hon - ors, its prais - es, and
 Nor woke in my heart a true love. A shaft from a Ho - ly Ghost
 And all of your bur - dens I'll bear. To save you from sin I have
 His blood un - der foot I had trod. "Hath no man condemned thee?" He
 To Cal - va - ry's foun - tain they go! But how, when the of - fer's re -



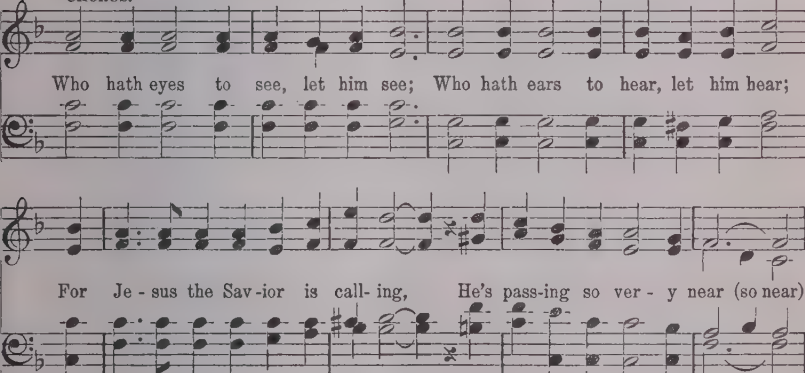
plaud - its, As e - ven my life I held dear; The
 preach - er, Un - cov - ered my past life of sin; My
 suf - fered, Its with - er - ing curse I have borne; If
 que - ried, "No pen - al - ties laid at thy door? No
 ject - ed, Our wel - fare e - ter - nal at stake, Or

The Penitent's Confession—Concluded.



sweet, gen-tle voice of my Sav-ior I nev-er had ears to hear.
 heart it lay shattered and bro-ken, And Je-sus' sweet words came in.
 now you'll confess and for-sake it, For you there's a wel-come home.
 more doth thy Sav-ior con-demn thee; Go for-ward and sin no more."
 if our sal-va-tion's neg-lect-ed, How can we our doom es-cape?

CHORUS.



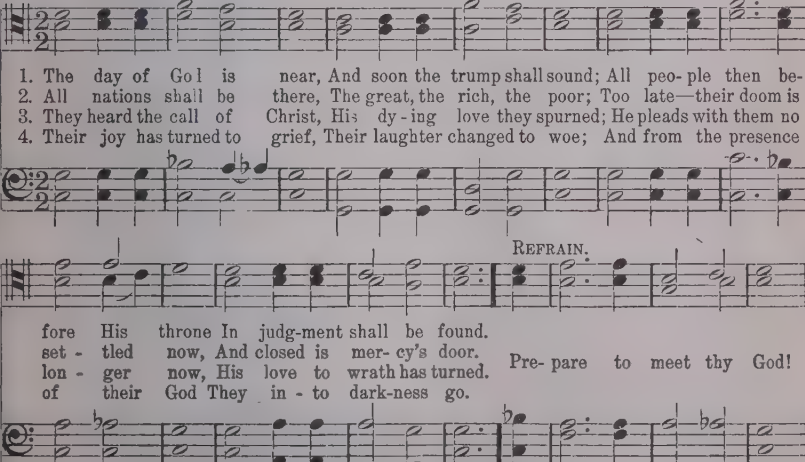
Who hath eyes to see, let him see; Who hath ears to hear, let him hear;
 For Je-sus the Sav-ior is call-ing, He's pass-ing so ver-y near (so near).

No. 67. Prepare to Meet Thy God.

CLARA L. HUNTINGTON.

(MALE VOICES.)

WM. T. PETTENGILL.



1. The day of God is near, And soon the trump shall sound; All people then be-
 2. All nations shall be there, The great, the rich, the poor; Too late—their doom is
 3. They heard the call of Christ, His dy-ing love they spurned; He pleads with them no
 4. Their joy has turned to grief, Their laughter changed to woe; And from the presence

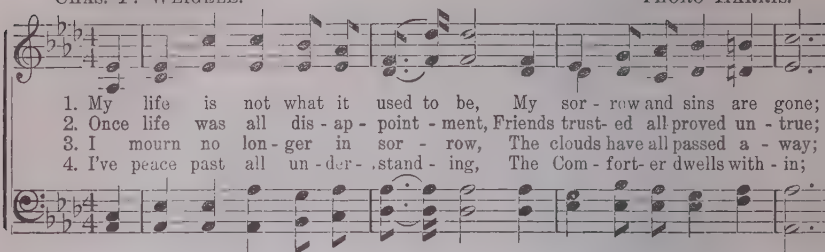
fore His throne In judg-ment shall be found.
 set-tled now, And closed is mer-cy's door. Pre-pare to meet thy God!
 lon-ger now, His love to wrath has turned.
 of their God They in-to dark-ness go.

REFRAIN.

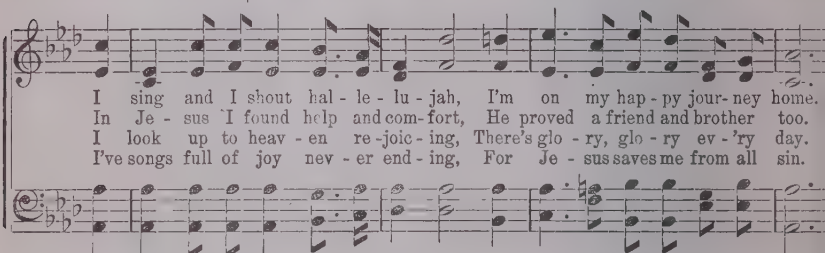
No. 68. The Way is Narrow.

CHAS. F. WEIGELE.

THORO HARRIS.

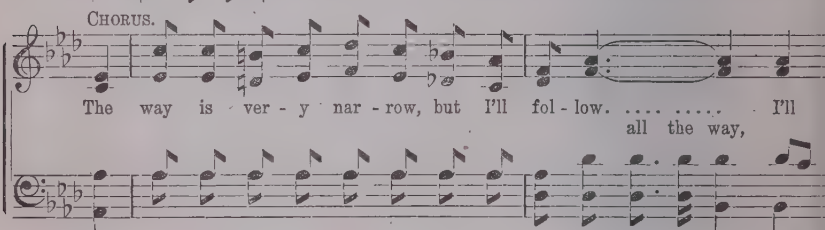


1. My life is not what it used to be, My sor-row and sins are gone;
 2. Once life was all dis-ap-point-ment, Friends trust-ed all proved un-true;
 3. I mourn no lon-ger in sor-row, The clouds have all passed a-way;
 4. I've peace past all un-der-stand-ing, The Com-fort-er dwells with-in;

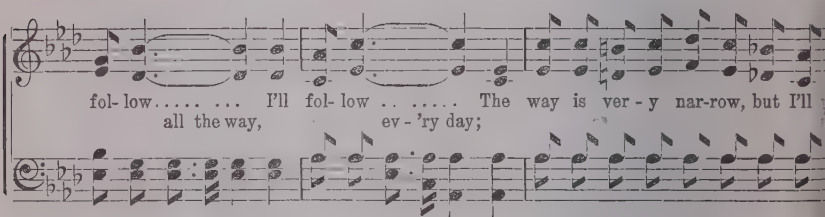


I sing and I shout hal-le-lu-jah, I'm on my hap-py jour-ney home.
 In Je-sus I found help and com-fort, He proved a friend and brother too.
 I look up to heav-en re-joic-ing, There's glo-ry, glo-ry ev-'ry day.
 I've songs full of joy nev-er end-ing, For Je-sus saves me from all sin.

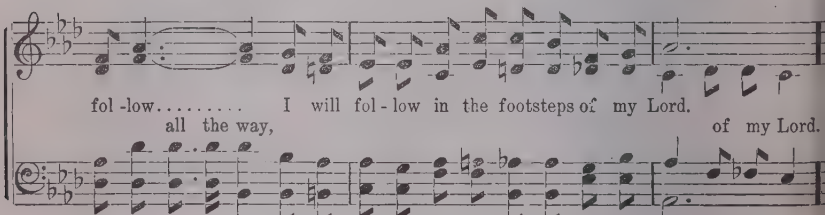
CHORUS.



The way is ver-y nar-row, but I'll fol-low. I'll
 all the way,



fol-low. I'll fol-low. The way is ver-y nar-row, but I'll
 all the way, ev-'ry day;



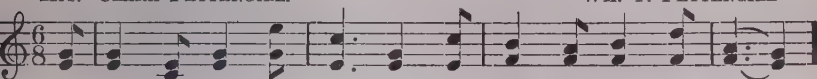
fol-low. I will fol-low in the footsteps of my Lord.
 all the way, of my Lord.

No. 69.

The Joyful Sound.

Mrs. CLARA PETTENGILL.

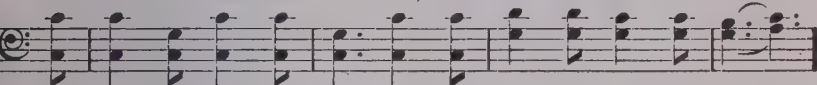
Music and Chorus by
WM. T. PETTENGILL



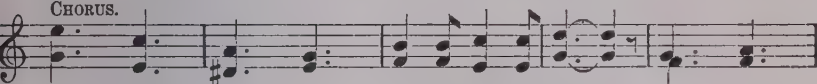
1. O bless - ed is the peo - ple That know the "Joy - ful Sound";
2. O joy - ful sound that ris - es From hearts washed in the blood;
3. 'Tis in the name of Je - sus That we re - joice all day;
4. We walk in light most glo - rious Who know this joy - ful sound;



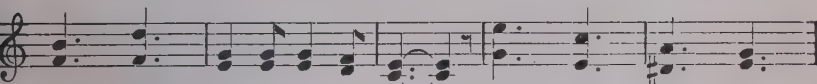
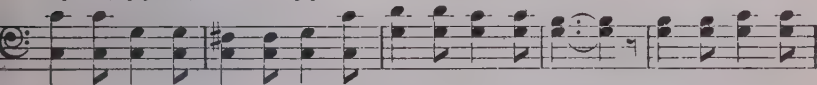
No strain of earth is a - ble To match the song we've found.
In songs of rap - turous prais - es To Christ, our King, our God.
His right - eous - ness ex - alts - us; Sin's host can ne'er dis - may.
O'er all our foes vic - to - rious, As we are heav'n - ward bound.



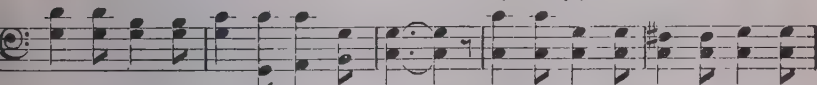
CHORUS.



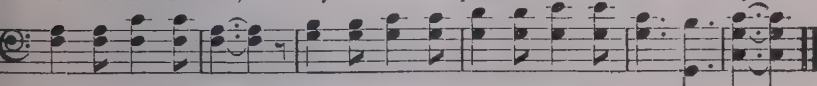
Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful be the sound, Let all
Joy - ful, joy - ful, ev - er joy - ful, Let all heav - en,



heav - en with our song re sound; Joy - ful, joy - ful,
let all heav - en Joy - ful, joy - ful, ev - er joy - ful,



o - ver land and sea, Joy - ful then our prais - es in e - ter - ni - ty.

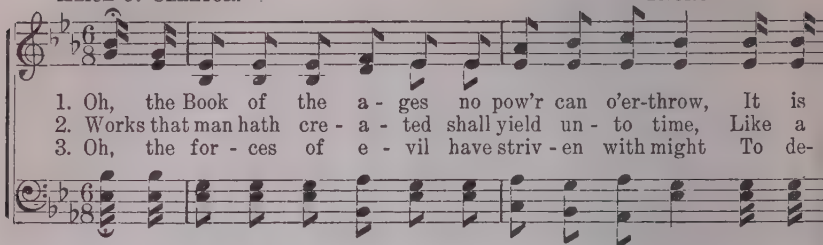


No. 70.

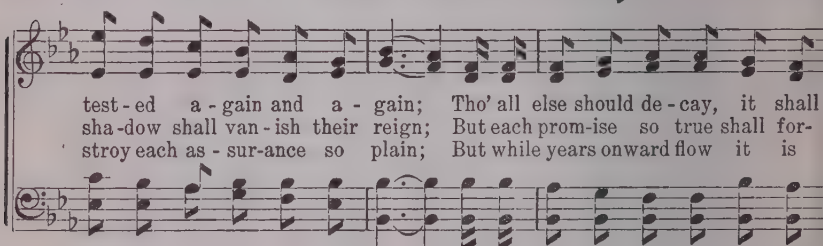
The Word Shall Remain.

ALICE J. CLEATOR.

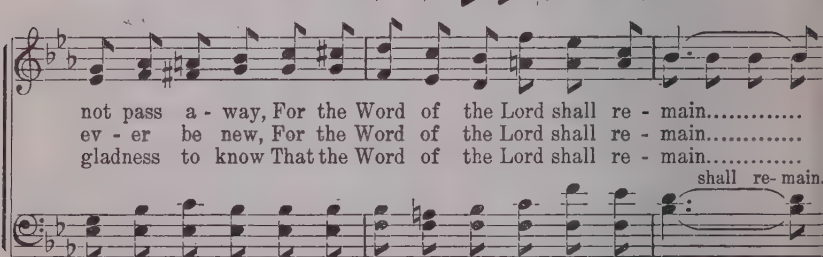
THORO HARRIS.



1. Oh, the Book of the a - ges no pow'r can o'er-throw, It is
 2. Works that man hath cre - a - ted shall yield un - to time, Like a
 3. Oh, the for - ces of e - vil have striv - en with might To de-

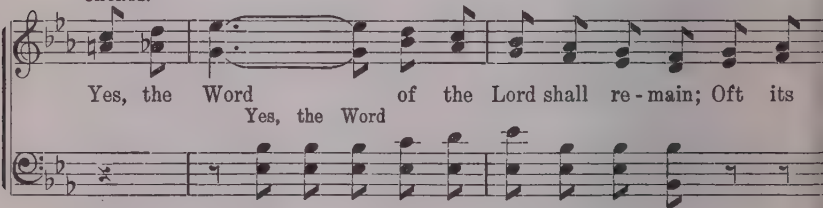


test - ed a - gain and a - gain; Tho' all else should de - cay, it shall
 sha-dow shall van - ish their reign; But each prom - ise so true shall for -
 stroy each as - sur - ance so plain; But while years onward flow it is

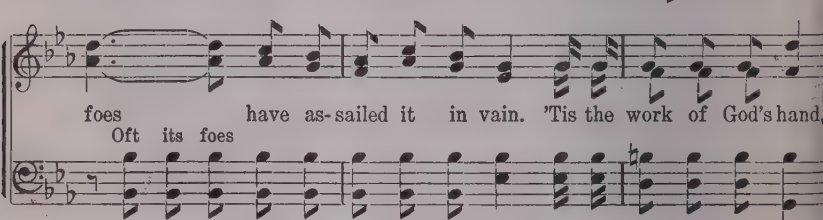


not pass a - way, For the Word of the Lord shall re - main.....
 ev - er be new, For the Word of the Lord shall re - main.....
 gladness to know That the Word of the Lord shall re - main.....
 shall re - main.

CHORUS.

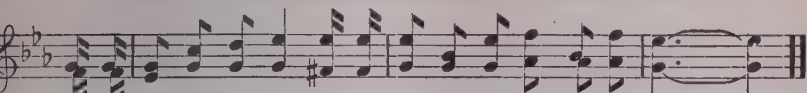


Yes, the Word of the Lord shall re - main; Oft its
 Yes, the Word



foes have as-sailed it in vain. 'Tis the work of God's hand,
 Oft its foes

The Word Shall Remain—Concluded.



For all time it was planned, And the Word of the Lord shall re - main.
for - ev - er re - main.



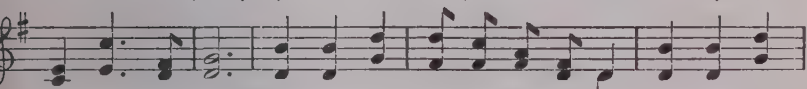
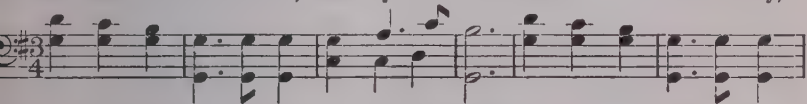
No. 71. The Wine Blessing.

L. F. MITCHEL.

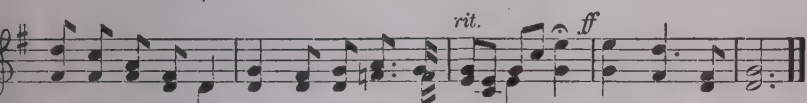
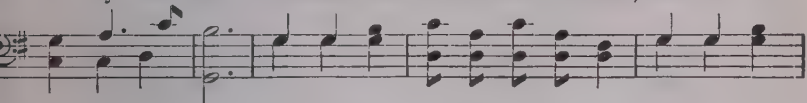
Arranged.



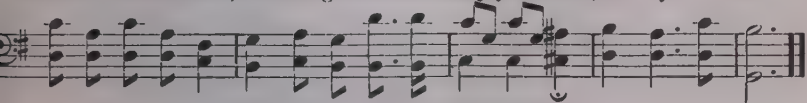
1. My cup with wine runs o'er, Glo - ry to God! It keeps me filled with pow'r,
2. When saints of old thus drank, Glo - ry to God! Men's hearts with-in them sank,
3. Then were they all amazed, Glo - ry to God! And a great stir was raised,
4. Come drink this heav'n-ly wine, Glo - ry to God! Pressed from God's choicest vine,
5. Thus shall it ev - er be, Glo - ry to God! Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,



Glo - ry to God! When poured up - on me from a - bove, It filled my
Glo - ry to God! They cried, O tell us what to do, Our hearts are
Glo - ry to God! Some thought the saints had lost their mind, But it was
Glo - ry to God! Some day in heav'n we'll drink it new, With Christ and
Glo - ry to God! Wine feasts shall more and more a - bound, Wher - ev - er



heart with perfect love, It fires and stirs and makes me move. Glo - ry to God!
pierc - ed thro' and thro', We cry and thirst to drink with you. Glo - ry to God!
wine so well re - fined, This world can never give such kind. Glo - ry to God!
all the good and true, Je - sus has purchased it for you. Glo - ry to God!
saints of God are found, Comesing and shout with joyful sound, Glo - ry to God!

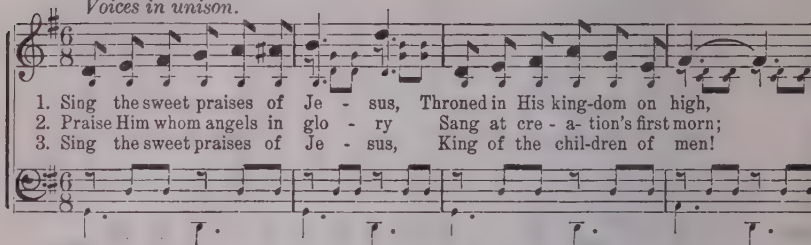


No. 72. Sing the Sweet Praises of Jesus.

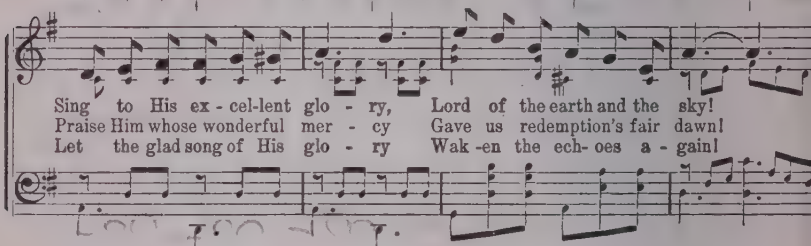
Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

F. J. HOWARD.

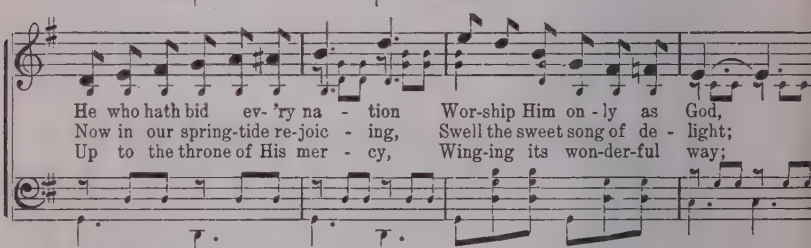
Voices in unison.



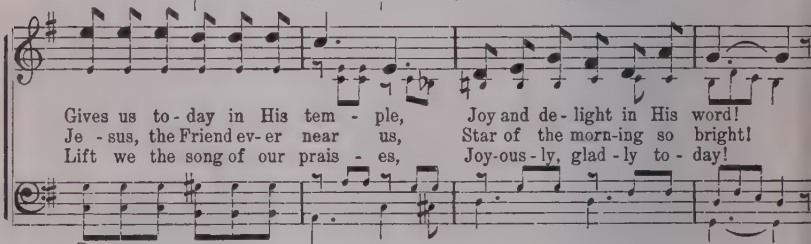
1. Sing the sweet praises of Je - sus, Throned in His king-dom on high,
 2. Praise Him whom angels in glo - ry Sang at cre - a - tion's first morn;
 3. Sing the sweet praises of Je - sus, King of the chil-dren of men!



Sing to His ex - cel-lent glo - ry, Lord of the earth and the sky!
 Praise Him whose wonderful mer - cy Gave us redemption's fair dawn!
 Let the glad song of His glo - ry Wak-en the ech-oes a - gain!

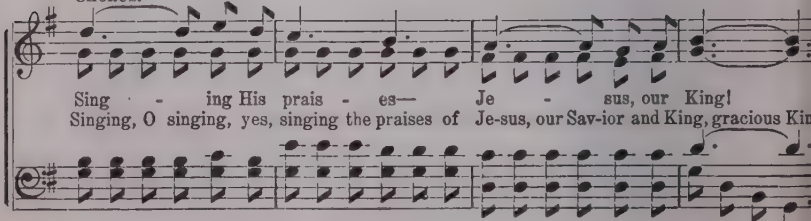


He who hath bid ev-'ry na - tion Wor-ship Him on - ly as God,
 Now in our spring-tide re-joic - ing, Swell the sweet song of de - light;
 Up to the throne of His mer - cy, Wing-ing its won-der-ful way;



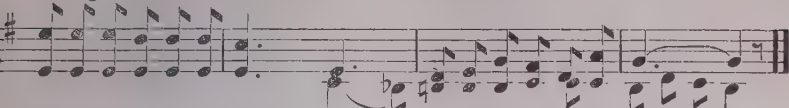
Gives us to-day in His tem - ple, Joy and de-light in His word!
 Je - sus, the Friend ev-er near us, Star of the morn-ing so bright!
 Lift we the song of our prais - es, Joy-ous-ly, glad-ly to - day!

CHORUS.

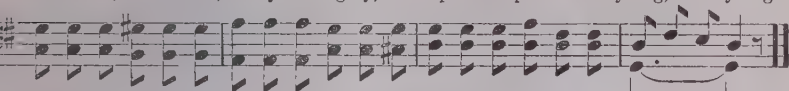


Sing - ing His prais - es— Je - sus, our King!
 Singing, O singing, yes, singing the praises of Je-sus, our Sav-ior and King, gracious King!

Sing the Sweet Praises of Jesus—Concluded.



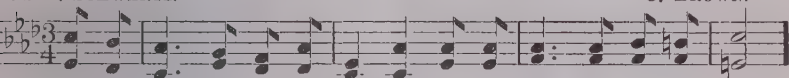
Won-der-ful, ho - ly and might - y, Up to His presence they ring!
Wonderful, won-der-ful, ho - ly and mighty, now Up to His presence they ring, sweetly ring!



No. 73. Jesus Sought Me.

E. A. SCHWARTZ.

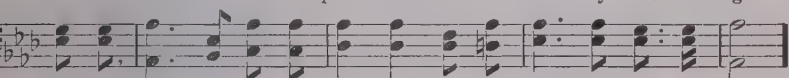
C. BROWN.



1. When in sor - row, Je - sus sought me, Gen - tly wooed me to His breast;
2. Now with glad - ness I am wait - ing Till He comes to earth a - gain;
3. O lost sin - ner, won't you lis - ten To His plead - ings day by day,
4. He will robe you pure and spot - less For the meet - ing in the sky;



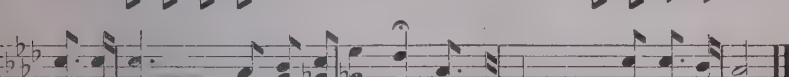
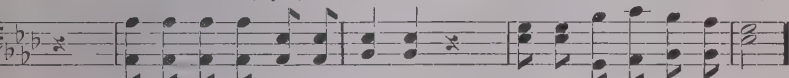
And at last the cords that bound me Je - sus loosed and gave me rest.
When with all the blood-washed pilgrims, I with Him shall ev - er reign.
And sur - ren - der all to Je - sus? He will change your night to day,
And for - ev - er we shall praise Him In our heav'n - ly home on high.



CHORUS.



Je - sus loves us, yes, He loves us, Gave His life our hearts to win;
Je - sus loves us, yes, He loves us, Gave His life our hearts to win;



And al-though in sin He found us, We with Him in heav'n shall reign.
And although in sin He found us, We with Him in heav'n shall reign.



No. 74.

The Better Way.

F. E. B.

FRANCES E. BOLTON.

1. I used to tell my troubles to ev-'ry one I knew,
 2. I used to seek for com-fort from hu-man hearts be-low,
 3. But now I go re-joic-ing, and ev-'ry weight of care
 4. Oh, are you sad and wear-y, and seek-ing rest in vain?

But aft-er I had told them, the more my troub-les grew.
 But how could they re-lieve me when all they had was woe?
 I cast up-on the Heal-er who thinks it light to bear.
 Then why not come to Je-sus? He'll give you peace for pain.

My heart, so heav-y la-den, grew heav-ier day by day,
 I found them emp-ty cis-terns, I fam-ished day by day,
 And, like a child of glad-ness, I go from day to day,
 His love He free-ly of-fers, He'll bless you day by day;

Un-til at last, praise Je-sus! I found the bet-ter way.
 Un-til I came to Cal-v'ry And found the bet-ter way.
 I'm hap-py in my Sav-ior, And in the bet-ter way.
 So go no more in sor-row, But find the bet-ter way.

CHORUS.

Go to the Lord with your sor-row, He knows to-day and to-mor-row,

The Better Way—Concluded.

He bears the world on His breast, He can bear you and give rest.

Tell Him your grief and your an - guish, He will not leave thee to lan - guish,

He will give grace day by day, Teach you the bet - ter way.

No. 75. Salvation! O That Precious Grace.

Mrs. A. M. RADFORD.

LOWELL MASON.

Sal - va - tion! O that pre - cious grace, Free - dom from sin and woe doth bring;
 All we who seek to do God's will, And find in Him our sure re - treat,
 'Tis thro' no mer - it of our own We gain His par - don full and free,
 Great joy is in my heart to know That when He comes to take His bride,

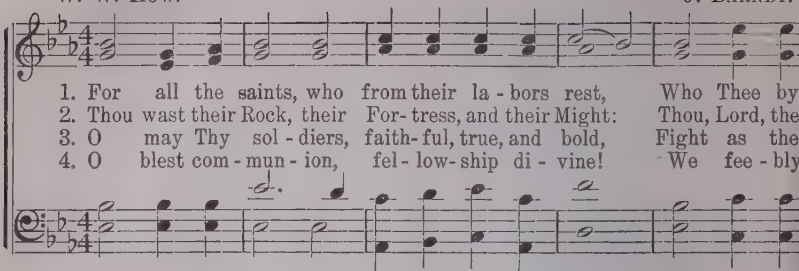
Sal - va - tion full for all the race, O let the song of tri - umph ring.
 Must let Him in our lives ful - fil What - e'er He sees for us is meet.
 But all be - cause He left His throne, To bleed and die on Cal - va - ry.
 I shall be one of those to go And ev - er with my Lord a - bide.

No. 76.

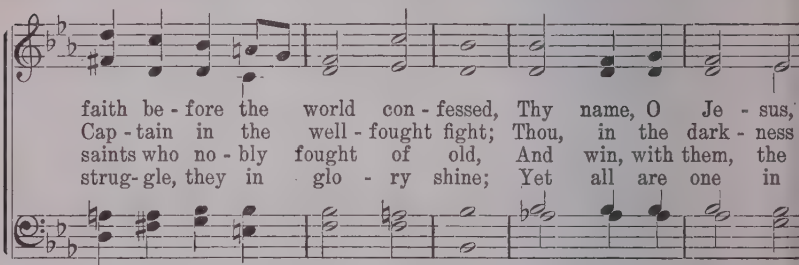
"Hallelujah."

W. W. How.

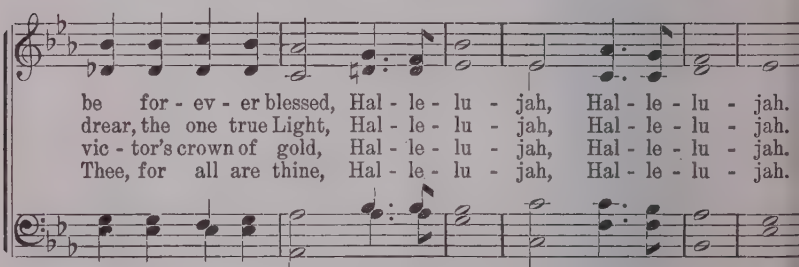
J. BARNEY.



1. For all the saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might: Thou, Lord, the
 3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and bold, Fight as the
 4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship di - vine! We fee - bly



faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
 Cap - tain in the well - fought fight; Thou, in the dark - ness
 saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
 strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in



be for - ev - er blessed, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
 drear, the one true Light, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
 vic - tor's crown of gold, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.
 Thee, for all are thine, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
 Hallelujah.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest,
 Hallelujah.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
 The King of Glory passes on His way,
 Hallelujah.

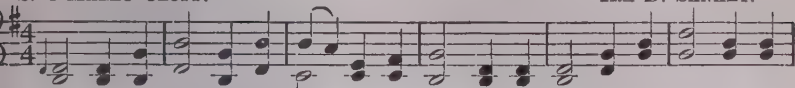
8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Hallelujah.

No. 77.

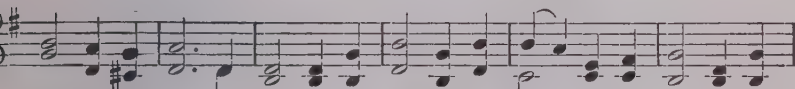
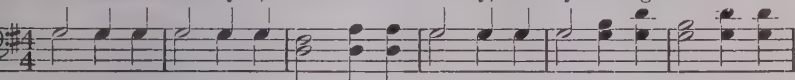
I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

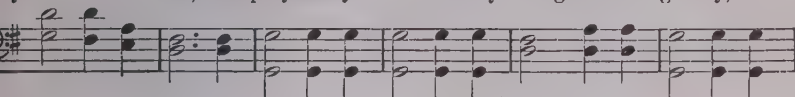


1. I have a Sav-ior, He's pleading in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-ior, tho'
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty,
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splendent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er—A peace that the friends of this
5. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-ior is

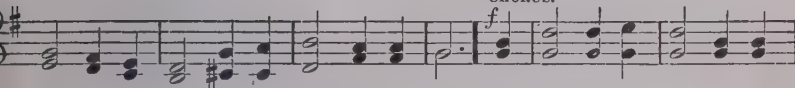


earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
 bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to
 won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all
 world nev-er knew; My Sav-ior a-lone is its
 your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may

ten-der-ness o'er me, And
 meet Him in heav-en, But
 shin-ing in brightness, Dear
 Au-thor and Giv-er, And
 bring them to glo-ry, And



CHORUS.



oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
 oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 friends, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too!
 oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
 pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

For you I am pray-ing, For



you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.



No. 78.

A Call to the Backslider.

M. H. BUGBEE.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

1. O ye who once knew of the love of the Lord, And by Sa - tan hav
 2. You once were the bride of a heav - en - ly Groom, And were wor - thy to
 3. "Hold fast that thou hast, let no man take thy crown," Ye have heard, but ye

been led a - stray, Who are long-ing to-day for His blessed, sweet peace
 walk, robed in white, Thro' the streets of the pearl - y white cit - y with Him
 did not o - bey, And not on - ly your crown, but your Lord you have lost;

That was once shed a - broad on your way, Why will ye yet lon - ger in
 And the saints and the an - gels of light. A fel - low - ship sweet with the
 O back - slid - er, come home to - day. O wan - d'r'er from Je - sus, He

mis - er - y roam, And turn from your Savior a - way? He ten - der - ly
 Mas - ter was yours, A knowledge of sins all for - giv'n, A chance to sup -
 waits for you now, Re - turn and find rest to your soul; Be faithful and

calls you in ac - cents of love, O come home to Je - sus to - day.
 port and to com - fort the weak, A glo - ri - ous home then in heav'n.
 loy - al and true to the end, A bright crown re - ceive at the goal.

A Call to the Backslider—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O come home to Je - sus to - day (to - day), O come home to
 Je - sus to - day (to - day); He ten - der - ly calls you in
 ac - cents of love; O come home to Je - sus to - day (to - day).

No. 79. Jesus Near.

WM. H. CLARK.
Tenderly.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

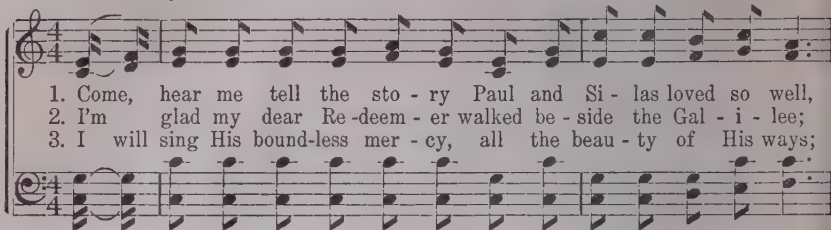
1. Je - sus is near, so near, so near, His presence doth my spir - it cheer;
 2. Je - sus is near, so near, so near, He speaks and scatters ev - 'ry fear;
 3. Je - sus is near, so near, so near, His love supreme dries ev - 'ry tear;
 4. Je - sus is near, so near, so near, It doth not yet to us ap - pear

His gracious voice makes me re - joice To find Him near, so near.....
 I see His face, I taste His grace, For He is near, so near.....
 Each burden bears, for me He cares, And holds me near, so near.....
 What we shall be, but we shall see When Je - sus comes so near.....
 so near.

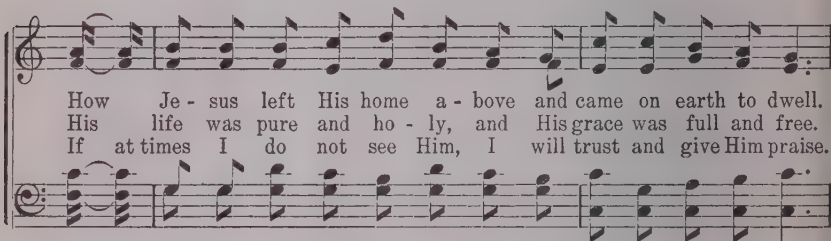
No. 80. Just Because He Loved Me So.

J. E. F.

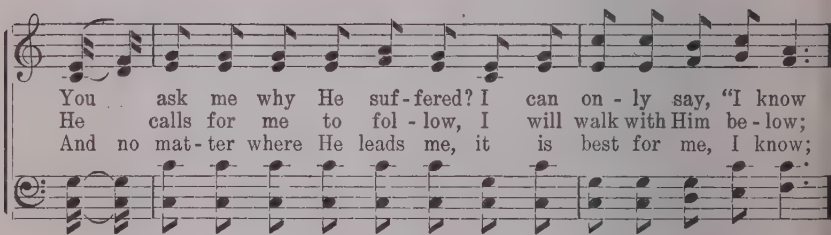
J. E. FRENCH.



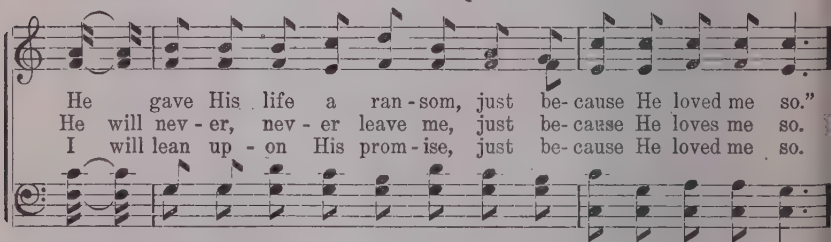
1. Come, hear me tell the sto - ry Paul and Si - las loved so well,
 2. I'm glad my dear Re - deem - er walked be - side the Gal - i - lee;
 3. I will sing His bound - less mer - cy, all the beau - ty of His ways;



How Je - sus left His home a - bove and came on earth to dwell.
 His life was pure and ho - ly, and His grace was full and free.
 If at times I do not see Him, I will trust and give Him praise.

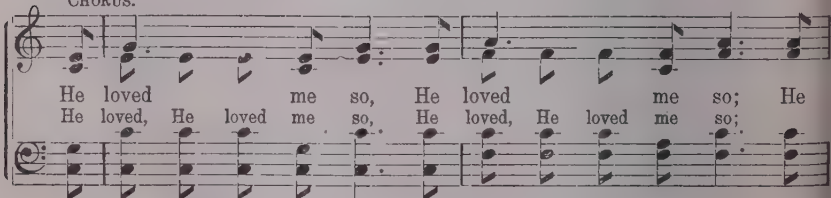


You ask me why He suf - fered? I can on - ly say, "I know
 He calls for me to fol - low, I will walk with Him be - low;
 And no mat - ter where He leads me, it is best for me, I know;



He gave His life a ran - som, just be - cause He loved me so."
 He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, just be - cause He loves me so.
 I will lean up - on His prom - ise, just be - cause He loved me so.

CHORUS.



He loved me so, He loved me so; He
 He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so;

Just Because He Loved Me So—Concluded.

gave His life a ran - som, Just be - cause He loved me so.

He loved me so, He loved me so; He
He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so;

gave His life a ran - som, Just be - cause He loved me so.

No. 81. While Life Prolongs Its Precious Light.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Arr. by ISRAEL HOLROYD.

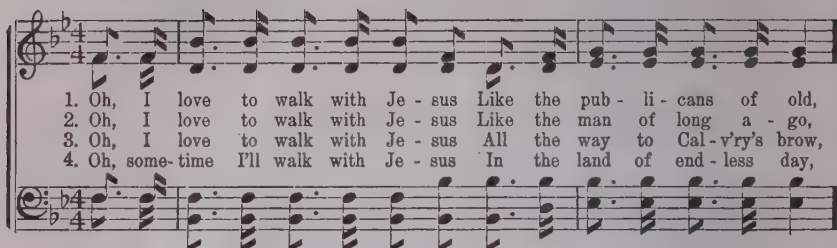
1. While life pro-longs its precious light, Mer - cy is found, and peace is giv'n;
2. While God in-vites, how blest the day! How sweet the gos-pel's charming sound!
3. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death command you to the grave,
4. In that lone land of deep de-spair, No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
5. Now God in-vites; how blest the day! How sweet the gos-pel's charming sound!

But soon, ah, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev - 'ry hope of heav'n.
Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.
Be - fore His bar your spir-its bring, And none be found to hear or save.
No God re-gard your bit-ter pray'r, No Sav-ior call you to the skies.
Come, sin-ners, haste, O haste a - way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

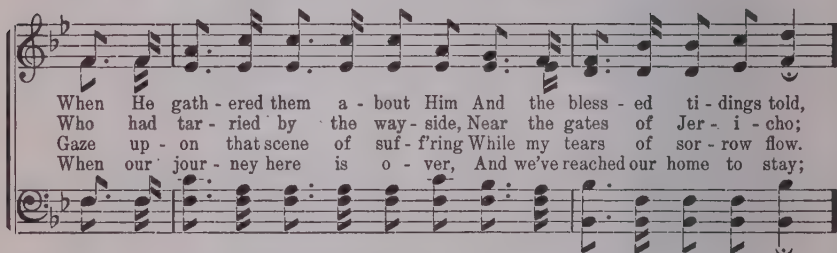
No. 82. I Love to Walk With Jesus.

C. F. W.

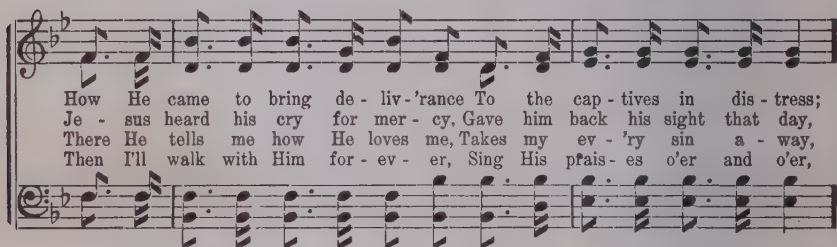
C. F. WEIGELE.



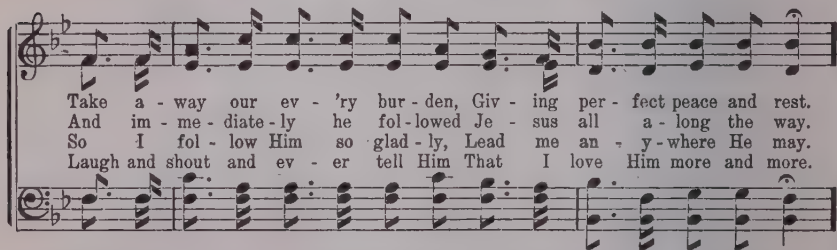
1. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus Like the pub - li - cans of old,
 2. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus Like the man of long a - go,
 3. Oh, I love to walk with Je - sus All the way to Cal - v'ry's brow,
 4. Oh, some-time I'll walk with Je - sus In the land of end - less day,



When He gath - ered them a - bout Him And the bless - ed ti - dings told,
 Who had tar - ried by the way - side, Near the gates of Jer - i - cho;
 Gaze up - on that scene of suf - f'ring While my tears of sor - row flow.
 When our jour - ney here is o - ver, And we've reached our home to stay;

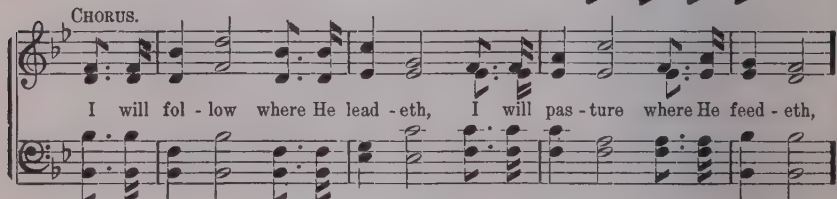


How He came to bring de - liv - 'rance To the cap - tives in dis - tress;
 Je - sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave him back his sight that day,
 There He tells me how He loves me, Takes my ev - 'ry sin a - way,
 Then I'll walk with Him for - ev - er, Sing His p'rais - es o'er and o'er,



Take a - way our ev - 'ry bur - den, Giv - ing per - fect peace and rest.
 And im - me - diate - ly he fol - lowed Je - sus all a - long the way.
 So I fol - low Him so glad - ly, Lead me an - y - where He may.
 Laugh and shout and ev - er tell Him That I love Him more and more.

CHORUS.



I will fol - low where He lead - eth, I will pas - ture where He feed - eth,

I Love to Walk With Jesus—Concluded.

I will fol - low all the way, Lord, I will fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

No. 83. Christian Warfare.

A. L. DUNNING.
Moderato.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

1. Chris - tian sol - dier, bare thine arm To the bat - tle and the storm!
2. Je - sus will thy cap - tain be, — Flames His eye! He e'er doth see.
3. Grasp thy sword! Press on the fight! Seek no ease, to left or right.

Con - flicts still at - tend the way To glo - ry and im - mor - tal day.
Quick His hand to strike the blow That lev - els ev - 'ry cru - el foe.
See thy goal! Not far the land Of glo - rious rest — 'tis just at hand.

This is not the time of ease, Foes are man - y who would seize
In His strength, not thine, ye fight, Arm thy faith with His own might;
Look! the dawn - ing day is bright. One more ral - ly! One more fight!

Thy keen sword, thy crown, thy life, — End thy up - ward, heav'n - ly strife.
What from love, like His, shall part Thy un - daunt - ed, trust - ing heart?
All then o'er, the vic - t'ry won, Rest e - ter - nal, — rest at home.

No. 84.

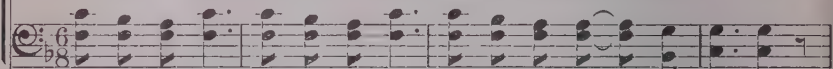
I Will Follow Jesus.

D. S. L., Arr.
Moderato.

DONALD S. LUNDIN.



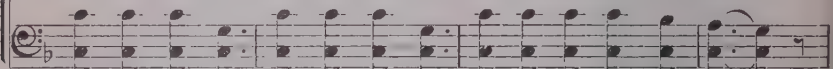
1. In sun-ny lands, by gold-en sands, Mil-lions know nothing of Je - sus;
 2. Af - ri - ca cries, burdened, she sighs, Lost without knowledge of Je - sus,
 3. Chi-na, Si - am, In - dia, Ja - pan, Blind - ly they grope without Je - sus;



CHO.—I will a - way, while it is day, Glad-ly I'll fol - low Je - sus



Long-ing to be from sin set free, Bow-ing to wood and stone;
 Un - to our land stretching her hand,—Do you not hear her cry?
 Who, then, will go, God's love to show, To all the world pro - claim



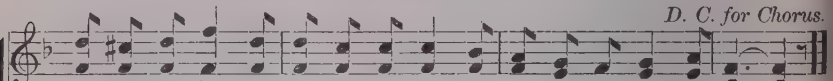
Where He may lead, where there is need, E - ven to for - eign lands;



In er - ror's night, pleading for light Shin-ing from God's ho - ly word;
 Work while you may, while yet 'tis day, Speeding the message of love;
 Life thro' the blood, the heal-ing flood, Flow-ing from Cal - va - ry's cross;



Where all is night I'll take the light, Tell them of Je - sus, my King;



D. C. for Chorus.

Who, then, will go, that Christ they may know, Whose blood did for sin a - tone?
 Res - cue the lost, what-ev - er the cost; O has - ten be - fore they die!
 With heart and hand, at Je - sus' command, To toil in His ho - ly name?



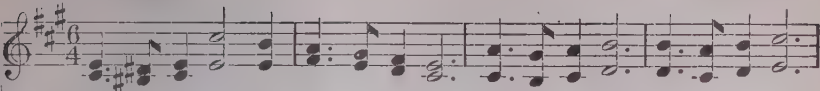
Leave all be - side to fol - low my Guide, And loos-en the hea - then bands.

No. 85.

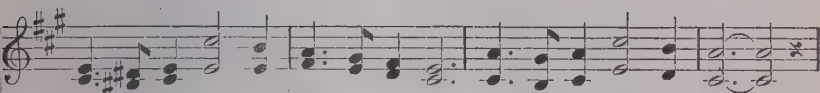
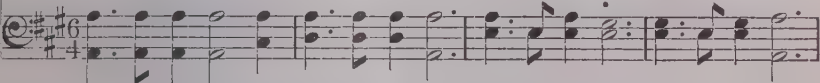
Jesus, I Come.

W. T. SLEEPER.

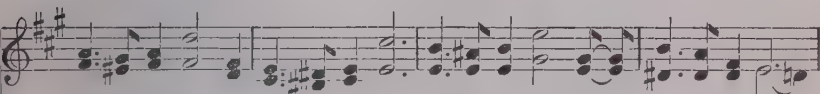
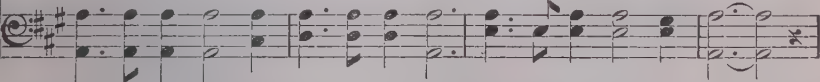
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



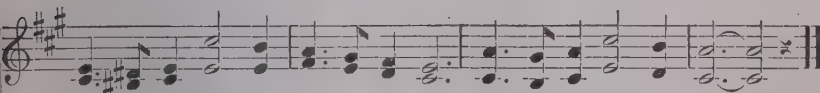
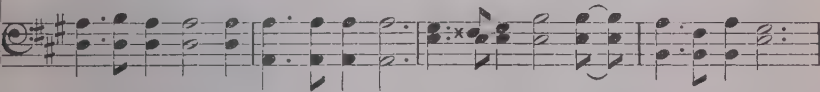
1. Out of my bondage, sor - row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail - ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro - gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;



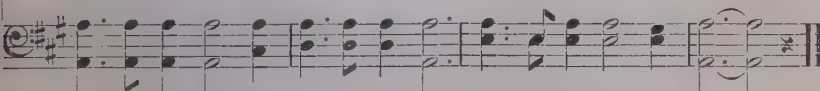
In - to Thy free - dom, glad - ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
 Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de - spair in - to raptures a - bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis - tress to ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.



No. 86.

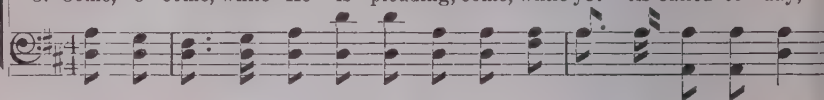
The Cleansing Blood.

D. M. FARSON.

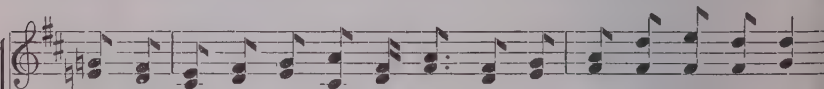
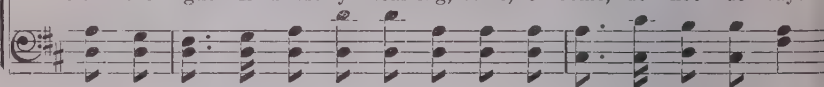
E. L. HARVEY.



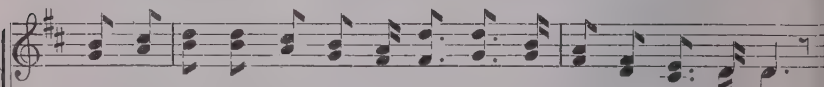
1. There's a foun-tain that was o-pened at the cross of Cal-va-ry;
2. O the pre-cious blood of Je-sus is most won-drous in my sight;
3. On the cross of shame they mocked Him, Son of man and Son of God,
4. Is such love still un-re-quit-ed, lis-ten, sin-ner, is it true,
5. Come, O come, while He is pleading, come, while yet 'tis called to-day,



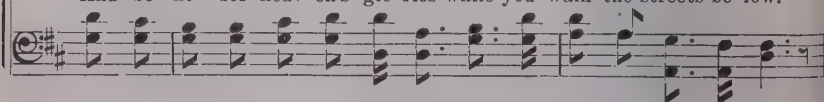
O its crim-son stream is flow-ing, and it reach-es e-ven me;
 It has made me pure and ho-ly, banished now is sin's dark night.
 And from out His mangled bod-y flowed the sac-ri-fi-cial blood;
 That His blood, poured out so free-ly, has not been ap-plied by you?
 For the night is swift-ly near-ing, come, O come, do not de-lay:



It has brought me peace and par-don, cleansed a-way my in-bred sin,
 It has brought me joy and gladness, changed my night-time in-to day,
 Sa-cred ground that caught the blood-drops, sacred hill of Cal-v'ry's cross,
 Wilt thou still re-ject His mer-cy, bought for thee at such a cost,
 Come and wash a-way the sin-stains, make thy garments white as snow,

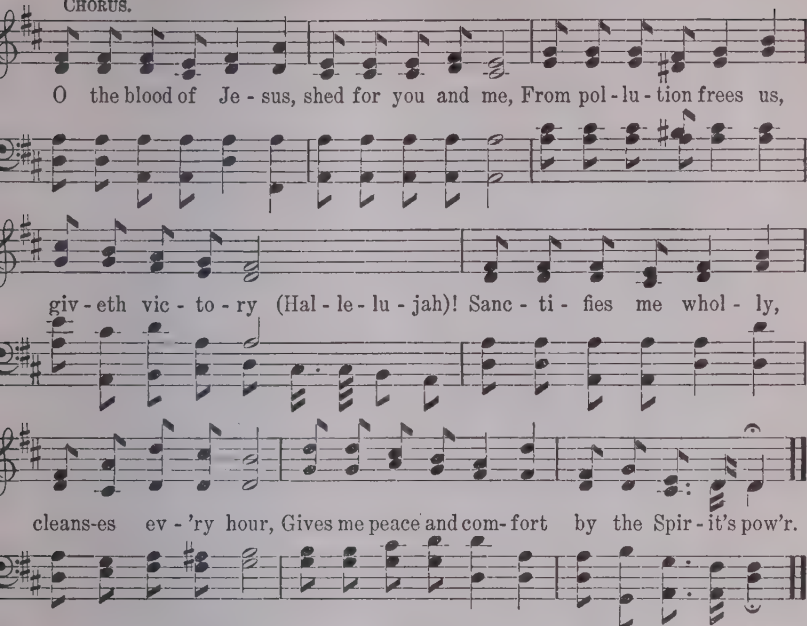


Sanc-ti-fied me, soul and bod-y, and the Spir-it dwells with-in.
 And it gives me strength and courage to go on-ward in the fray.
 Sa-cred bod-y, bro-ken for us, count-ed He all things but loss.
 Leave thyself in sin to per-ish, leave thy soul for-ev-er lost?
 And be fit for heav-en's glo-ries while you walk the streets be-low.



The Cleansing Blood—Concluded.

CHORUS.

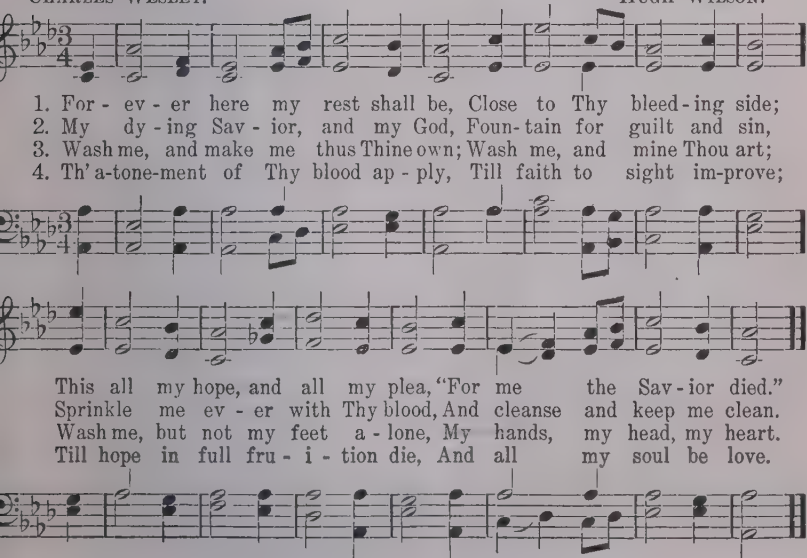


O the blood of Je - sus, shed for you and me, From pol - lu - tion frees us,
giv - eth vic - to - ry (Hal - le - lu - jah)! Sanc - ti - fies me whol - ly,
cleans - es ev - 'ry hour, Gives me peace and com - fort by the Spir - it's pow'r.

No. 87. Forever Here My Rest Shall Be.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HUGH WILSON.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - ior, and my God, Foun - tain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im - prove;
This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the Sav - ior died."
Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.

No. 88.

Near to Deliver.

ALICE J. CLEATOR.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Tho' life's path-way may lead thro' the shad-ows so dim, Tho' a-round thee wi
 2. He will help thee the vic-t'ry o'er e-vil to win, All thy pas-sions to
 3. Press-ing up-ward and on-ward, tho' fierce be the strife, Thou shalt safe-ly at

tem-pests may roll, There is pow'r with the Sav-ior; O look un-to Him, He is
 ful-ly con-trol; Christ is ev-er a ref-uge and shel-ter from sin, He is
 tain to thy goal; For in ev-'ry temp-ta-tion and trial of life He is

CHORUS.

near to de-liv-er thy soul.
 near to de-liv-er thy soul. Yes, the Sav-ior is near; Nev-er fal-ter or fear
 near to de-liv-er thy soul.

Tho' a-round thee wild tem-pests may roll; There is pow'r with the

Sav-ior, O look un-to Him! He is near to de-liv-er thy soul.

No. 89. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

First two verses by WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Last three by WM. T. PETTENGILL.

WILLIAM OWEN.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
 3. Now I've reached the riv - er Jor - dan, Part - ed is its swell - ing tide;
 4. Gi - ants great, and foes un - num - bered, Shall not drive us from this land;
 5. When the last dread foe ap - proach - es, Thou wilt still our ref - uge be;

I am weak, - but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
 Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney thro':
 Guid - ed by the cloud - y pil - lar, I have gained the Ca - naan side.
 Thou hast giv'n th' as - sur - ing prom - ise, "None be - fore thee e'er can stand."
 E - ven Death has lost his ter - ror, All his gloom and shad - ows flee.

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer,
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 In this coun - try, In this coun - try, In this coun - try,
 Rest e - ter - nal, Rest e - ter - nal, Rest e - ter - nal,
 Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be Thou still my strength and shield, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Now I'm in the land of rest, Now I'm in the land of rest.
 We will all our days a - bide, We will all our days a - bide.
 Shall our glo - rious por - tion be, Shall our glo - rious por - tion be.

NOTE.—The above song was very popular in the recent great Welsh revival.

Copyright, 1907, by The Metropolitan Church Association.

No. 90.

The Joyful Way.

MARIA SCOVILLE.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

1. Man - y years in sin I wan - dered, Seek - ing oft a hap - pier
 2. Then my life be - came so hap - py! Joys I nev - er felt be - fore
 3. Sin - ner, will you come to Je - sus? Mer - cy's great, and grace is free

But my way was oh, so drear - y, Filled with sor - row, sin, and str
 Thrilled my ver - y soul with prais - es To the One that I a - do
 If you'll yield your life up to Him, You a child of His may b

Till, at last, so weak and sin - ful, At my Sav - ior's feet I bow
 Now I'm liv - ing in the sun - shine, And I'm hap - py, glad, and fre
 And your life will be so hap - py, And you can to oth - ers say

Sought for mer - cy and for - give - ness, Which on me He then be - sto
 For I now can fol - low Je - sus - In His pres - ence soon to b
 "Come, and seek the bless - ed Sav - ior - En - ter now the joy - ful wa

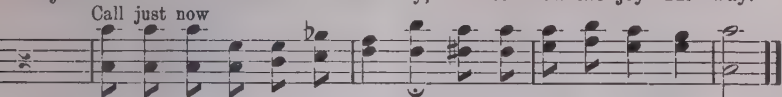
CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus! He is call - ing you to - d
 Come to Je - sus,

The Joyful Way—Concluded.



Call just now on Him for mer - cy, En - ter now the joy - ful way.

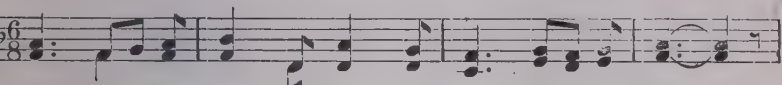


No. 91.

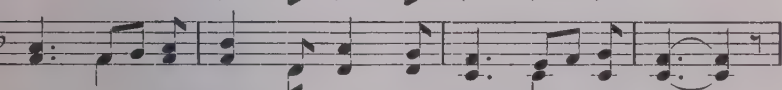
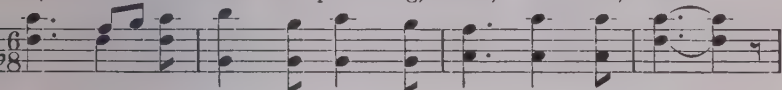
Come, Sinner, Come!

WILL E. WITTER.

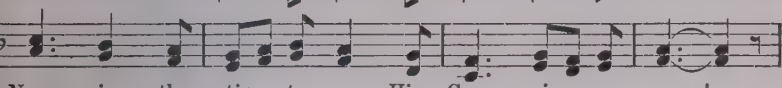
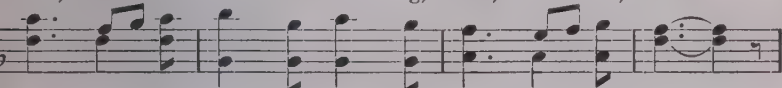
H. R. PALMER.



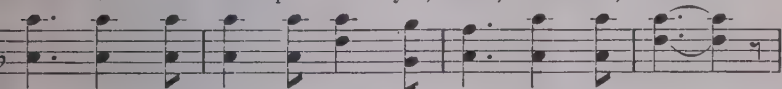
While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come!
Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



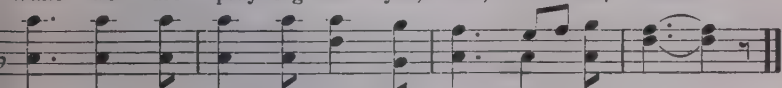
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

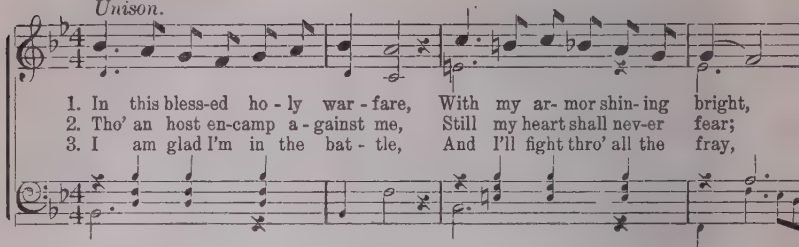


No. 92.

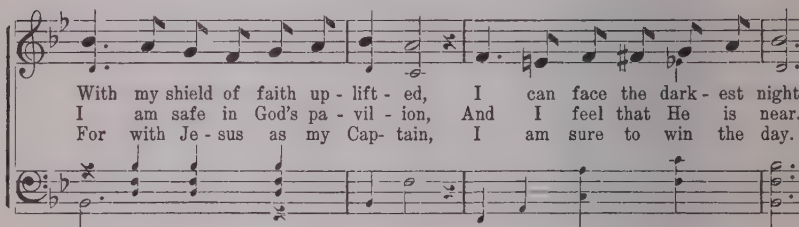
The Victor's Song.

ANNA C. JENSEN.

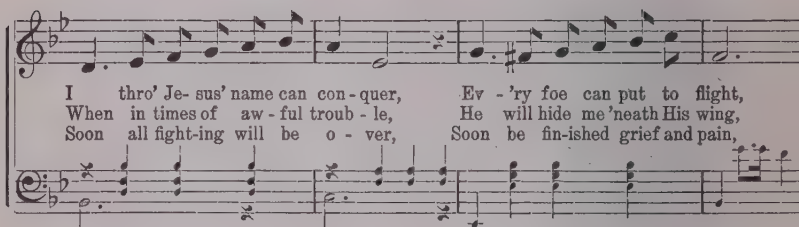
FLORA LUCAS.

Unison.


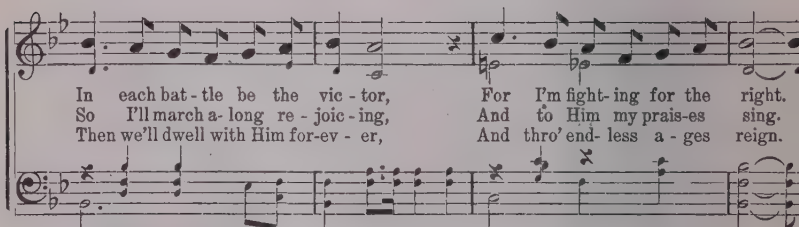
1. In this bless-ed ho-ly war-fare, With my ar-mor shin-ing bright,
 2. Tho' an host en-camp a-gainst me, Still my heart shall nev-er fear;
 3. I am glad I'm in the bat-tle, And I'll fight thro' all the fray,



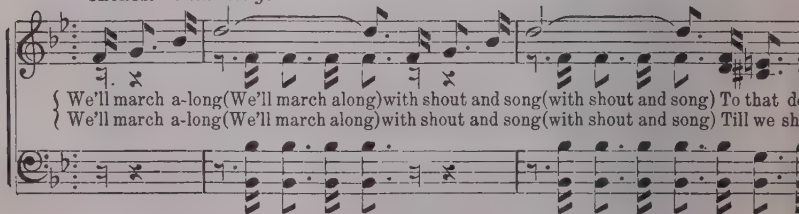
With my shield of faith up-lift-ed, I can face the dark-est night
 I am safe in God's pa-vil-ion, And I feel that He is near.
 For with Je-sus as my Cap-tain, I am sure to win the day.



I thro' Je-sus' name can con-quer, Ev-'ry foe can put to flight,
 When in times of aw-ful troub-le, He will hide me 'neath His wing,
 Soon all fight-ing will be o-ver, Soon be fin-ished grief and pain,

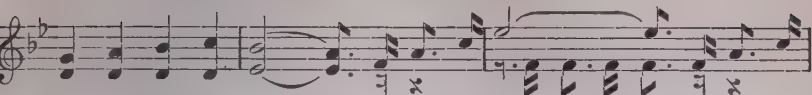


In each bat-tle be the vic-tor, For I'm fight-ing for the right.
 So I'll march a-long re-joic-ing, And to Him my prais-es sing.
 Then we'll dwell with Him for-ev-er, And thro' end-less a-ges reign.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*


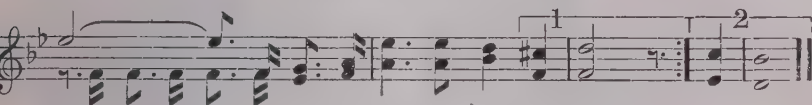
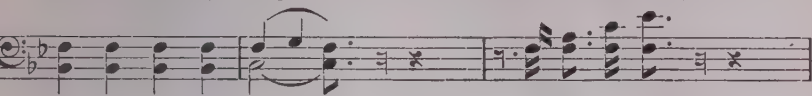
{ We'll march a-long (We'll march along) with shout and song (with shout and song) To that d
 { We'll march a-long (We'll march along) with shout and song (with shout and song) Till we sh

The Victor's Song—Concluded.

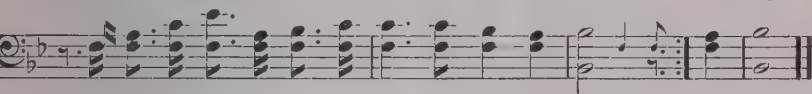


home so bright and fair,
join the heav'n-ly throng,

Where we shall dwell (Where we shall dwell) for-ev - er-
And with them raise (And with them raise) our voice in



more (for - ev - er - more), When all the fight - ing shall be o'er.
praise (our voice in praise), To Christ, the glo - rious King [Omit] of kings.



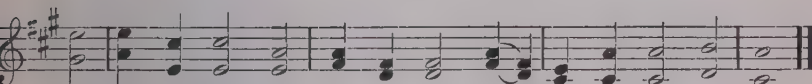
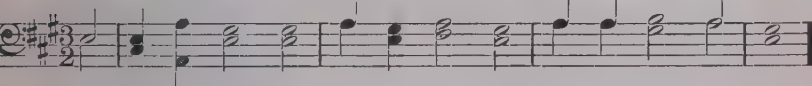
No. 93. O For A Faith That Will Not Shrink.

WM. H. BATHURST.

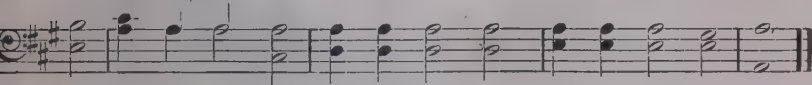
Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - 'ry foe,
2. That will not mur - mur nor com - plain Be - neath the chast'ning rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tem - pests rage with - out;
4. That bears, un - moved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn - ful smile;
5. A faith that keeps the nar - row way Till life's last hour is fled,
6. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, what - e'er may come,



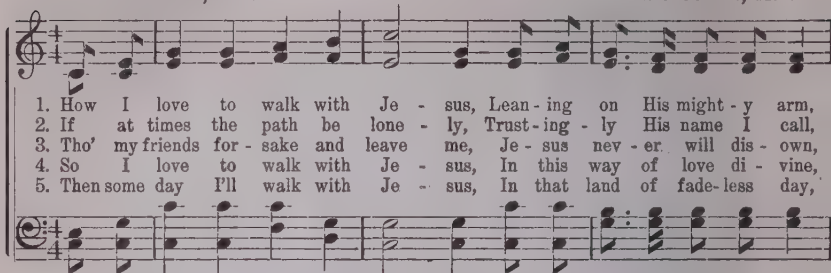
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of an - y earth - ly woe!
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In dark - ness feels no doubt;
That seas of troub - le can - not drown, Nor Sa - tan's arts be - guile;
And with a pure and heav'n - ly ray Il - lumes a dy - ing bed.
We'll taste, e'en here, the hal - lowed bliss Of an e - ter - nal home.



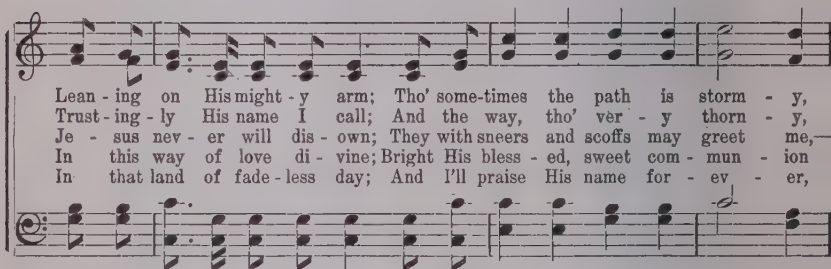
No. 94. Leaning on His Mighty Arm.

HELEN BOEWE, Arr.

FR. KÜCKEN, Arr.

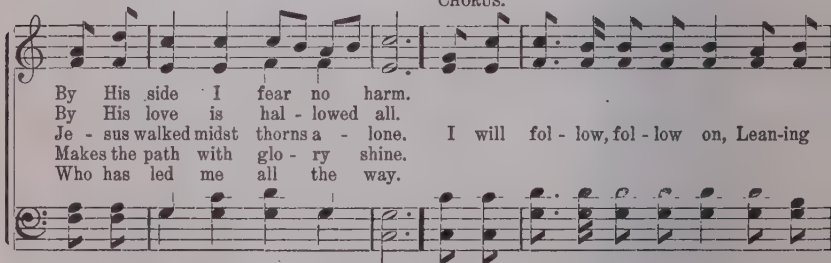


1. How I love to walk with Je - sus, Lean - ing on His might - y arm,
 2. If at times the path be lone - ly, Trust - ing - ly His name I call,
 3. Tho' my friends for - sake and leave me, Je - sus nev - er will dis - own,
 4. So I love to walk with Je - sus, In this way of love di - vine,
 5. Then some day I'll walk with Je - sus, In that land of fade - less day,

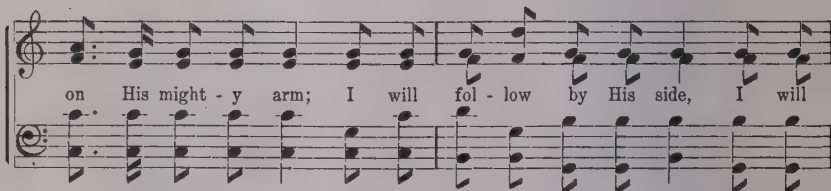


Lean - ing on His might - y arm; Tho' some - times the path is storm - y,
 Trust - ing - ly His name I call; And the way, tho' ver - y thorn - y,
 Je - sus nev - er will dis - own; They with sneers and scoffs may greet me,
 In this way of love di - vine; Bright His bless - ed, sweet com - mun - ion
 In that land of fade - less day; And I'll praise His name for - ev - er,

CHORUS.



By His side I fear no harm.
 By His love is hal - lowed all.
 Je - sus walked midst thorns a - lone. I will fol - low, fol - low on, Lean - ing
 Makes the path with glo - ry shine.
 Who has led me all the way.

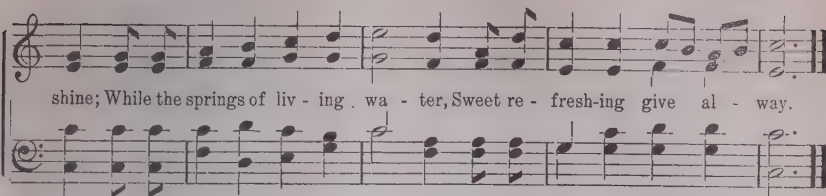


on His might - y arm; I will fol - low by His side, I will



in His love a - bide. In this way of love di - vine, Heav'nly light doth ev - er

Leaning on His Mighty Arm—Concluded.



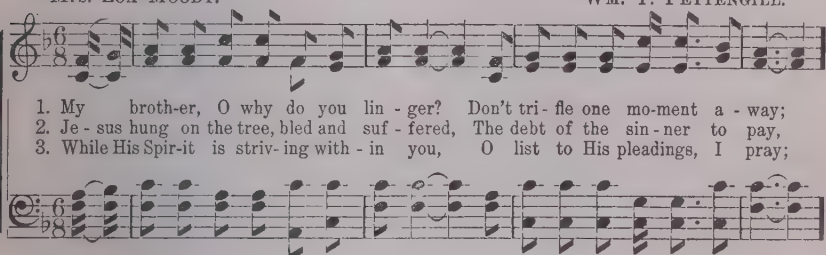
shine; While the springs of liv - ing wa - ter, Sweet re - fresh-ing give al - way.

No. 95.

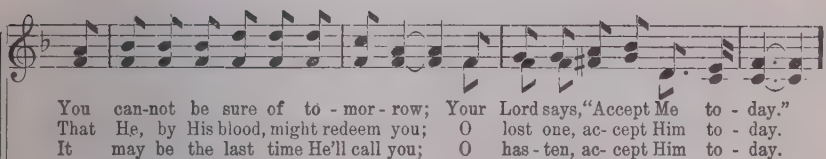
Accept Him To-day.

Mrs. ZOA MOODY.

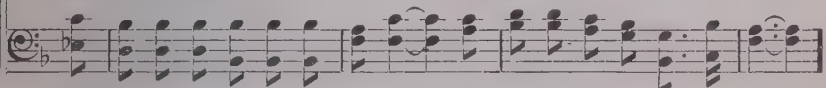
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



1. My broth-er, O why do you lin - ger? Don't tri - fle one mo - ment a - way;
2. Je - sus hung on the tree, bled and suf - fered, The debt of the sin - ner to pay,
3. While His Spir - it is striv - ing with - in you, O list to His pleadings, I pray;



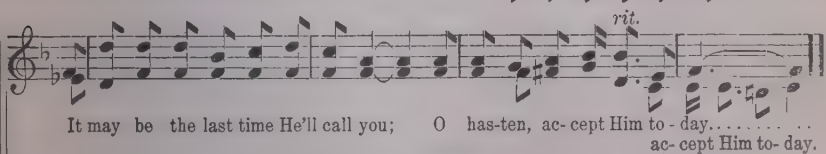
You can-not be sure of to - mor - row; Your Lord says, "Accept Me to - day."
That He, by His blood, might redeem you; O lost one, ac-cept Him to - day.
It may be the last time He'll call you; O has - ten, ac-cept Him to - day.



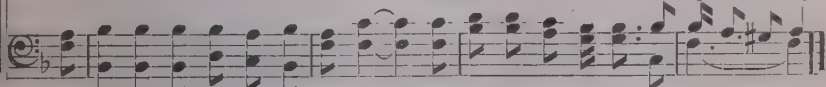
You can-not be sure of to - mor - row; Your Lord says, "Accept Me to - day."
That He, by His blood, might redeem you; O lost one, ac-cept Him to - day.
It may be the last time He'll call you; O has - ten, ac-cept Him to - day.

My broth-er, O why do you lin - ger? Don't tri - fle one mo - ment a - way;

My broth-er, O why do you lin - ger? Don't tri - fle one mo - ment a - way;



It may be the last time He'll call you; O has - ten, ac-cept Him to - day.
ac-cept Him to - day.



It may be the last time He'll call you; O has - ten, ac-cept Him to - day.
ac-cept Him to - day.

No. 96.

Forever Lost.

O. M. LARSON.

FLORA LUCAS.

SOLO.

1. If I God's truth had ne'er re - sist - ed, But to His plead-ings would have
 2. His Spir - it oft with me has plead - ed, But to His warn-ings I've not
 3. If on - ly He would call to me once more, Would gen - tly strive as in the
 4. My last, my fi - nal choice, has now been made, And oh, to meet the Judge I

list - ed, There would have been a chance for me For - ev - er in His realms to be.
 heed - ed, And now His plead-ings all have ceased: My soul can nev - er be re - leased!
 days of yore! But no! I have re - ject - ed Him, And Sa - tan's pow'r has drawn me in.
 am a - afraid! I know the doom reserved for me: My soul for - ev - er lost shall be!

REFRAIN.

dim.

O Lord, can it be true, Thy face I'll nev - er view, But

*dim.**rall.*

from Thy pres - ence be out - cast— In gloom and dark - ness—lost at last?

No. 97. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
 2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed His smil - ing face;
 3. What mat - ter where on earth we dwell? On moun - tain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now 'tis be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
 In cot - tage, or a man - sion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;

On land or sea, what mat - ter where, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

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In Mansion Fair, or Prison Cell.

(Tune above.)

1 In mansion fair, or prison cell,
 'Twould matter not, 'twould all be well;
 If Christ, my blessed Lord, be there,
 Within would be so bright and fair.

One moment where He would not dwell,
 E'en though 'twere spent in dungeon cell.

3 For this I read in words His own,
 That He'll not leave me here alone,
 If I to Him my heart do give,
 And for His sake shall daily live.

4 So if to prison cell He calls,
 I know He'll sanctify its walls,
 His presence my companion be,
 His Holy Spirit keep me free.

CHORUS.—O hallelujah to my King!
 Where'er my lot, His praise I'll sing;
 In palace hall or dungeon drear,
 With Jesus there I'll never fear.

2 My Christ would never ask, I know,
 That I should spend on earth below

No. 98. Is His Image Stamped on You?

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Are you walk - ing with the Mas - ter thro' the rug - ged way of life,
 2. Are you dai - ly in com - mun - ion with the bless - ed Friend and Lord,
 3. From the ho - ly mount of prom - ise have you come with pow'r di - vine,

Glo - ri - fy - ing Him in all you say and do? Are you
 Trust - ing in His grace to safe - ly lead you thro'? Not with
 Start - ing well your race in paths both good and true? Does the

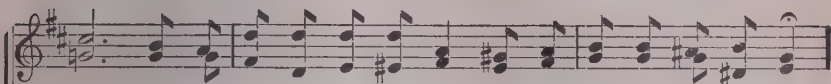
read - y for the con - flict, fear - ing not the dead - ly strife, Is the
 hope of earth - ly prof - it, seek - ing noth - ing for re - ward, Is the
 light of heav - en's beau - ty from your face each mo - ment shine, Is the

CHORUS.

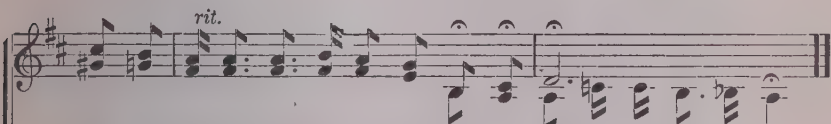
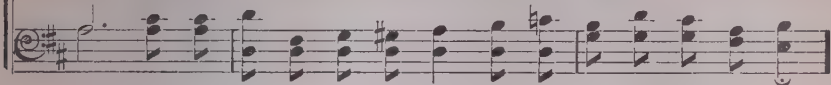
im - age of the Sav - ior stamped on you? Is the glo - ry of His grace

shin - ing thro' your radiant face, Are you sealed to Him, the roy - al One and

Is His Image Stamped on You?—Concluded.

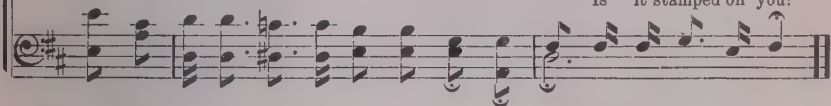


true? Can the world see in your face heav-en's touch of sav-ing grace?



Is the im-age of the Sav-ior stamped on you?

Is it stamped on you?

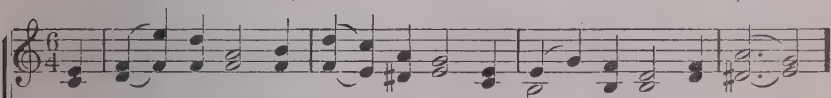


No. 99.

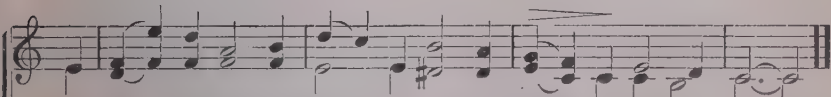
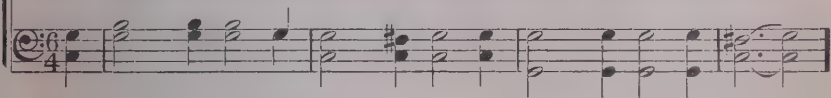
"Come Unto Me."

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

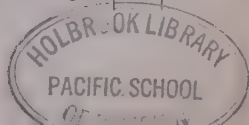
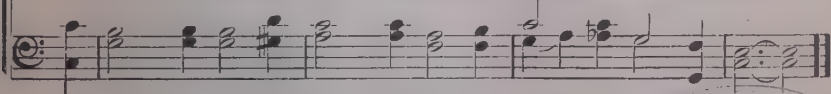
LANGE, Arr.



1. "Come un - to me," the Sav - ior calls, "And I will give you rest;"
2. His eas - y yoke and bur - den light, O do not shrink to bear,
3. No voice like His can calm the wave, The sink - ing heart re - vive;
4. A - bove the stars fair man - sions wait, Pre - pared by His own hand;



Like mu - sic sweet His mes - sage falls, And stills the troub - led breast.
 For He is near, both day and night, And will thy bur - den share.
 No name but His has pow'r to save; His word doth make a - live.
 No e - vil dwells be - yond the gate Of that blest sum - mer - land.



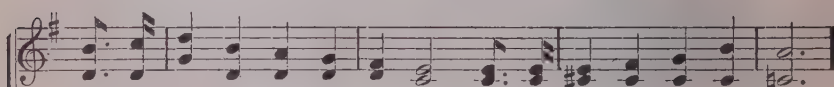
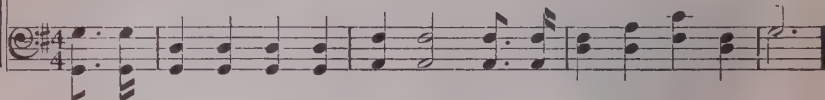
No. 100. In Canaan I am Dwelling

D. S. CURTIS.

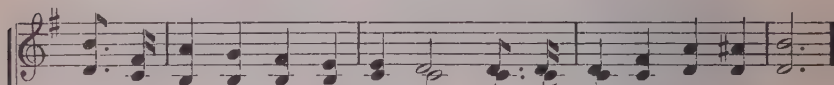
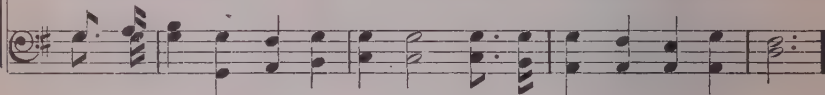
THORO HARRIS.



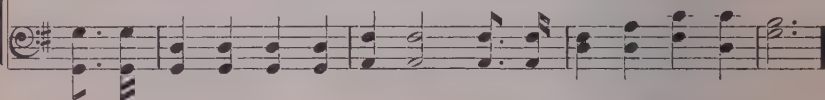
1. O my heart is o - ver - flow - ing, And my soul is filled with love;
2. On the Ca - naan side of Jor - dan I have pitched my tent to stay;
3. On to Jer - i - cho I'm hast'ning, And the con - flict is se - vere;
4. Soon the con - flict will be end - ed, And to us our crowns be giv'n;



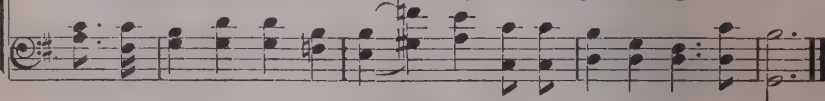
For the Sav - ior who redeemed me Sent the Spir - it from a - bove.
 Ev - 'ry day the fight grows hot - ter, As I on - ward press my way;
 But my Josh - ua is ad - vanc - ing, And His cause to me is dear.
 Don't you feel the call up - on you? Don't you feel the pull toward heav'n?



Now in Ca - naan I am dwell - ing, Eat - ing grapes and hon - ey, too,
 But Je - ho - vah is my Cap - tain, And He'll van - quish, by His word,
 So, with heav'n - ly wine e - lat - ed, Fear - less - ly I'll on - ward go,
 Josh - ua waits to wel - come pil - grims, Make them sol - diers tried and true,



Do - ing all the will of Je - sus, And for - ev - er I'll be true.
 Ev - 'ry foe who would op - press me, Or my progress would re - tard.
 Thunder down the walls, mid shout - ing, While the trumpets loud - ly blow.
 Lead them on with con - stant vic - t'ry, Till their pil - grim - age is thro'.



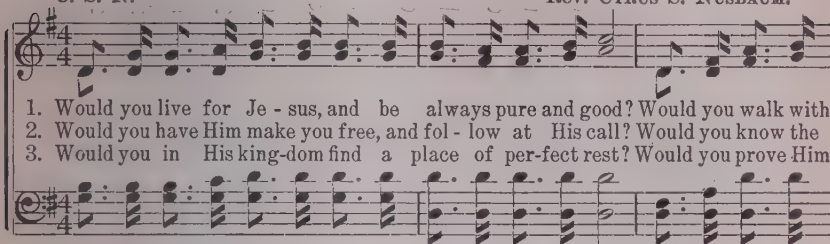
No. 101.

His Way With Thee.

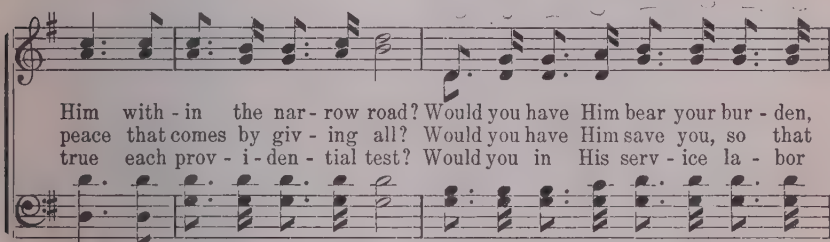
"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—Psalm 37: 5.

C. S. N.

Rev. CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

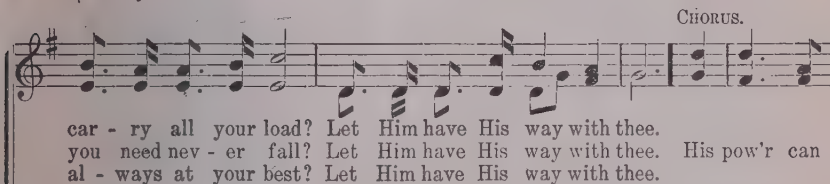


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His king - dom find a place of per - fect rest? Would you prove Him

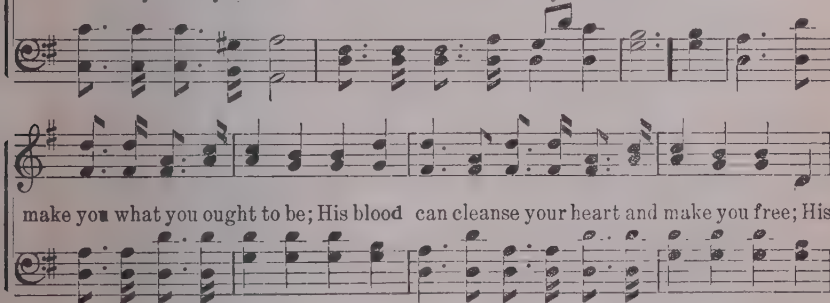


Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur - den,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

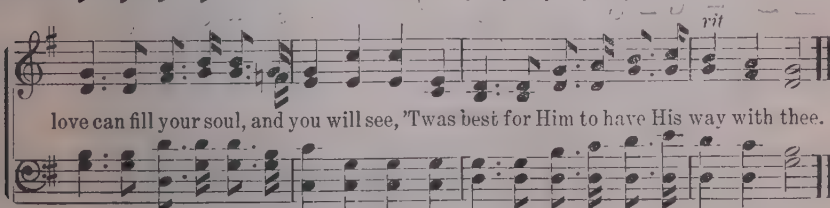
CHORUS.



car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can
 al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



make you what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His



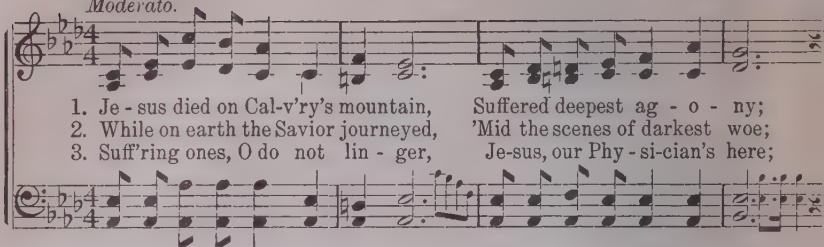
love can fill your soul, and you will see, 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 102.

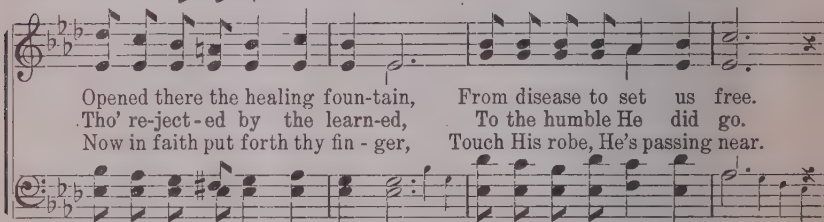
Prove His Healing Power.

W. T. P.

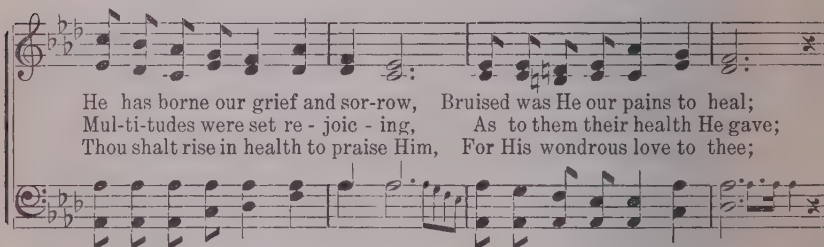
WM. T. PETTENGILL.

Moderato.

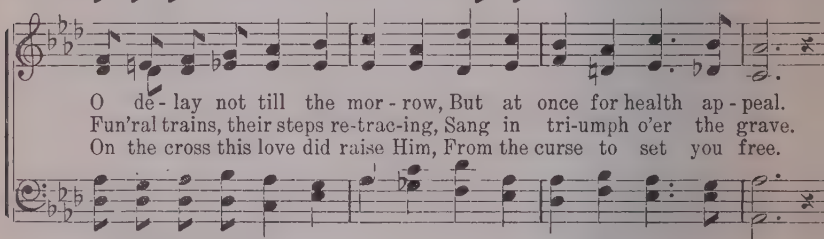
1. Je - sus died on Cal - v'ry's mountain, Suffered deepest ag - o - ny;
 2. While on earth the Savior journeyed, 'Mid the scenes of darkest woe;
 3. Suff'ring ones, O do not lin - ger, Je - sus, our Phy - si - cian's here;



Opened there the healing foun - tain, From disease to set us free.
 Tho' re - ject - ed by the learn - ed, To the humble He did go.
 Now in faith put forth thy fin - ger, Touch His robe, He's passing near.

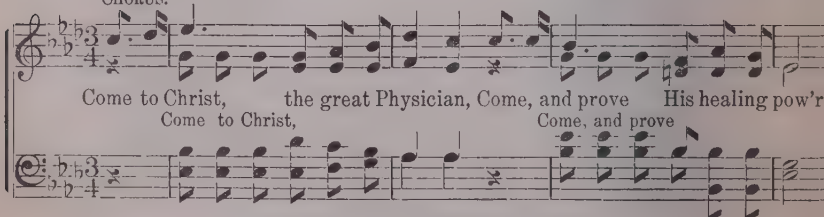


He has borne our grief and sor - row, Bruised was He our pains to heal;
 Mul - ti - tudes were set re - joic - ing, As to them their health He gave;
 Thou shalt rise in health to praise Him, For His wondrous love to thee;



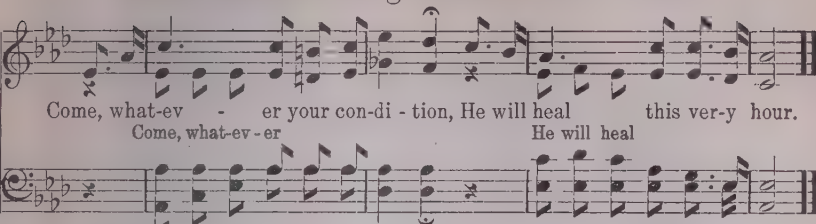
O de - lay not till the mor - row, But at once for health ap - peal.
 Fun'ral trains, their steps re - trac - ing, Sang in tri - umph o'er the grave.
 On the cross this love did raise Him, From the curse to set you free.

CHORUS.



Come to Christ, the great Physician, Come, and prove His healing pow'r
 Come to Christ, Come, and prove

Prove His Healing Power—Concluded.

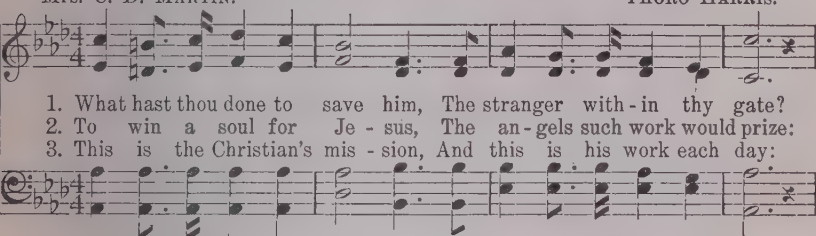


Come, what-ev - er your con-di - tion, He will heal this ver-y hour.
Come, what-ev-er He will heal

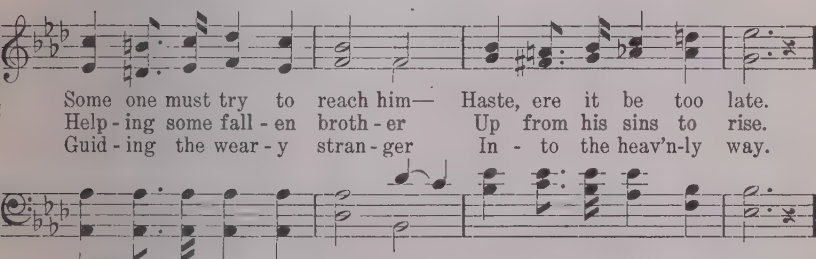
No. 103. The Stranger Within Thy Gate.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

THORO HARRIS.

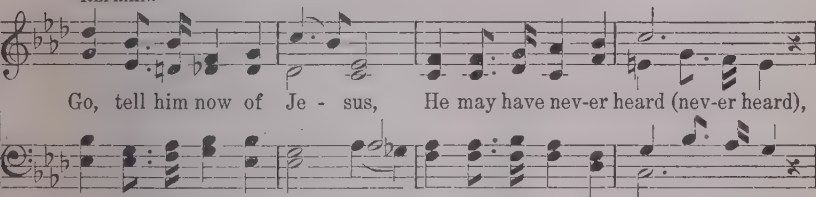


1. What hast thou done to save him, The stranger with-in thy gate?
2. To win a soul for Je - sus, The an-gels such work would prize:
3. This is the Christian's mis - sion, And this is his work each day:

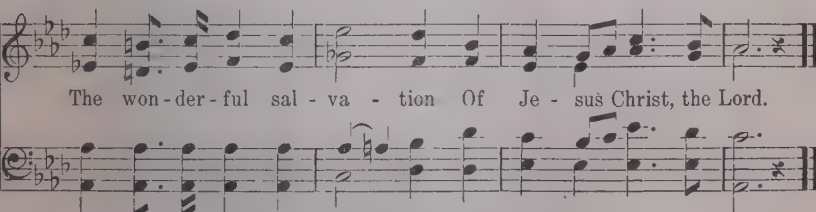


Some one must try to reach him— Haste, ere it be too late.
Help-ing some fall - en broth-er Up from his sins to rise.
Guid-ing the wear-y stran-ger In - to the heav'n-ly way.

REFRAIN.



Go, tell him now of Je - sus, He may have nev-er heard (nev-er heard),



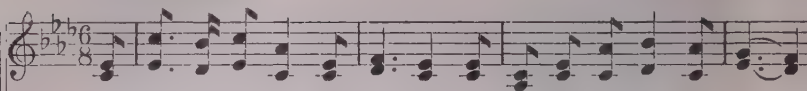
The won-der-ful sal - va - tion Of Je - sus Christ, the Lord.

No. 104.

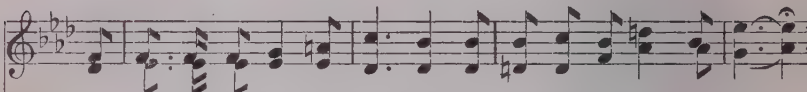
Out of the Shadow.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Come out of the gloom and shad-ow, Come in - to the heav'nly light,
2. A - round you the shad-ows deep-en, In Je - sus is light and cheer;
3. No lon - ger re-main in dark-ness, Step in - to the light di - vine,
4. The light will grow clear and clearer, Till dawn-eth the per - fect day,



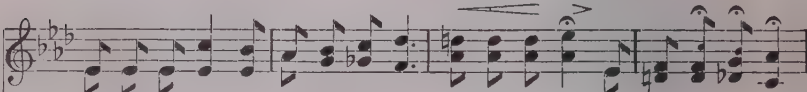
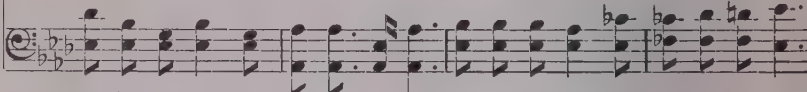
One step from the realm of dark - ness To sun-shine se-rene and bright.
The joy of His ho - ly pres-ence Will ban-ish all doubt and fear.
Where round you each passing mo-ment The ha - lo of love will shine.
When all of earth's gloom and sorrow For - ev - er shall pass a - way.



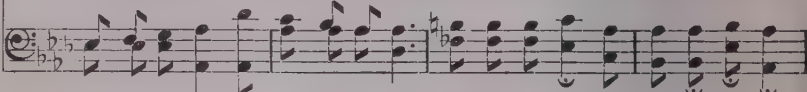
CHORUS.



Out of the shad-ow, out of the night, Out of the dark-ness in - to the light



Out of the gloom and in-to God's love, Out of earth's sin to glo - ry a-bove.



No. 105.

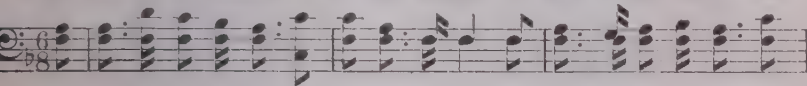
I Love Him Far Better.

E. G. C.

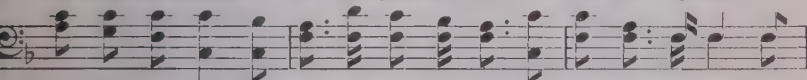
ELI G. CHRISTY.



1. It pays to serve Je - sus, I speak from my heart; He'll al - ways be with us if
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my Sav - ior, — my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found pardon, — 'twas
4. How rich is the bless - ing the world can - not give! I'm sat - is - fied full - y for
5. There's no one like Je - sus can cheer me to - day; His love and His kind - ness can
6. Will you have this blessing that Je - sus be - stows, A free, full sal - va - tion as

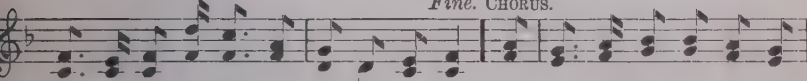


we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can pleas - ure af - ford, There's
 mind wan - ders back To the place where they nailed Him on Cal - va - ry's tree, — I
 heav - en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweet - ly to my wear - y soul, My
 Je - sus to live; Tho' friends may for - sake me, and tri - als a - rise, I'm
 ne'er fade a - way; In win - ter, in sum - mer, in sun - shine and rain, His
 ev - 'ry one knows? O sin - ner, poor sin - ner, to Cal - va - ry flee, The

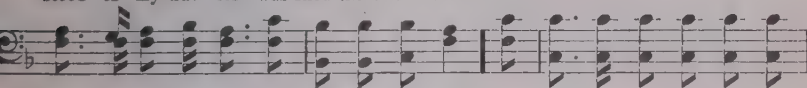


D. S. — do as He bids me, what - ev - er the cost, I'll

Fine. CHORUS.

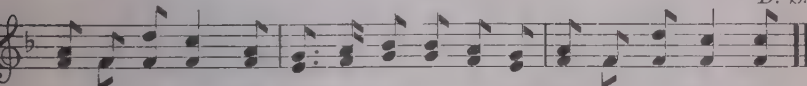


peace and con - tent - ment in serv - ing the Lord.
 hear a voice say - ing, — I suf - fer - ed for thee!
 sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole. I love Him far bet - ter than
 trust - ing in Je - sus, His love nev - er dies.
 love and af - fec - tion are al - ways the same.
 blood of my Sav - ior was shed there for thee.



be a true sol - dier, — I'll die at my post.

D. S.



in days of yore, I'll serve Him more tru - ly than ev - er be - fore, I'll



No. 106.

Drifting Away.

W. T. P.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.

With feeling

1. Take heed to your moorings, my broth-er, The shadows now fall a-round thee;
2. The boom of fierce breakers is sounding, They warn you that danger is near;
3. The life-boat, with Je-sus its Cap-tain, Is out on the bil-low-y main;

From the port of protection and safe-ty Your bark may be drifting a - way.
 Tho' warned of your per-il, you're drifting Toward rocks of eternal de-spair.
 If now you will signal for mer-cy, The harbor of rest you may gain.

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing, drifting a-way, No cap-tain, no pi - lot to guide;
 Drift-ing a-way, drift - ing, your ves-sel to guide

Your soul is enshrouded in dark-ness, A - drift on life's treacherous tide.

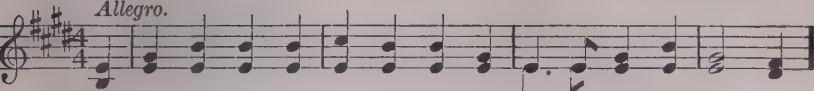
No. 107.

My Song is Hallelujah.

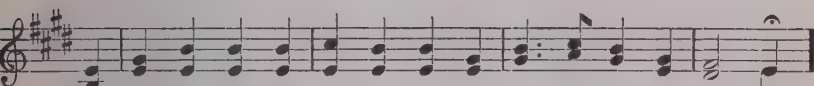
T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

Allegro.



1. Since I have found re-deem-ing grace, My song is Hal - le - lu - jah;
2. Since on the cross He shed His blood, My song is Hal - le - lu - jah;
3. I'm trust-ing in His pard'ning love, My song is Hal - le - lu - jah;
4. I'm in the safe and nar - row way, My song is Hal - le - lu - jah;
5. I'm saved and sanc-ti-fied to - day, My song is Hal - le - lu - jah;
6. And when my work on earth is done, My song is Hal - le - lu - jah;



He gives me with His saints a place: O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 To rec-on-cile my heart to God: O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 My ev - 'ry sin He doth re-move: O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 I'm trust-ing Him from day to day: O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 And hap-py on my heav'n-ly way: O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 I'll shine for aye as yon-der sun: O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



CHORUS.



Sing glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! O praise Him, hal - le - lu - jah!



All glo - ry to His ho - ly name! My song is Hal - le - lu - jah.

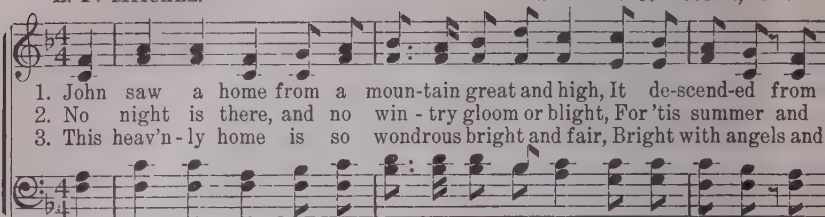


No. 108.

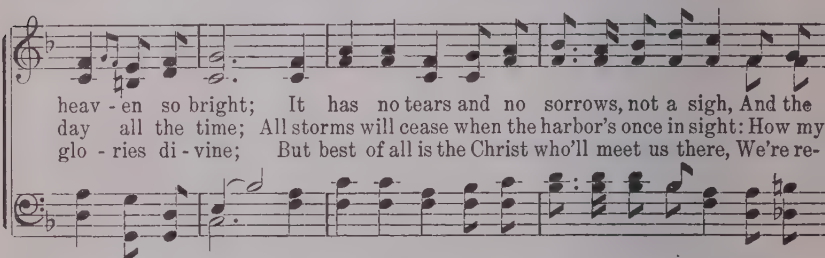
My Heavenly Home.

L. F. MITCHEL.

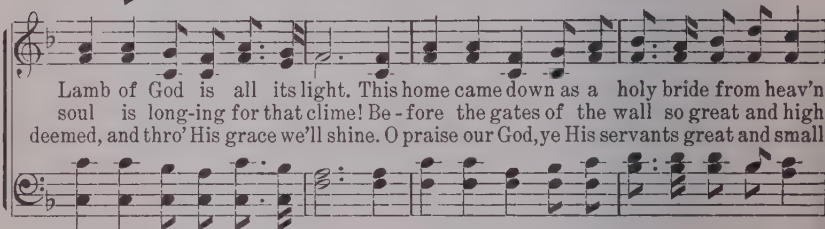
STEPHEN C. FOSTER, Arr.



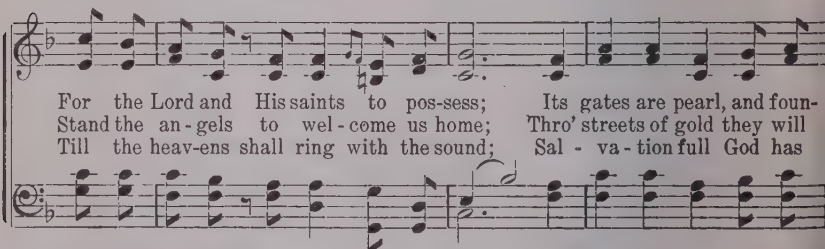
1. John saw a home from a moun-tain great and high, It de-scend-ed from
 2. No night is there, and no win - try gloom or blight, For 'tis summer and
 3. This heav'n-ly home is so wondrous bright and fair, Bright with angels and



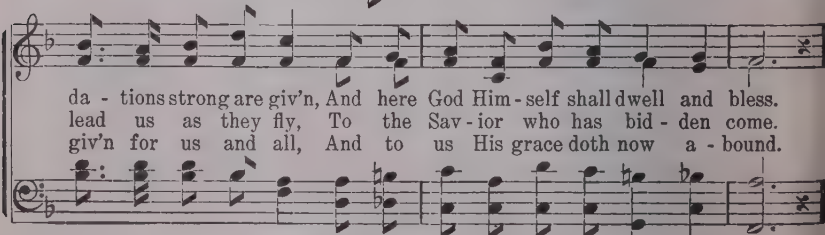
heav - en so bright; It has no tears and no sorrows, not a sigh, And the
 day all the time; All storms will cease when the harbor's once in sight: How my
 glo - ries di - vine; But best of all is the Christ who'll meet us there, We're re-



Lamb of God is all its light. This home came down as a holy bride from heav'n
 soul is long-ing for that clime! Be - fore the gates of the wall so great and high
 deemed, and thro' His grace we'll shine. O praise our God, ye His servants great and small



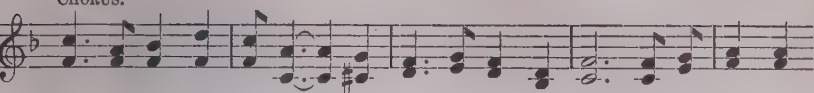
For the Lord and His saints to pos-sess; Its gates are pearl, and foun-
 Stand the an-gels to wel-come us home; Thro' streets of gold they will
 Till the heav-ens shall ring with the sound; Sal - va - tion full God has



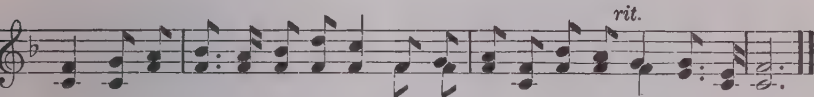
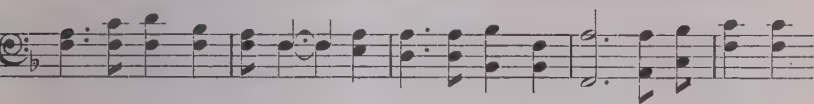
da - tions strong are giv'n, And here God Him-self shall dwell and bless.
 lead us as they fly, To the Sav-ior who has bid - den come.
 giv'n for us and all, And to us His grace doth now a - bound.

My Heavenly Home—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Shout for joy, ye ran-somed! re-joice for-ev - er-more! For we'll soon ar-



rive at our happy heav'nly home, And we'll dwell with all the blest on that shore.

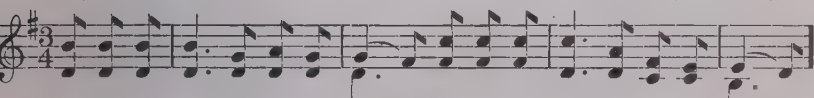


No. 109.

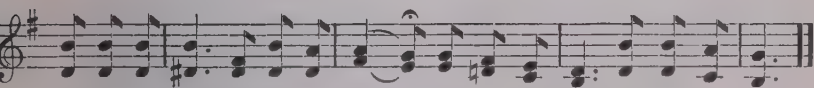
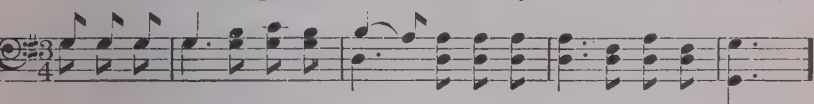
He Leadeth Me.

A. C. W.

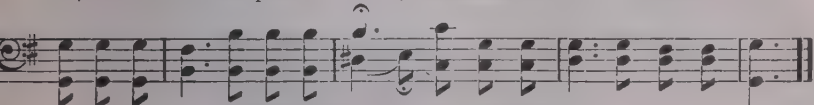
AGNES C. WOOLSTON.



1. He lead-eth me! O words di - vine! What comfort thrills this heart of mine!
2. He lead-eth me! my Shepherd, Guide, Se - cure-ly thro' the pas-tures wide;
3. He lead-eth me! in sor-rows He My Keep-er is, where'er I be;
4. He lead-eth me! His goodness tell, His mer- cy with His child doth dwell;



O bless-ed light in darkness shine, He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me!
A - bid-ing close - ly by my side, He lead-eth me! yea, lead-eth me!
In sha-dy nook or storm-y sea, He lead-eth me! yea, e - ven me!
Oh, let the theme His prais-es swell, He lead-eth me! Ho lead-eth me!



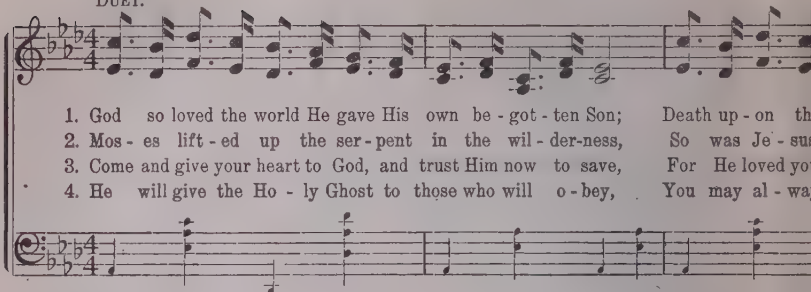
No. 110.

"Whosoever" Means You.

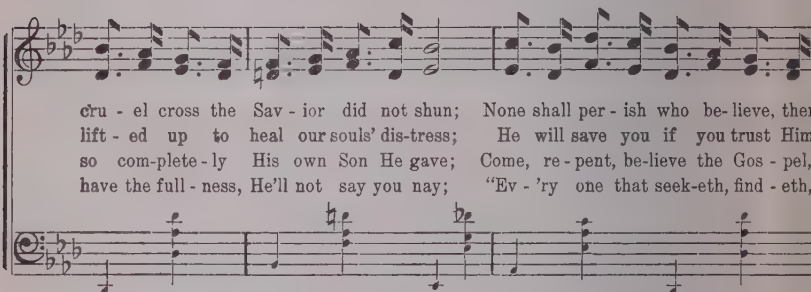
D. S. LUNDIN.

THORO HARRIS.

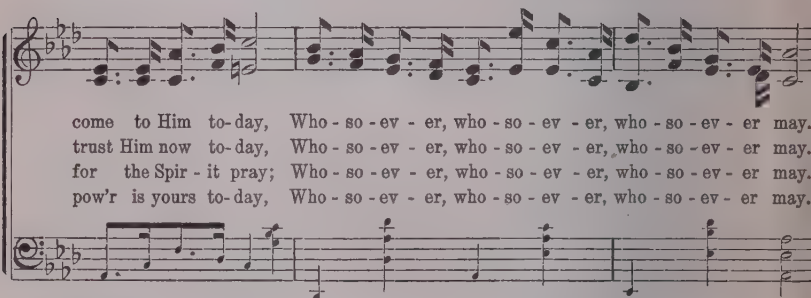
DUET.



1. God so loved the world He gave His own be - got - ten Son; Death up - on the
 2. Mos - es lift - ed up the ser - pent in the wil - der - ness, So was Je - sus
 3. Come and give your heart to God, and trust Him now to save, For He loved you
 4. He will give the Ho - ly Ghost to those who will o - bey, You may al - wa -

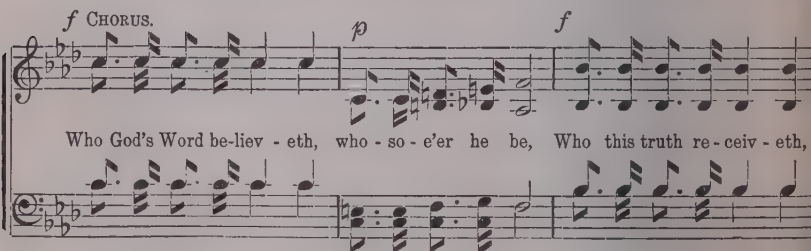


cr - el cross the Sav - ior did not shun; None shall per - ish who be - lieve, then
 lift - ed up to heal our souls' dis - tress; He will save you if you trust Him
 so com - plete - ly His own Son He gave; Come, re - pent, be - lieve the Gos - pel,
 have the full - ness, He'll not say you nay; "Ev - 'ry one that seek - eth, find - eth,



come to Him to - day, Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er may.
 trust Him now to - day, Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er may.
 for the Spir - it pray; Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er may.
 pow'r is yours to - day, Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er may.

f CHORUS. *p* *f*



Who God's Word be - liev - eth, who - so - e'er he be, Who this truth re - ceiv - eth,

"Whosoever" Means You—Concluded.

p *m*

Christ will make him free: If you heed the in - vi - ta - tion,

cres. *rall.*

find the prom - ise true, Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, that means you.

Who - so,

No. 111. Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

MENDELSSOHN, Arr.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all around I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

No. 112.

Gladly We Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CLARISSA H. SPENCER.

1. The Lord is our Shep-herd, precious Friend and Guide, We'll trust Him ever,
2. Thro' sun-shine or tem-pest, o - ver land or sea, What-e'er be-falls us,
3. The Lord is our Keep - er, watch-ing ev - er near, In Him con-fid-ing,

trust Him ev - er, walk - ing by His side; Be this our en-
where He calls us, quick - ly we would be; The toils that a-
firm a - bid - ing, where-fore should we fear? We'll cling to the

deav - or faith-ful - ly to show, Where Je - sus leads our will-ing feet be-
wait us tho' we can-not know, At His command with heart and hand be-
prom-ise left us here be - low, And where-so-e'er He lead-eth us be-

CHORUS.

side Him still shall go. We'll go, we'll go, We'll
side Him we will go.
side Him we will go. We'll go, we'll go,

glad - ly, glad - ly go, Tho' skies are dark and
Tho' skies are dark

Gladly We Will Go—Concluded.

chill - y winds may blow, The lost to find, or brave-ly meet the
The lost to find,
foe; Wher - ev - er Je - sus calls us we'll glad - ly, glad - ly go.

No. 113. Come Home.

CLARA L. HUNTINGTON.

LASSEN, Arr.

1. O sin - ner, hear the Sav - ior call - ing thee, "O come," He plead-eth ten - der-
2. O sin - ner, there is bound-less grace for thee, O heed His pleadings, "Come to
3. O sin - ner, now is the ac-cept-ed day, Christ calls to thee, His voice o-

ly; Why do you turn a-way? Come, wan-der-er, He waits to take you in, O
me." Why do you longer stray? Come, take the way His blessed feet have pressed, Come,
bey. Grieve Him no more a-way. Come, and your soul shall find His blessed peace, Come,

rit.

lin - ger not in paths of sin; Why will you lon-ger roam? Come home, come home.
He will give e - ter - nal rest. Why do you from Him roam? Come home, come home.
for His mer-cy does not cease. O do not lon-ger roam, Come home, come home.

No. 114.

Marvelous In Our Eyes.

D. S. L., Arr.

DONALD S. LUNDIN.

1. With the clouds of heav'n re - turn - ing To the earth a - gain, Soon we
 2. Rise and trim your lamps, ye vir - gins, For the mid - night nears; Keep the
 3. Bless - ed are those faith - ful serv - ants, At our Lord's re - turn, Whom He

meet the King of Glo - ry, And with Him shall reign. Tho' re - ject - ed
 filled with oil and burn - ing, Till the Lord ap - pears. Gird your loins a
 find a - wake and watch - ing; All the rest shall mourn. He'll re - ceive the

D. S. — To His throne of

by the build - ers, Who did Him de - spise; We'll be changed and be like Him
 bout with truth, Keep look - ing to the skies, Wait - ing for our Bridegroom - King
 to Him - self, And take them to the skies; God shall wipe a - way all tears

end - less glo - ry, We with Him shall rise, Clad in robes of spot - less white

Fine. CHORUS.

'Tis mar - vel - ous in our eyes. Sing hal - le - lu - jah! Let the an - the

'Tis mar - vel - ous in our eyes.

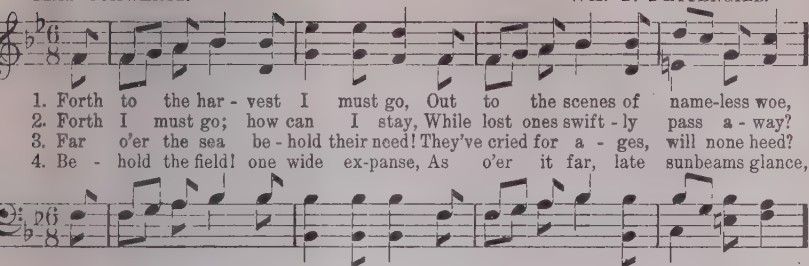
ring, Shout loud the prais - es Of our Sav - ior King:.....

No. 115.

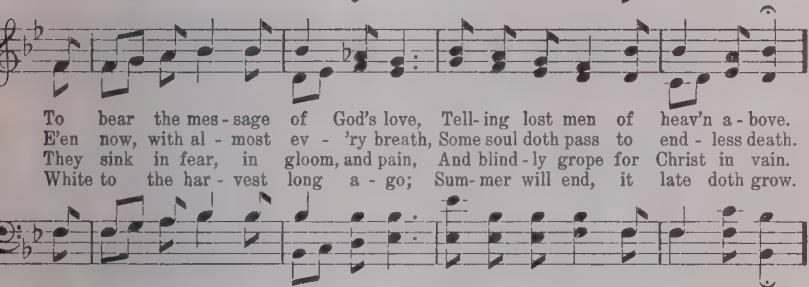
To the Harvest.

MAE SCHWARTZ.

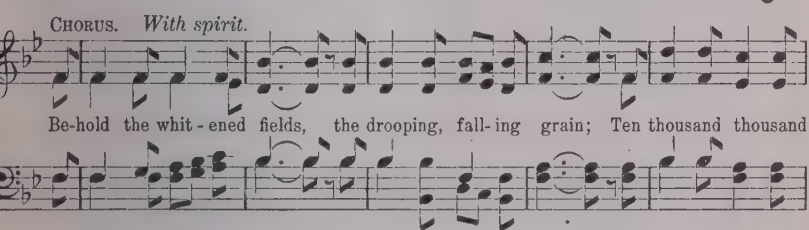
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



1. Forth to the har - vest I must go, Out to the scenes of name-less woe,
 2. Forth I must go; how can I stay, While lost ones swift - ly pass a - way?
 3. Far o'er the sea be - hold their need! They've cried for a - ges, will none heed?
 4. Be - hold the field! one wide ex - panse, As o'er it far, late sunbeams glance,

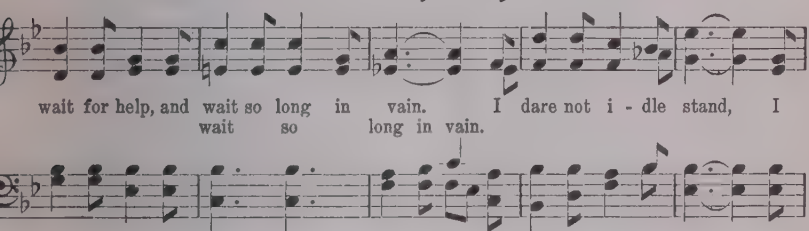


To bear the mes - sage of God's love, Tell - ing lost men of heav'n a - bove.
 E'en now, with al - most ev - 'ry breath, Some soul doth pass to end - less death.
 They sink in fear, in gloom, and pain, And blind - ly grope for Christ in vain.
 White to the har - vest long a - go; Sum - mer will end, it late doth grow.

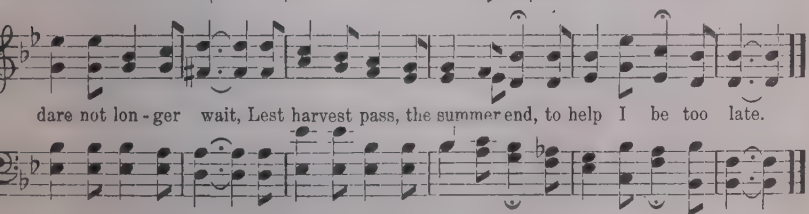


CHORUS. *With spirit.*

Be - hold the whit - ened fields, the drooping, fall - ing grain; Ten thousand thousand



wait for help, and wait so long in vain. I dare not i - dle stand, I
 wait so long in vain.

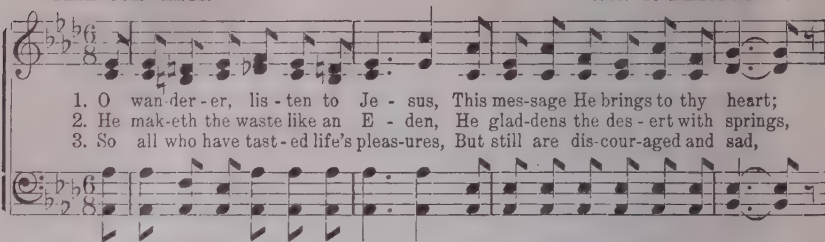


dare not lon - ger wait, Lest harvest pass, the summer end, to help I be too late.

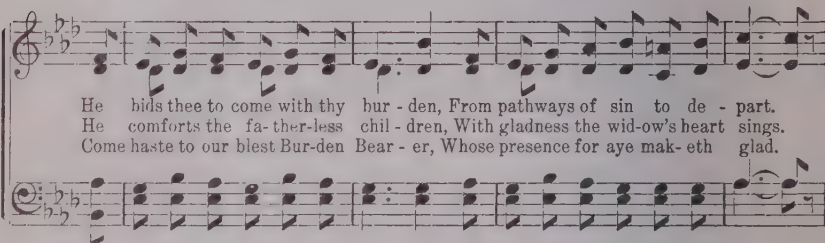
No. 116. All Who Are Heavy-Laden.

MAE SCHWARTZ.

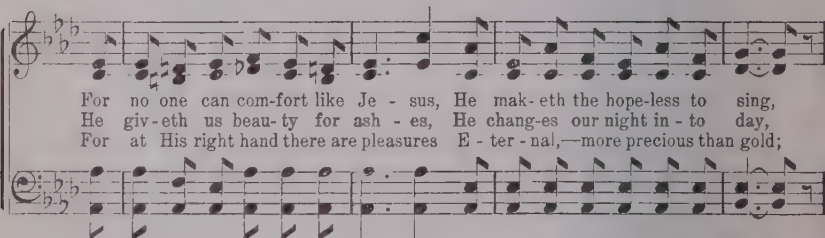
WM. T. PETTENGILL.



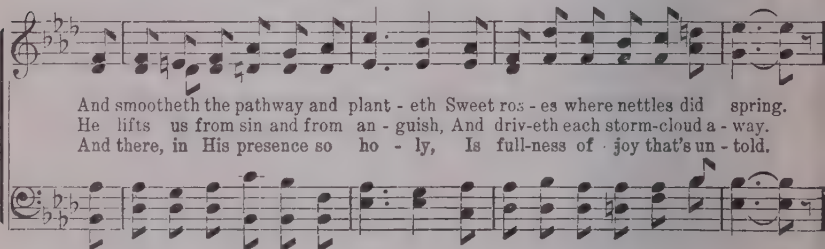
1. O wan-der-er, lis-ten to Je-sus, This mes-sage He brings to thy heart;
 2. He mak-eth the waste like an E-den, He glad-dens the des-ert with springs,
 3. So all who have tast-ed life's pleas-ures, But still are dis-cour-aged and sad,



He bids thee to come with thy bur-den, From pathways of sin to de-part.
 He comforts the fa-ther-less chil-dren, With glad-ness the wid-ow's heart sings.
 Come haste to our blest Bur-den Bear-er, Whose presence for aye mak-eth glad.

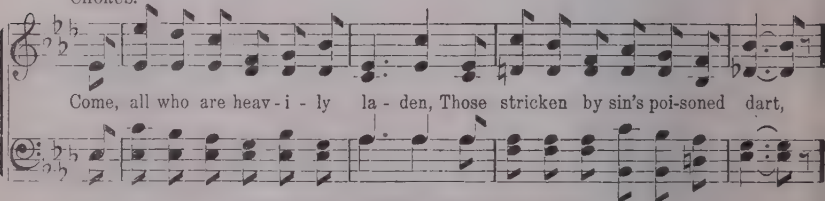


For no one can com-fort like Je-sus, He mak-eth the hope-less to sing,
 He giv-eth us beau-ty for ash-es, He chang-es our night in-to day,
 For at His right hand there are pleasures E-ter-nal,—more precious than gold;



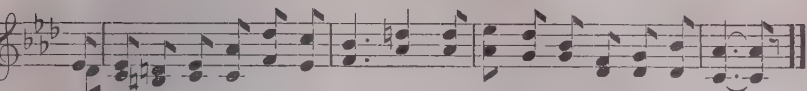
And smootheth the path-way and plant-eth Sweet ros-es where nettles did spring.
 He lifts us from sin and from an-guish, And driv-eth each storm-cloud a-way.
 And there, in His presence so ho-ly, Is full-ness of joy that's un-told.

CHORUS.



Come, all who are heav-i-ly la-den, Those stricken by sin's poi-soned dart,

All Who Are Heavy-Laden—Concluded.



The broken in spir-it and sigh-ing, Come, hopeless and sad as thou art.



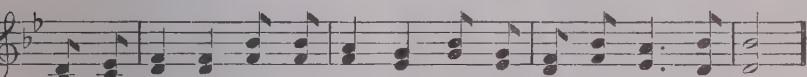
No. 117. Healing Through the Blood.

Mrs. E. L. H.

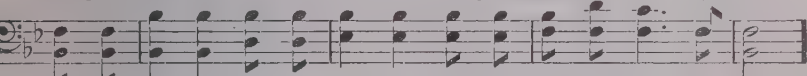
Mrs. E. L. HARVEY.



1. Blood most pre-cious, for us pur-chased Health for soul, and bod-y, too;
2. Think not, thou, thy Lord is wear-y Of thy oft re-peat-ed cries;
3. Since He bought for you this bless-ing, You with strength He'll sure-ly gird;
4. Christ in pit-y waits thy com-ing, He'll re-ceive and heal thee now;



Let thy faith in Christ be strengthened, He still loves and cares for you.
He de-lights to shed up-on thee Rich-est bless-ings from the skies.
Since to all this boon He's prom-ised, Why not take Him at His word?
Plunge in-to the heal-ing foun-tain O-pened once on Cal-v'ry's brow.



CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, From dis-ease and pain I'm free,



And by faith I stand tri-um-phant,—Je-sus' blood now heal-eth me.

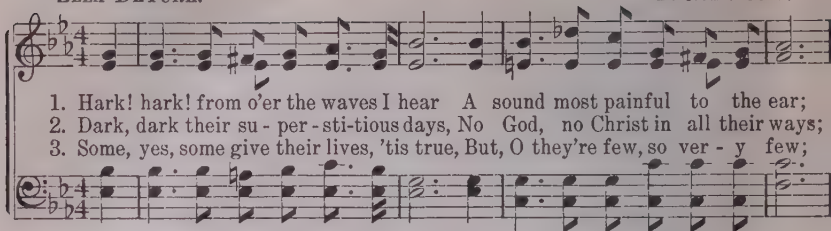


No. 118.

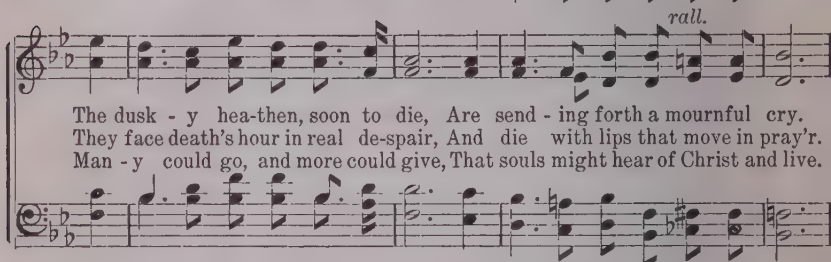
Hear the Cry.

ELLA DETURK.

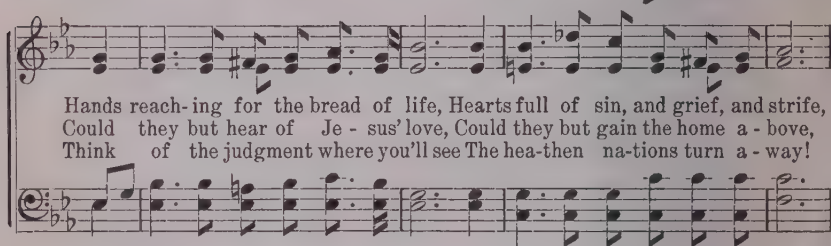
FLORA LUCAS.



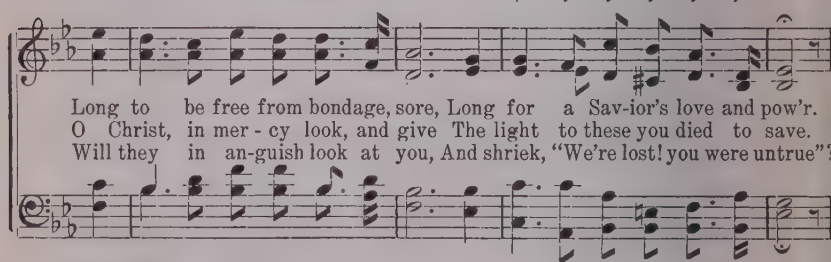
1. Hark! hark! from o'er the waves I hear A sound most painful to the ear;
 2. Dark, dark their su - per - sti - tious days, No God, no Christ in all their ways;
 3. Some, yes, some give their lives, 'tis true, But, O they're few, so ver - y few;



rall.
 The dusk - y hea-then, soon to die, Are send - ing forth a mournful cry.
 They face death's hour in real de-spair, And die with lips that move in pray'r.
 Man - y could go, and more could give, That souls might hear of Christ and live.

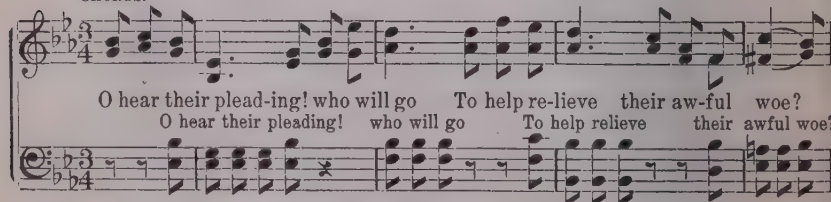


Hands reach - ing for the bread of life, Hearts full of sin, and grief, and strife,
 Could they but hear of Je - sus' love, Could they but gain the home a - bove,
 Think of the judgment where you'll see The hea-then na-tions turn a - way!



Long to be free from bondage, sore, Long for a Sav - ior's love and pow'r.
 O Christ, in mer - cy look, and give The light to these you died to save.
 Will they in an - guish look at you, And shriek, "We're lost! you were untrue!"

CHORUS.



O hear their plead - ing! who will go To help re - lieve their aw - ful woe?
 O hear their pleading! who will go To help relieve their awful woe!

Hear the Cry—Concluded.

rit. pp

Who can re-sist their piteous wail? Their souls will soon be lost in hell.
Who can resist their piteous wail? be lost in hell.

No. 119.

"Stand."

Mrs. J. A. FISHER.

F. M. MESSENGER.

1. Stand, 'mid the clouds of temp-ta - tion! Stand, when the storms press the soul! Be
2. Stand, when your loved ones forsake you! Stand, let them do what they may! Keep
3. Stand, like a sol-dier in bat - tle! Stand, tho' the con-flict be long! Our

true to the Lord of cre - a - tion, And o'er you His blessing will roll.
close to the Lord and He'll guide you Till dawn of e - ter - ni - ty's day.
shouts will the en - e - my start - le, To flight he'll be put by our song.

CHORUS.

Stand, and go thro'! be faithful and true! Seek not earthly comfort and ease;

seek not ease;

Walk in the light, till heav-en's in sight, Where there is true rest and peace.

No. 120. We'll Stand On the Sea of Glass.

F. M. M.

F. M. MESSENGER.



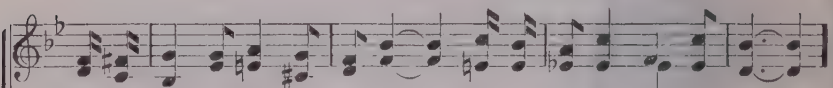
1. We're a hap - py band, a hap - py band, Our hearts are cleansed from sin;
2. O what bliss to spend the moments sweet On bend - ed knee in pray'r!
3. Come and seek this way, this hap - py way, Re - lease from in - bred sin;
4. Chide us not, and do not bid us cease, If joy its bounds o'er - flows,



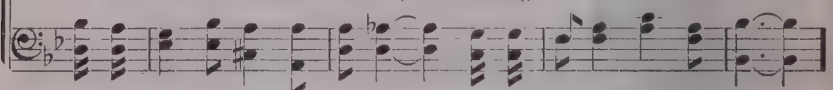
On the word of God by faith we stand, And Je - sus reigns with-in.
We are con - scious that our spir - its meet In ho - ly un - ion there;
Con - se - crate your all to God to - day, And let the Sav - ior in.
For we nev - er can con - trol our peace That like a riv - er flows.



We en - joy His bless - ed full - ness,	And His lead - ing day by day;
Where He calls us forth as reap - ers	To the whit - ened har - vest field,
With your heart made pure and ho - ly,	And your name inscribed in heav'n,
We will sing and shout His prais - es	In the lib - er - ty He's giv'n,



While His smile and lov - ing fav - or	Cheer us all a - long our way.
Where we'll stay and shout the vic - t'ry,	Till our work on earth is sealed.
You can scarce contain the glo - ry	Of the Ho - ly Spir - it giv'n.
Till the dead in Christ He rais - es,	Tak - ing all with Him to heav'n.



We'll Stand On the Sea of Glass—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We are going to a land that in beau - ty ex - cels, And whose

glo - ries all oth - ers sur - pass;..... With the saints o - ver
Hal - le - lu - jah!

there, our in - her - it - ance share, And stand on the sea of glass.

No. 121. Behold the Christian Warrior.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER.

1. Be-hold the Christian warrior stand In all the ar - mor of his God;
2. In pan - o - ply of truth complete, Salvation's helm-et on his head;
3. Undaunted to the field he goes; Yet vain were skill and val - or there,
4. Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength, Sin, death, and hell he tramples down;


The Spirit's sword is in his hand, His feet are with the Gos-pel shod.
With righteousness a breast-plate meet, And faith's broad shield before him spread.
Un - less, to foil his le-gion foes, He takes the trustiest weapon, pray'r.
Fights the good fight, and wins at length, Thro' mercy, an im-mor - tal crown.

No. 122. The Marriage Feast.


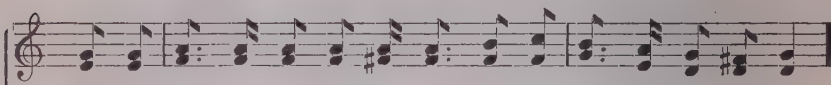
"And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus said unto him, They have no wine." JOHN 2: 3.

L. F. M.



L. F. MITCHEL.





1. Fill the wa - ter - pots with wa - ter, Fill them up un - to the brim;
 2. Ma - ry told the faith - ful serv - ants To o - bey Him, ev - 'ry word;
 3. This is but a bless - ed pic - ture Of a soul at Pen - te - cost,
 4. Je - sus showed His pow'r and glo - ry At this feast in Gal - i - lee;
 5. As you trav - el on to glo - ry, And men cry, We have no wine,

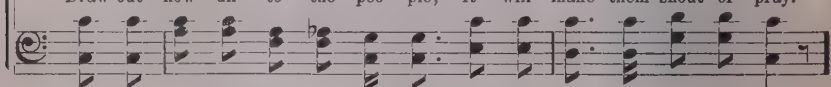
Thus the Mas - ter had com - mand - ed, And they hark - ened un - to Him.
 They were prompt to fol - low Je - sus, And were all of one ac - cord.
 Who is thirst - ing for the bless - ing, And whose bark is tem - pest - tossed:
 He can do the same this mo - ment, Cleanse your heart and make you free.
 Fill the wa - ter - pots with wa - ter, Have strong faith and do not pine.

Then there came a faith - tried mo - ment, For no signs of wine ap - pear;
 Soon a - gain He speaks, they fol - low, Now the wine be - gins to flow,
 If with sim - ple faith like Ma - ry's We will fol - low on to know,
 You must get this Gos - pel meas - ure, Shak - en, pressed, and run - ning o'er;
 Fol - low close - ly as He lead - eth, And you'll soon hear Je - sus say;

Yet the heart of Ma - ry trust - ed, And her soul was full of cheer.
 And it is the best and choic - est, For the rul - er terms it so.
 And o - bey the God of heav - en, Pen - te - cost - al wine will flow.
 It will fit you for the bat - tle, For it is the Spir - it's pow'r.
 Draw out now un - to the peo - ple; It will make them shout or pray.



The Marriage Feast—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I have the heav'nly wine, This bless - ing now is mine; O glo - ry hal - le -
lu - jah, For such a joy di - vine! I lu - jah, For such a joy di - vine!

No. 123.

The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE.

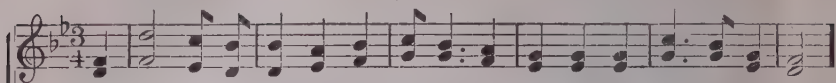
JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness;
2. His oath, His cov - e - nant, and blood, Sup - port me in the whelm - ing flood;
3. When He shall come with trum - pet sound, O may I then in Him be found,
I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name:
When all a - round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay:
Dressed in His righteousness a - lone, Fault - less to stand be - fore the throne:
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

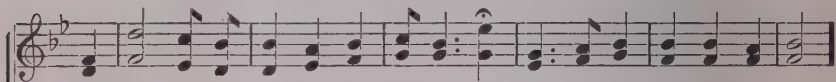
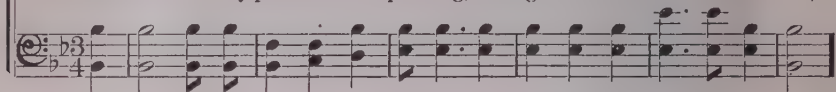
No. 124. The Prince of My Peace.

W. F. CRAFTS.

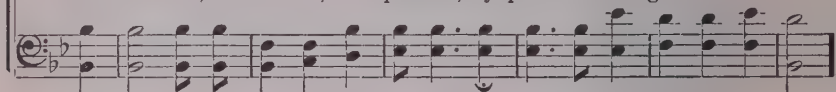
WM. G. FISCHER.



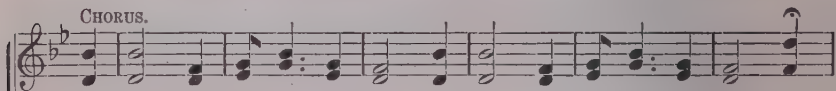
1. I stand all be-wildered with wonder, And gaze on the o - cean of love,
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The bless-ing that set - teth me free,
3. He laid His hand on me and healed me, And bade me be ev - 'ry whit whole;
4. The Prince of my peace is now pass-ing, The light of His face shines on me;



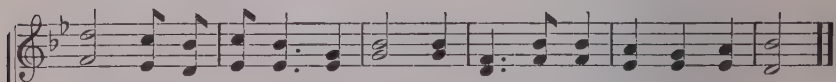
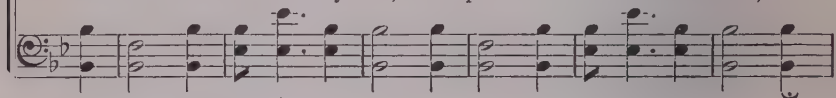
While o - ver its waves to my spir-it Comes peace like a heav-en - ly dove.
But when I had ceased from my struggles, His peace Je - sus gave un - to me.
I touched but the hem of His garment, And glo - ry came thrilling my soul.
But lis - ten, be - lov - ed, He speaketh, My peace I now give un - to thee.



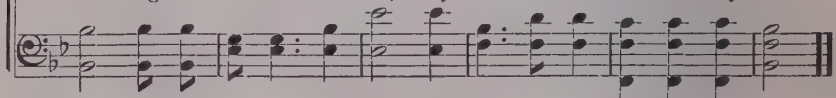
CHORUS.



The cross now cov - ers my sin, The past is un - der the blood, I'm



trust - ing in Je - sus for all, My will is the will of my God.



- 5 I often repined under crosses,
And knew not repining was sin;
I shout now o'er burdens and losses,
For Jesus is dwelling within.

- 6 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,
The cares and the fears of the day;
I ask not what comes with the morrow,
For Jesus is with me to stay.

Last two verses by B. CARRADINE.

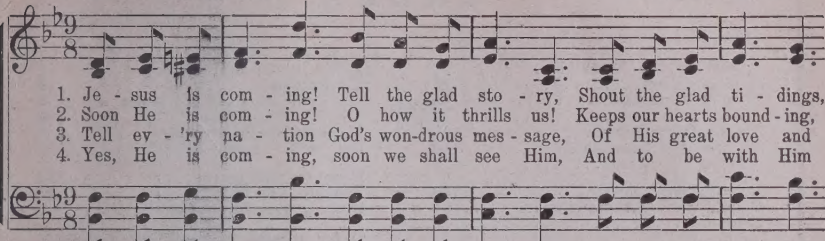
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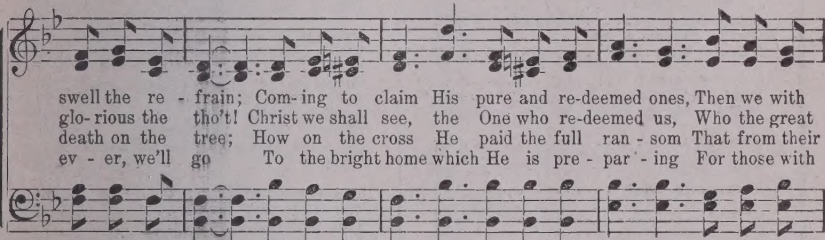
Forever to Reign.

CLARA L. HUNTINGTON.

ANNA T. SMITH.

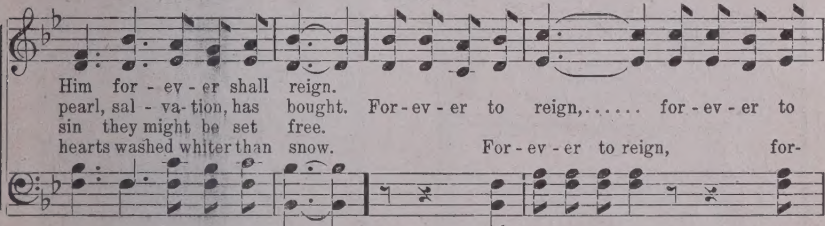


1. Je - sus is com - ing! Tell the glad sto - ry, Shout the glad ti - dings,
 2. Soon He is com - ing! O how it thrills us! Keeps our hearts bound - ing,
 3. Tell ev - 'ry na - tion God's won-drous mes - sage, Of His great love and
 4. Yes, He is com - ing, soon we shall see Him, And to be with Him

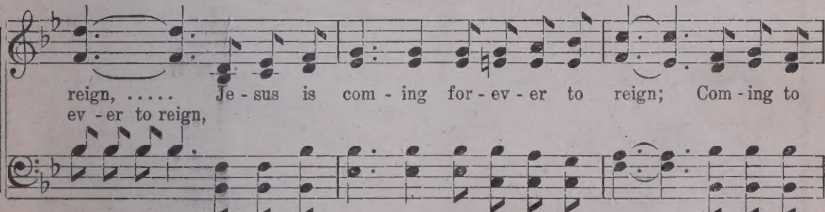


swell the re - frain; Com - ing to claim His pure and re-deemed ones, Then we with
 glo - rious the tho't! Christ we shall see, the One who re-deemed us, Who the great
 death on the tree; How on the cross He paid the full ran - som That from their
 ev - er, we'll go To the bright home which He is pre - par - ing For those with

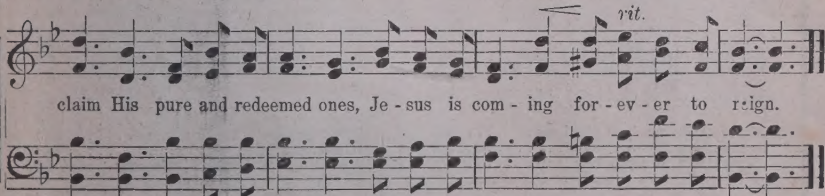
CHORUS.



Him for - ev - er shall reign.
 pearl, sal - va - tion, has bought. For - ev - er to reign,..... for - ev - er to
 sin they might be set free.
 hearts washed whiter than snow. For - ev - er to reign, for -



reign, Je - sus is com - ing for - ev - er to reign; Com - ing to
 ev - er to reign,



claim His pure and redeemed ones, Je - sus is com - ing for - ev - er to reign.

INDEX

A call to the backslider.....	78
A clean heart.....	48
A song of praise.....	42
Abide with me.....	111
Accept Him today.....	95
All who are heavy-laden.....	116
"Amen" to Jesus.....	3

Behold, He cometh.....	36
Behold the Christian warrior.....	121
Beulah.....	16

Canaan.....	25
Christian warfare.....	83
Come home.....	113
Come, sinner, come.....	91
"Come unto me".....	99

Demonstration.....	41
Don't turn away.....	32
Drifting away.....	106

Face to face.....	61
Forever here my rest shall be.....	87
Forever lost.....	96
Forever to reign.....	125

Galilee.....	62
Gethsemane.....	17
Gladly we will go.....	112
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	89

Hail! glorious King!.....	9
"Hallelujah".....	76
He leadeth me.....	109
He never leaveth me.....	6
He rolled the sea away.....	35
Healing through the blood.....	117
Hear the cry.....	118
His blood flows over my soul.....	64
His way with thee.....	101

I am praying for you.....	77
I love Him far better.....	105
I love to walk with Jesus.....	82
I seek Thy face.....	53
I will follow Jesus.....	84
In Canaan I am dwelling.....	100
In mansion fair, or prison cell.....	97
In the beauty of holiness.....	52
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	51
Is His image stamped on you.....	98
I've had a glimpse of Jesus.....	14
I've said adieu.....	22

Jesus, I come.....	85
Jesus is coming again.....	60
Jesus is knocking at the door.....	29
Jesus, my Savior.....	33
Jesus near.....	79
Jesus, the very thought.....	13
Jesus sought me.....	73
Just because He loved me so.....	80

Lead, kindly light.....	31
Leaning on His mighty arm.....	94
Leaving all to follow Jesus.....	19
Like a mighty sea.....	10
Living for Jesus.....	38

Make His praise glorious.....	24
Marvelous in our eyes.....	114
More than tongue can tell.....	7

Music in the soul.....	11
My Beloved.....	65
My eyes are fixed on Jesus.....	45
My heavenly home.....	108
My song is hallelujah.....	107
My soul's bright home.....	44

Near to deliver.....	88
Nearing the City.....	34
Nothing but Thy blood.....	5

O for a faith that will not shrink.....	93
Only for Jesus.....	46
Out of the shadow.....	104

Prepare to meet thy God.....	67
Prove His healing power.....	102

Salvation! O that precious grace.....	75
Saved from the wreck.....	28
Savior, I follow on.....	37
Since I found my Savior.....	57
Sing the sweet praises of Jesus.....	72
"Stand".....	119

The better way.....	74
The cleansing blood.....	86
The hallelujah side.....	26
The heeded call.....	59
The joy set before us.....	50
The joyful sound.....	69
The joyful way.....	90
The marriage feast.....	122
The name of Jesus.....	2
The New Jerusalem.....	63
The old-time power.....	40
The one chord.....	47
The penitent's confession.....	66
The Prince of my peace.....	124
The Rose of Sharon.....	12
The Solid Rock.....	123
The stranger within thy gate.....	103
The sweet Beulah land.....	39
The victor's song.....	92
The way is narrow.....	68
The wine blessing.....	71
The Word shall remain.....	70
There's no love like His love to me.....	21
Thy glorious praise.....	1
Thy loving-kindness.....	27
Till Christ shall come.....	23
To the harvest.....	115

Unspeakable joy.....	15
----------------------	----

Volunteers to the front.....	30
------------------------------	----

Waiting on the Lord.....	8
Walking in this holy way.....	4
Wanderer, come home.....	49
Wells of water.....	53
We'll stand on the sea of glass.....	120
When I get to the end of the way.....	13
When the train comes in.....	55
Where Jesus is, 'tis Heaven.....	97
Which road will you take?.....	20
While life prolongs its precious light.....	81
Whispering in my heart.....	54
"Whosoever" means you.....	110
Wondrous love.....	43
Working, watching, praying.....	56

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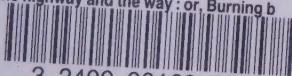
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